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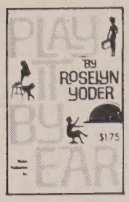

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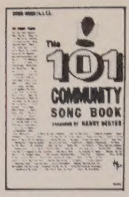

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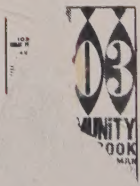

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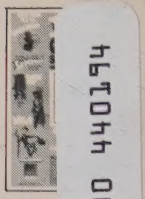

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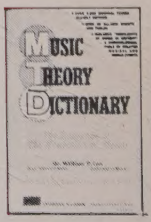

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GOLDEN WINNERS

POPULAR MUSIC

58 Songs That Live Forever

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GOLDEN WINNERS

POPULAR MUSIC

58 Songs That Live Forever

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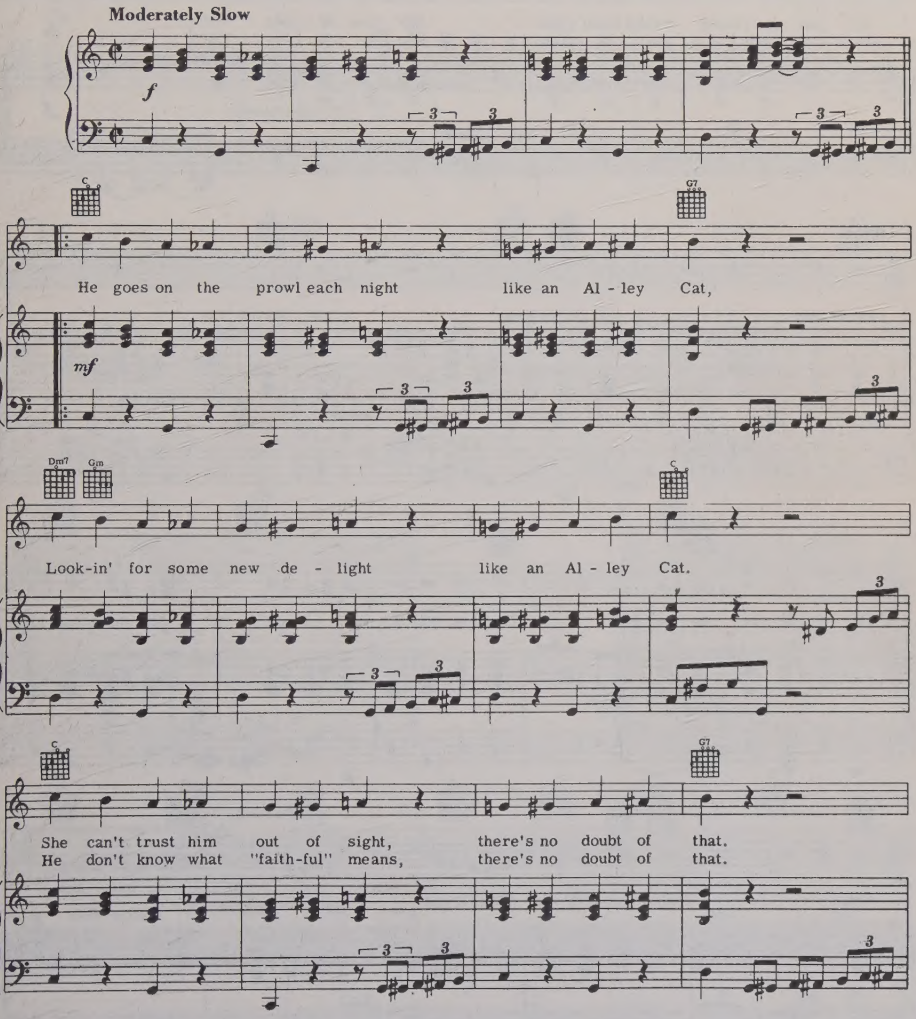
He goes on the prowl each night like an Alley Cat,
Lookin' for some new delight like an Alley Cat.
She can't trust him out of sight, there's no doubt of that.
He just don't know wrong from right like an Alley Cat.
He meets 'em (Meeow) and loves 'em (Meeow)
And leaves 'em (Meeow) like that Catsanova does.
That's no way to treat a pal, She should tell him, Scat!
Aren't you sorry for that gal with her Alley Cat?

THE ALLEY CAT SONG

Lyric by
JACK HARLEN

Music by
FRANK BJORN


Moderately Slow
f
C
G7
He goes on the prowl each night like an Al - ley Cat,
mf
Dm7
Gm
C
Look-in' for some new de - light like an Al - ley Cat.
C
G7
She can't trust him out of sight, there's no doubt of that.
He don't know what "faith-ful" means, there's no doubt of that.

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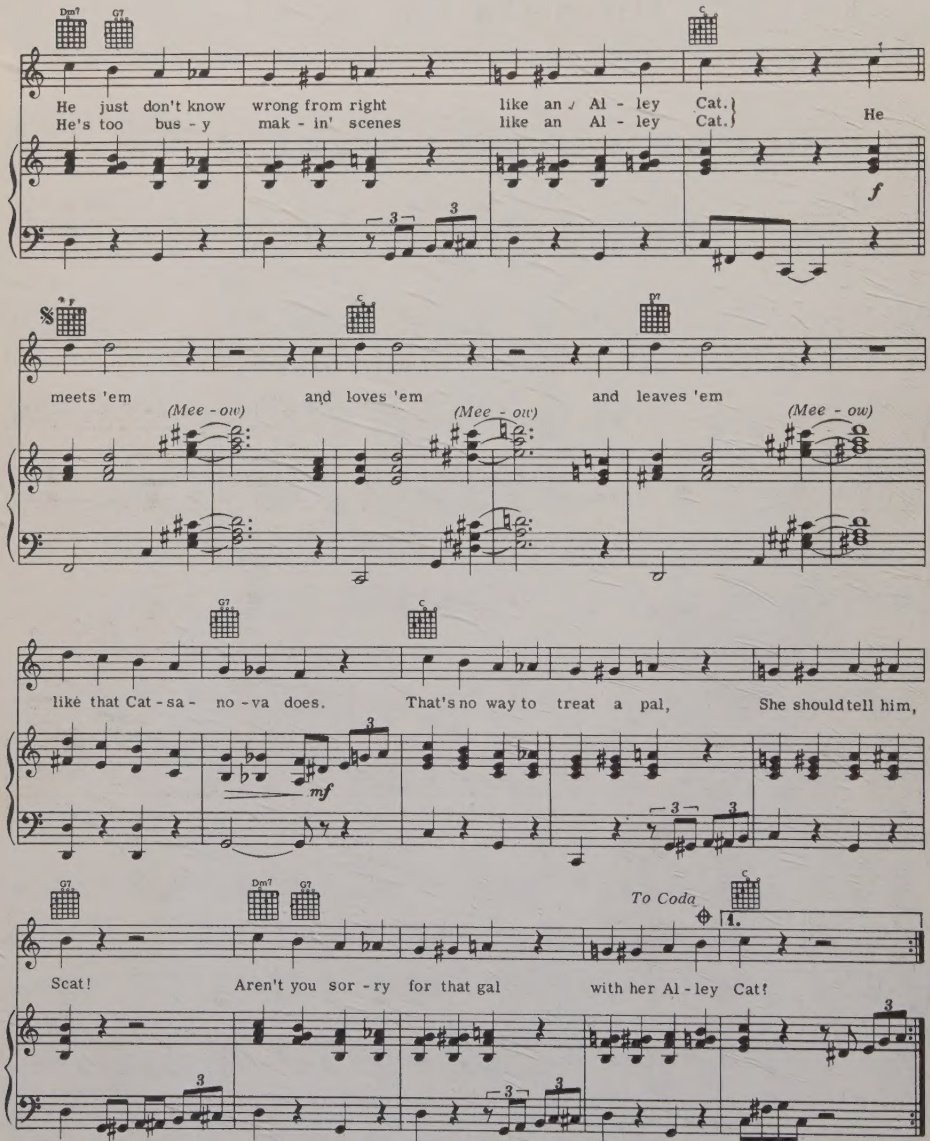
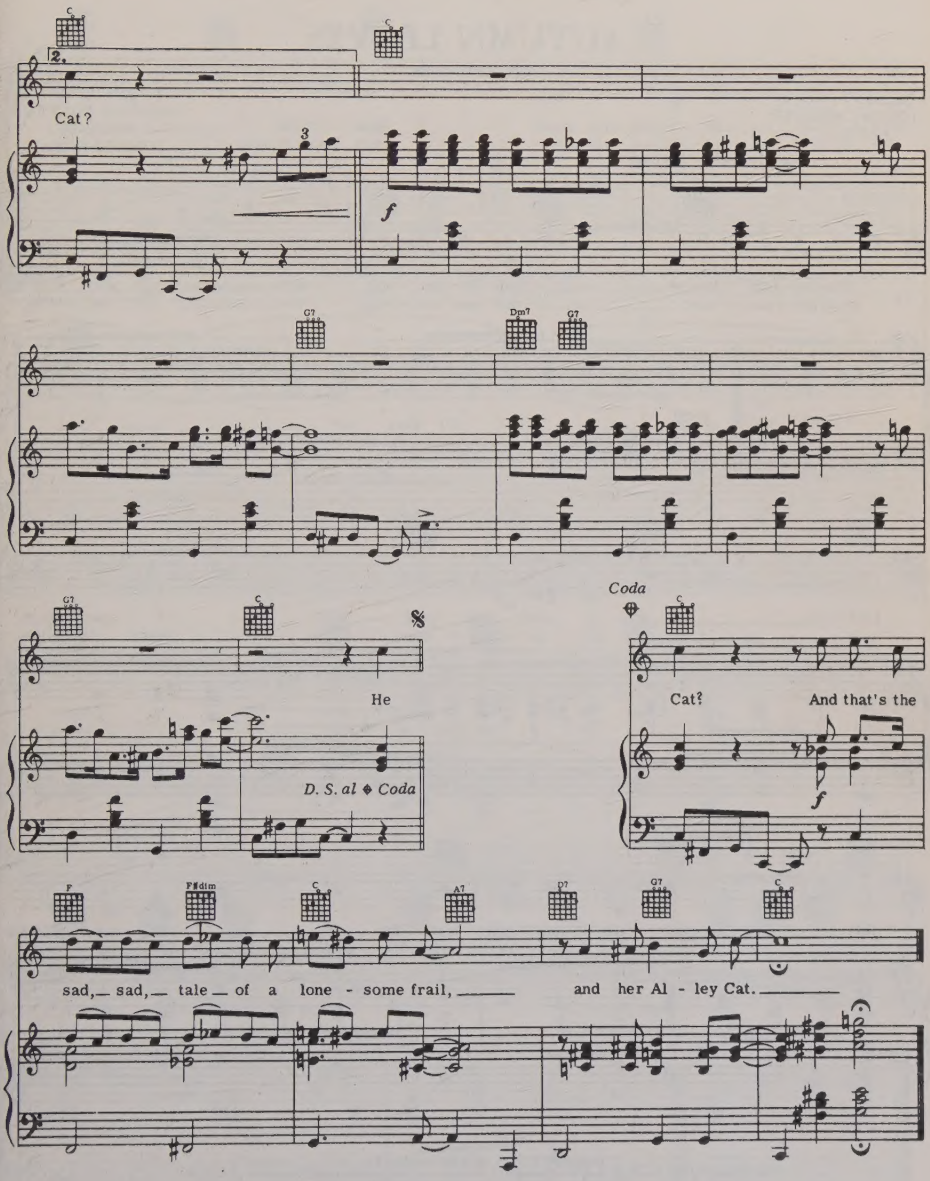
He goes on the prowl each night like an Alley Cat,
Lookin' for some new delight like an Alley Cat.
He don't know what "faithful" means,
There's no doubt of that.
He's too busy makin' scenes like an Alley Cat.
He meets 'em (Meeow) and loves 'em (Meeow)
And leaves 'em (Meeow) like that Catsanova does.
That's no way to treat a pal, She should tell him, Scat!


Dm7
G7
C
He just don't know wrong from right like an Al - ley Cat.
He's too bus - y mak - in' scenes like an Al - ley Cat.
He
f
meets 'em and loves 'em and leaves 'em
(Mee - ow)
(Mee - ow)
(Mee - ow)
like that Cat - sa - no - va does. That's no way to treat a pal, She should tell him,
mf
To Coda
1.
Scat! Aren't you sor - ry for that gal with her Al - ley Cat!

Aren't you sorry for that gal with her Alley Cat?
He meets 'em (Meeow) and loves 'em (Meeow)
And leaves 'em (Meeow) like that Catsanova does.
That's no way to treat a pal, She should tell him, Scat!
Aren't you sorry for that gal with her Alley Cat?
And that's the sad, sad, tale of a lonesome frail,
And her Alley Cat.



The falling leaves drift by the window,
The autumn leaves of red and gold.
I see your lips, the summer kisses,
The sunburned hands I used to hold.
Since you went away the days grow long,
And soon I'll hear old winter's song.
But I miss you most of all my darling,
When autumn leaves start to fall.

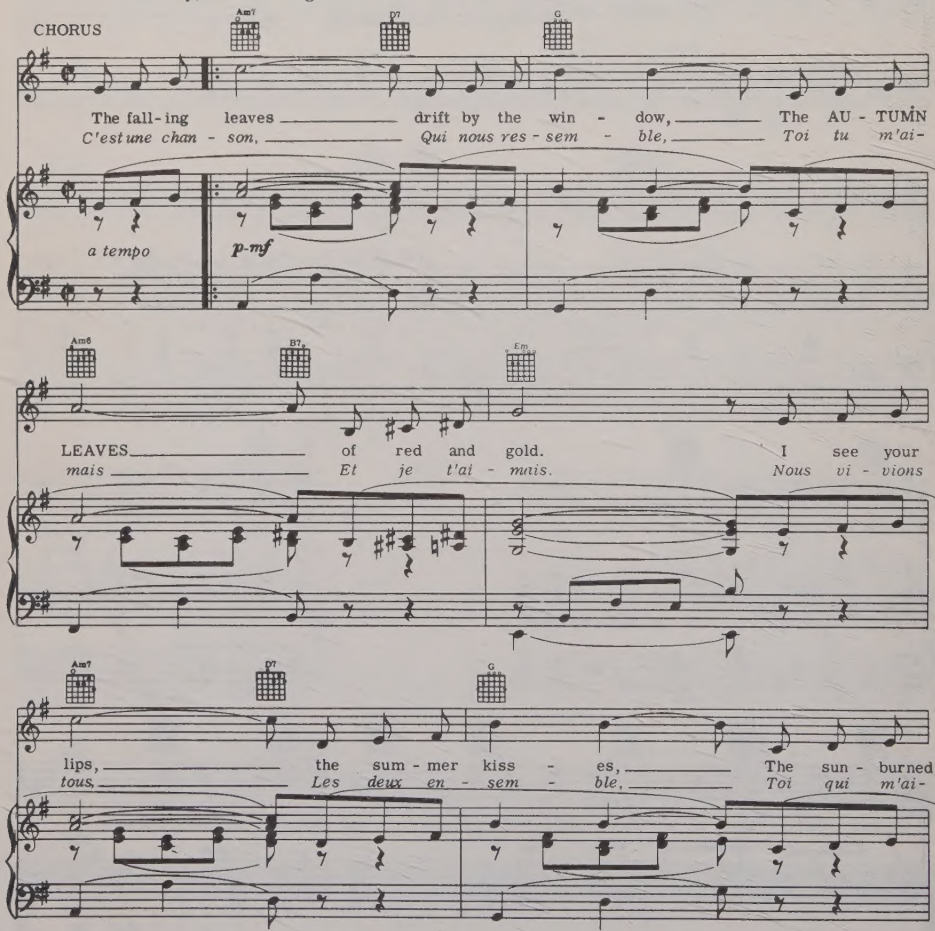
AUTUMN LEAVES

(Les Feuilles Mortes)

English Lyrics by
JOHNNY MERCER
A.S.C.A.P.

French Lyrics by
JACQUES PREVERT
Music by
JOSEPH KOSMA

Slowly, with feeling


CHORUS
Am7
D7
G
The fall-ing leaves drift by the win - dow, The AU - TUMN
C'est une chan - son, Qui nous res - sem - ble, Toi tu m'ai-
a tempo
p-mf
Am6
B7
Em
LEAVES of red and gold. I see your
mais Et je t'ai - mais. Nous vi - vions
Am7
D7
G
lips, the sum - mer kiss - es, The sun - burned
tous, Les deux en - sem - ble, Toi qui m'ai-

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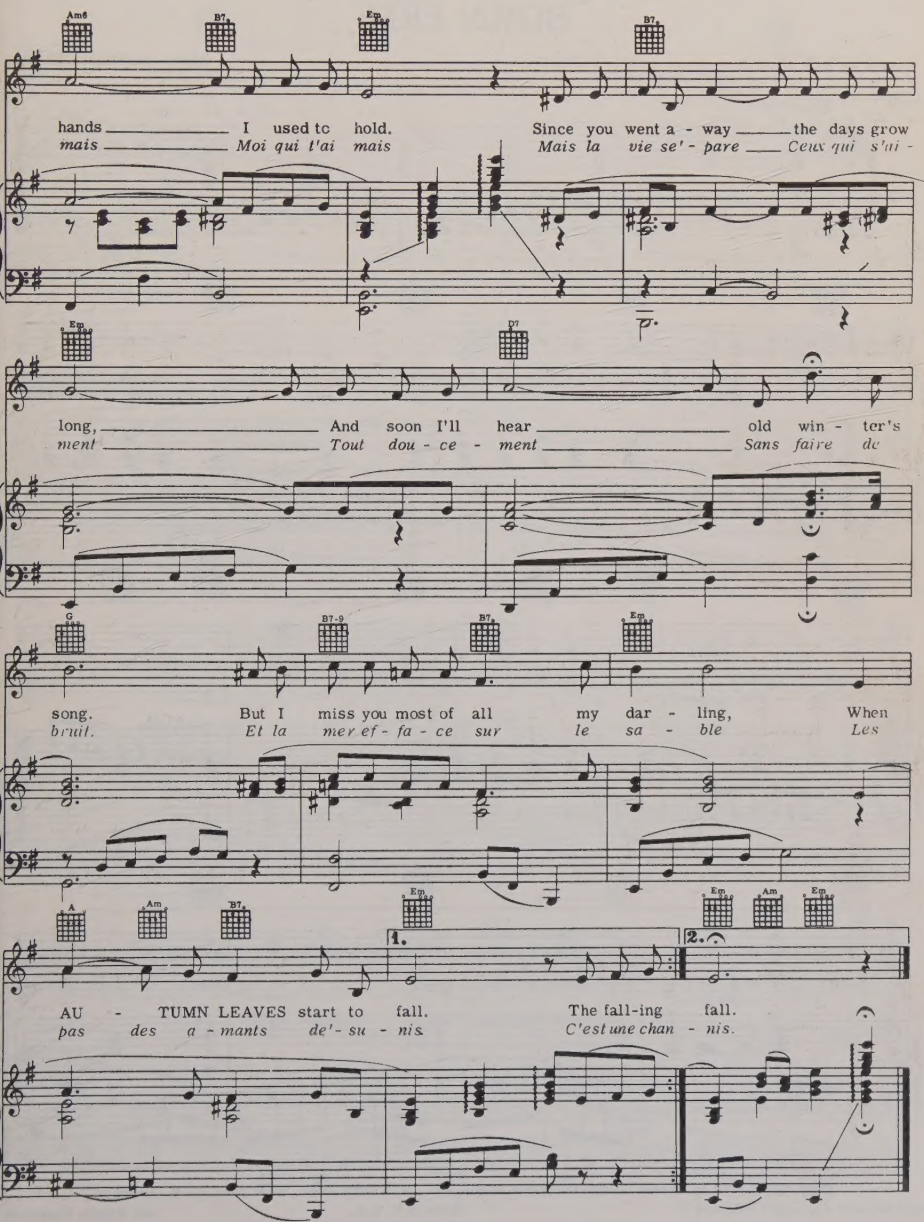
The falling leaves drift by the window,
The autumn leaves of red and gold.
I see your lips, the summer kisses,
The sunburned hands I used to hold.
Since you went away the days grow long,
And soon I'll hear old winter's song.
But I miss you most of all my darling,
When autumn leaves start to fall.


Am6 B7 Em B7
hands I used to hold. Since you went a - way the days grow
mais Moi qui t'ai mais Mais la vie se' - pare Ceux qui s'ai -
Em D7
long, And soon I'll hear old win - ter's
ment Tout dou - ce - ment Sans faire de
G B7-9 B7 Em
song. But I miss you most of all my dar - ling, When
bruit. Et la mer ef - fa - ce sur le sa - ble Les
A Am B7 Em Em Am Em
1. 2.
AU - TUMN LEAVES start to fall. The fall-ing fall.
pas des a - mants de' - su - nis. C'est une chan - nis.

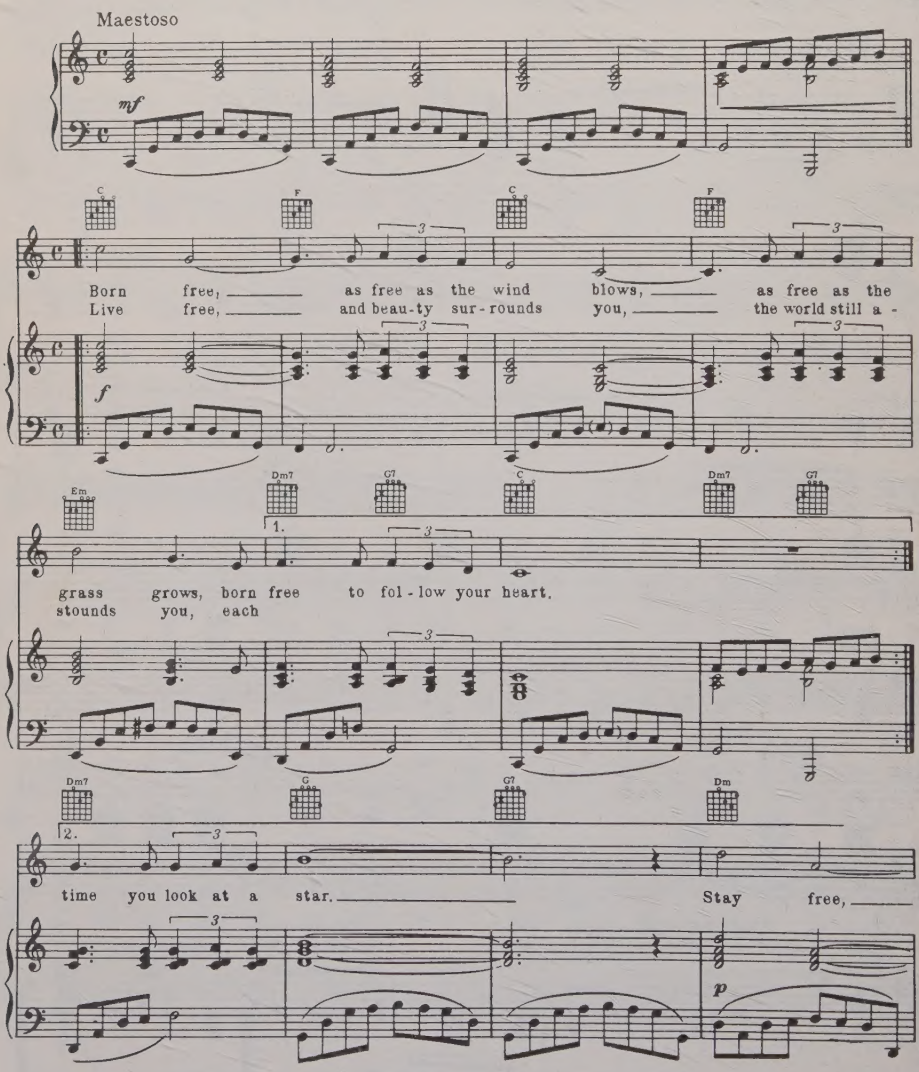
Born free, as free as the wind blows,
As free as the grass grows,
Born free to follow your heart.
Live free, and beauty surrounds you,
The world still astounds you,
Each time you look at a star.

From the Columbia Pictures Release "BORN FREE"

BORN FREE

Lyric by DON BLACK

Music by JOHN BARRY



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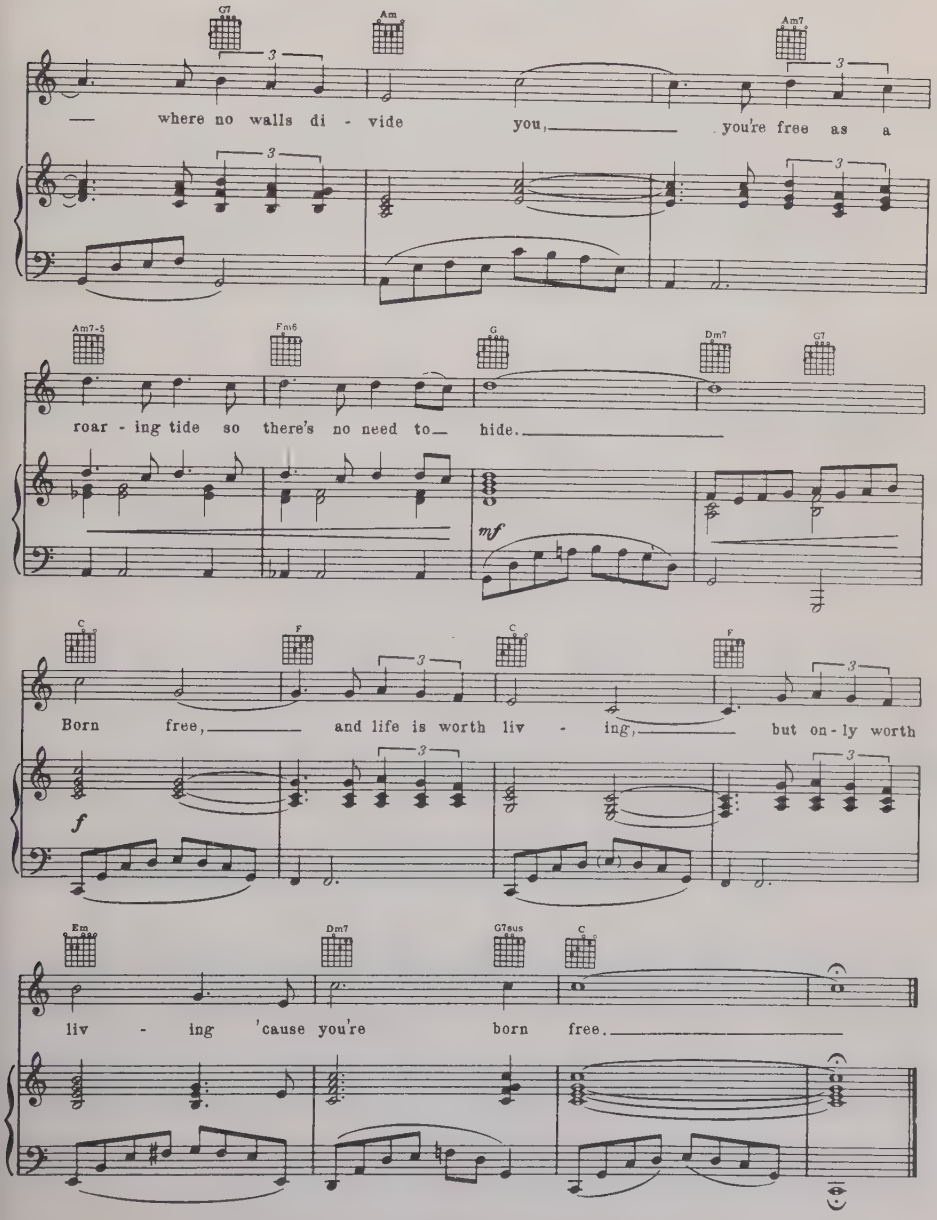
Stay free, where no walls divide you,
You're free as a roaring tide
So there's no need to hide.
Born free, and life is worth living,
But only worth living
'Cause you're born free.



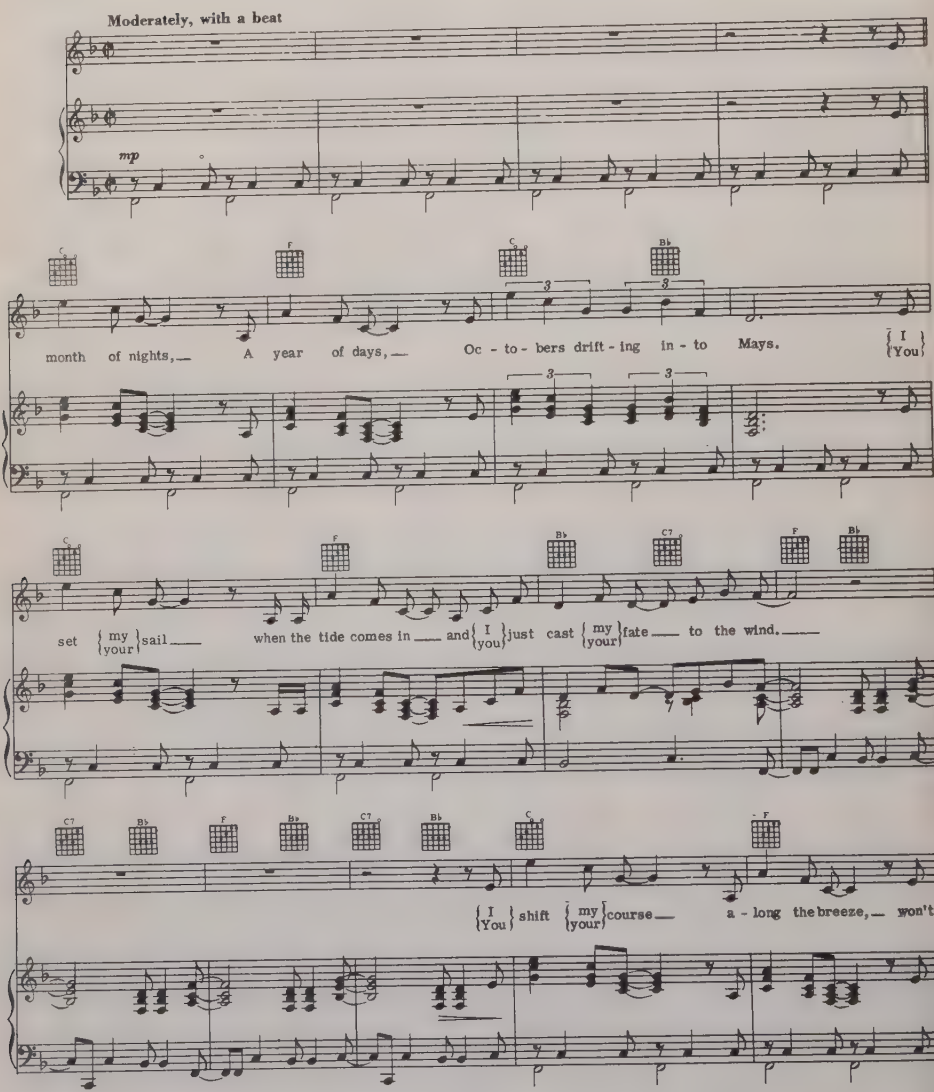
A month of nights, A year of days,
Octobers drifting into Mays.
I set my sail when the tide comes in
And I just cast my fate to the wind.
I shift my course along the breeze,
Won't sail up wind on memories.

Recorded By SHELBY FLINT On Valiant Records

CAST YOUR FATE TO THE WIND

Lyrics by
CAREL WERBER

Music by
VINCE GUARALDI


Moderately, with a beat
mp
month of nights, A year of days, Oc - to - bers drift - ing in - to Mays.
{I / You}
set {my / your} sail when the tide comes in and {I / you} just cast {my / your} fate to the wind.
{I / You} shift {my / your} course a - long the breeze, won't

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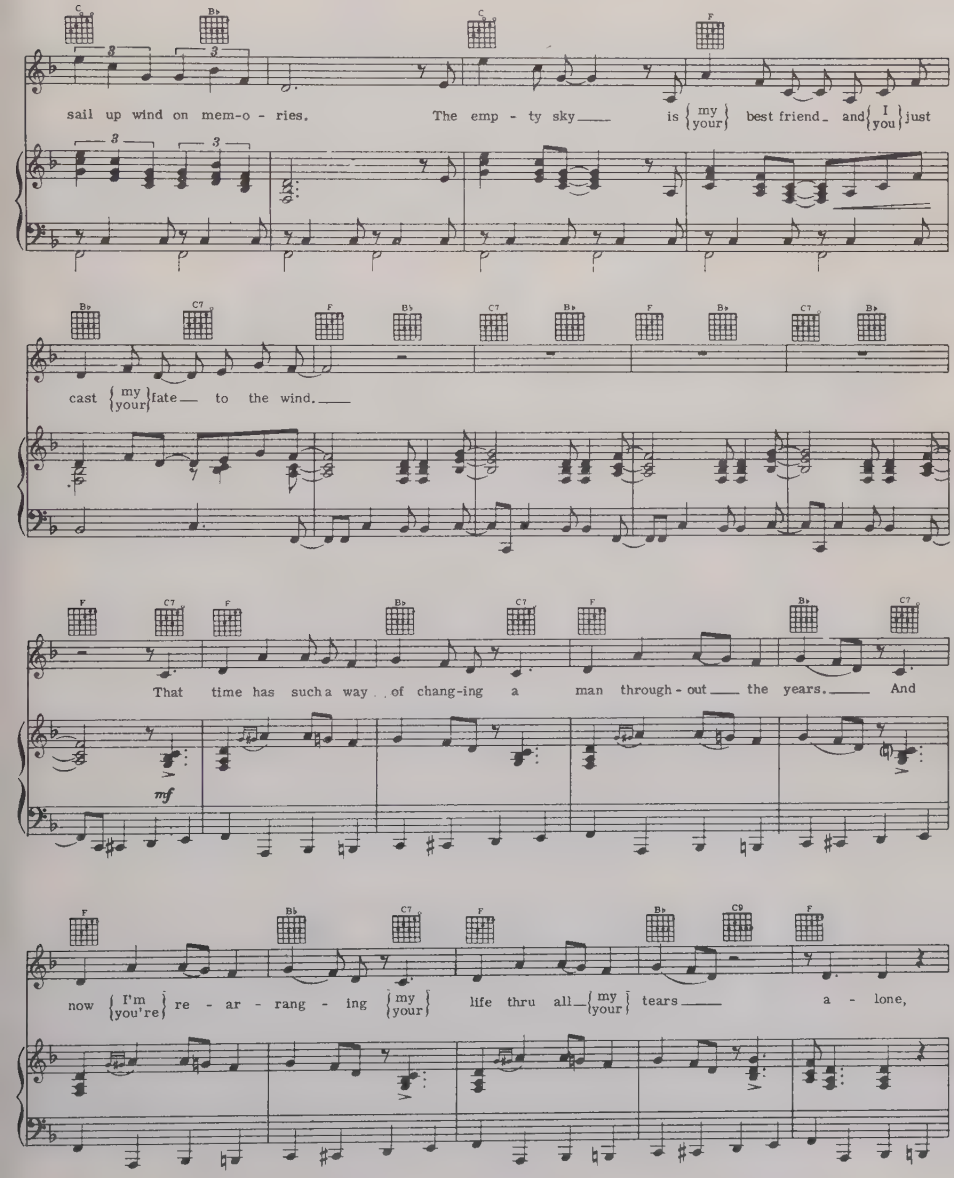
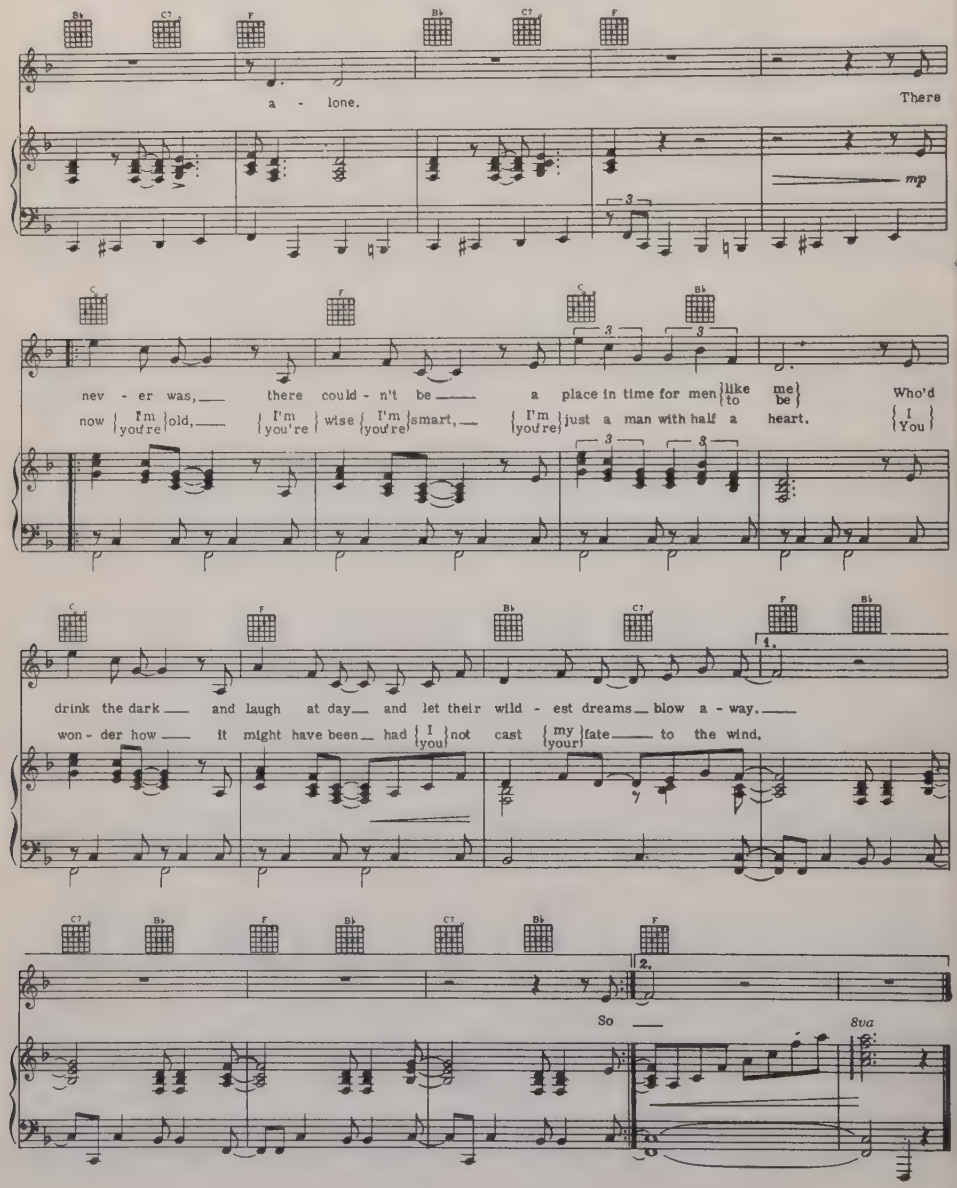
The empty sky is my best friend
And I just cast my fate to the wind.
That time has such a way of changing
A man throughout the years.
And now I'm rearranging
My life thru all my tears alone, alone.
There never was, there couldn't be


sail up wind on mem-o - ries. The emp - ty sky is {my / your} best friend and {I / you} just
cast {my / your} fate to the wind.
That time has such a way of chang-ing a man through - out the years. And
mf
now {I'm / you're} re - ar - rang - ing {my / your} life thru all {my / your} tears a - lone,

A place in time for men like me
Who'd drink the dark and laugh at day
And let their wildest dreams blow away.
So now I'm old, I'm wise I'm smart,
I'm just a man with half a heart.
I wonder how it might have been
Had I not cast my fate to the wind.

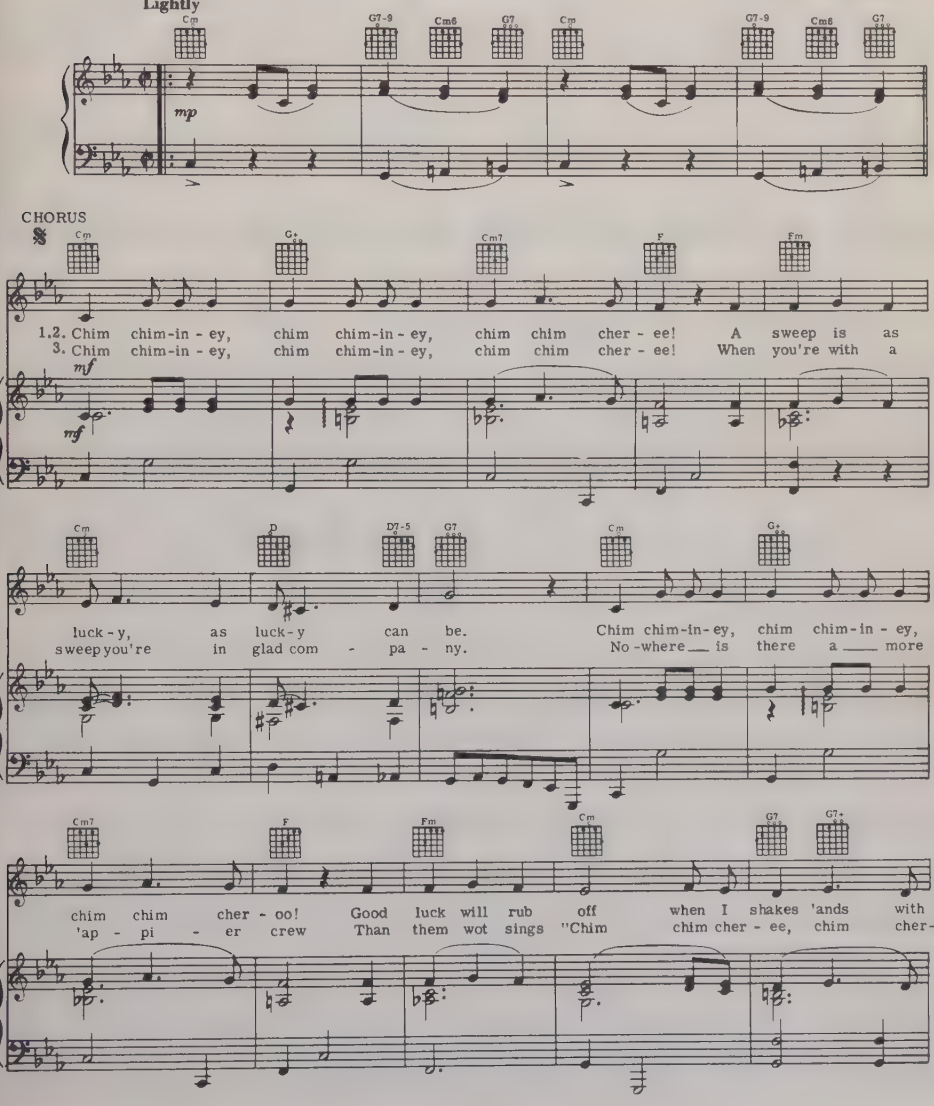

a - lone.
There
mp
nev - er was, there could - n't be a place in time for men like me Who'd
now I'm old, I'm wise I'm smart, I'm just a man with half a heart. I
you're you're you're you're to be You
drink the dark and laugh at day and let their wild - est dreams blow a - way.
won - der how it might have been had I not cast my fate to the wind.
your
1.
2.
So
8va

Chim chiminey, chim chiminey,
Chim chim cher-ee!
A sweep is as lucky, as lucky can be.
Chim chiminey, chim chiminey,
Chim chim cher-oo!
Good luck will rub off
When I shakes 'ands with you,
Or blow me a kiss and that's lucky too.
Chim chiminey, chim chiminey,
Chim chim cheree!
A sweep is as lucky, as lucky can be.
Chim chiminey, chim chiminey,

From Walt Disney's "MARY POPPINS"

CHIM CHIM CHER-EE

Music and Lyrics by
RICHARD M. SHERMAN
and ROBERT B. SHERMAN



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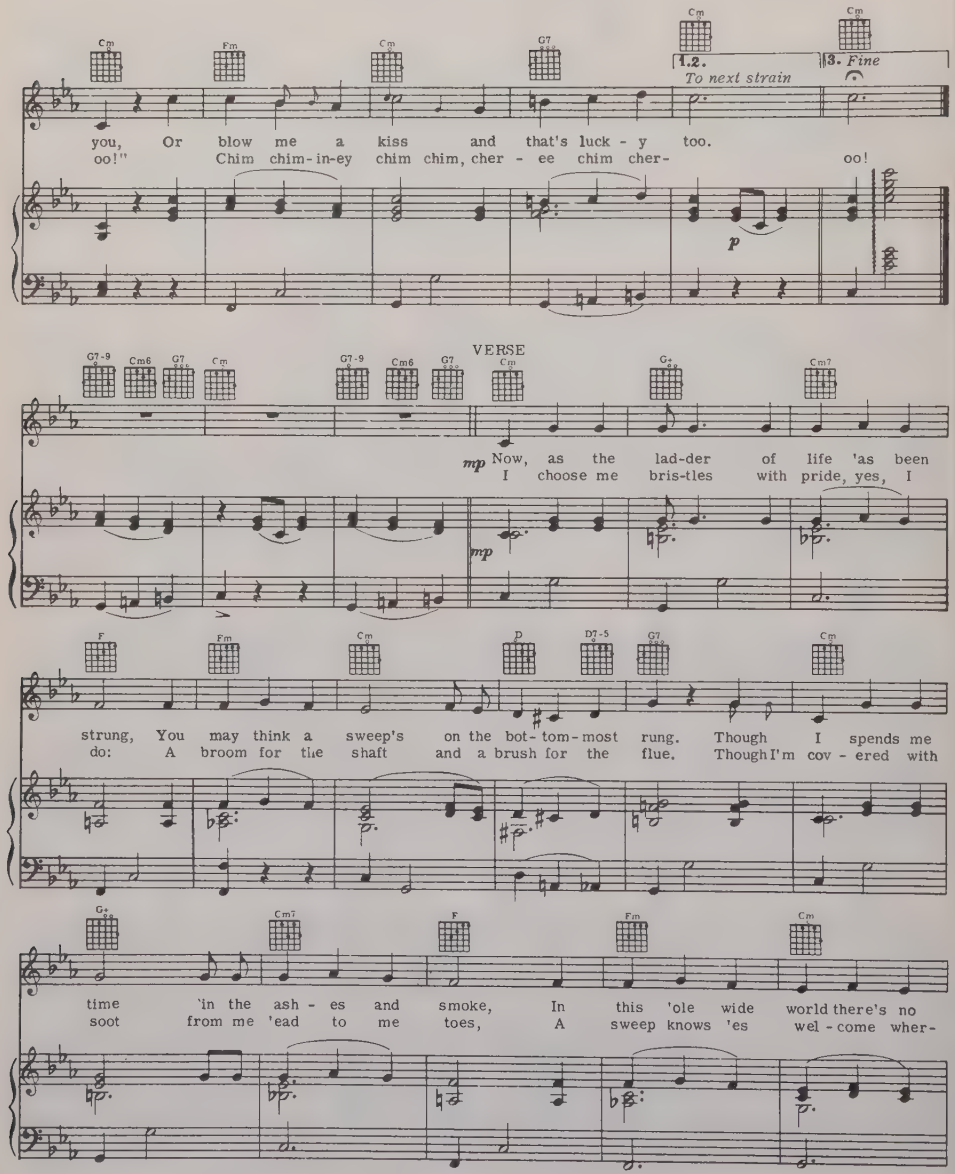
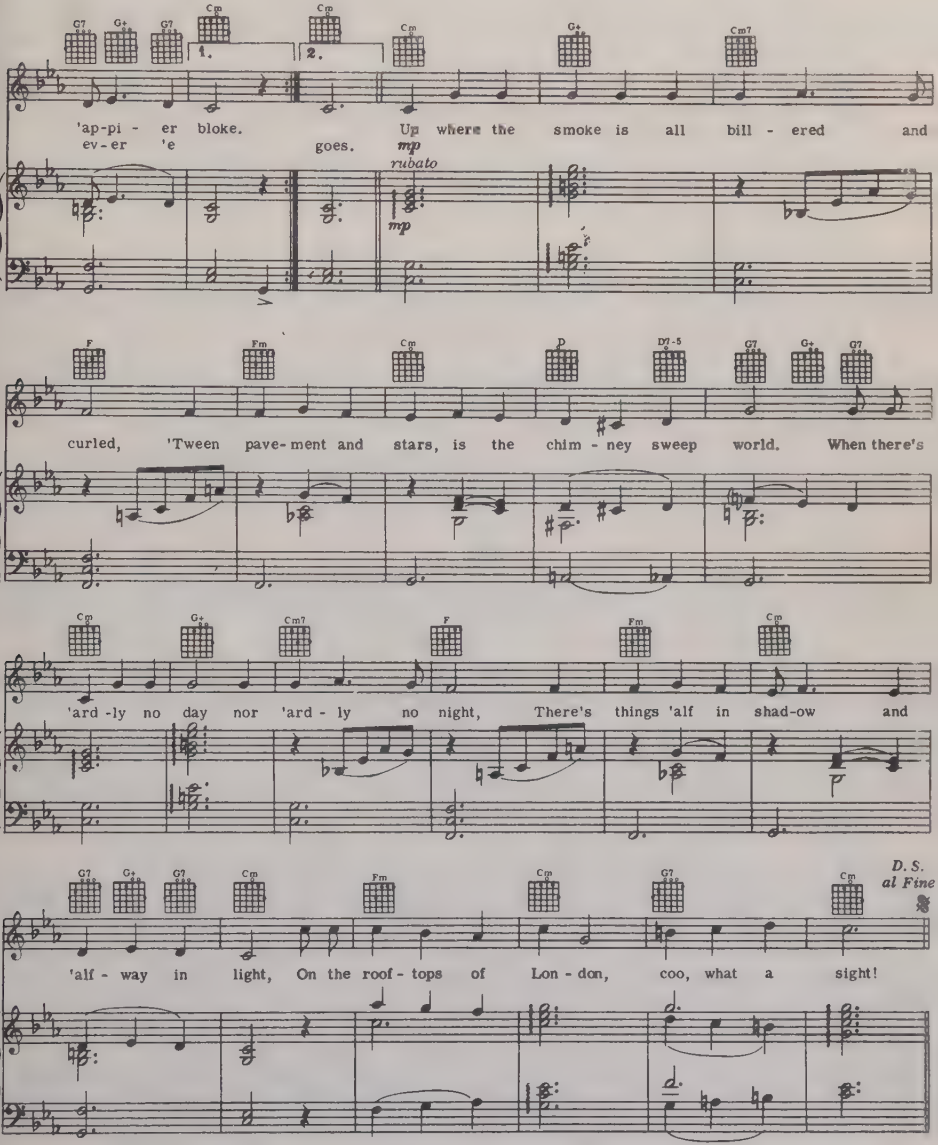
Chim chim cher-oo!
Good luck will rub off
When I shakes 'ands with you,
Or blow me a kiss and that's lucky too.
Now as the ladder of life 'as been strung,
You may think a sweep's on the bottommost rung.

Though I spends me time in the ashes and smoke,
In this 'ole wide world there's no 'appier bloke.
I choose my bristles with pride, yes, I do:
A broom for the shaft and a brush for the flue.
Though I'm covered with soot from me 'ead to me toes,
A sweep knows 'es welcome wherever 'e goes.



Up where the smoke is all billered and curled,
'Tween pavement and stars, is the chimney sweep world.
When there's 'ardly no day nor 'ardly no night,
There's things 'alf in shadow and 'alfway in light,
On the rooftops of London, coo, what a sight!
Chim chiminey, chim chiminey,
Chim chim cher-ee!

When you're with a sweep
You're in glad company.
Nowhere is there a more
'Appier crew than them wot sings
"Chim chim cher-ee, chim cher-oo!"
Chim chiminey chim chim,
Cher-ee chim cher-oo!

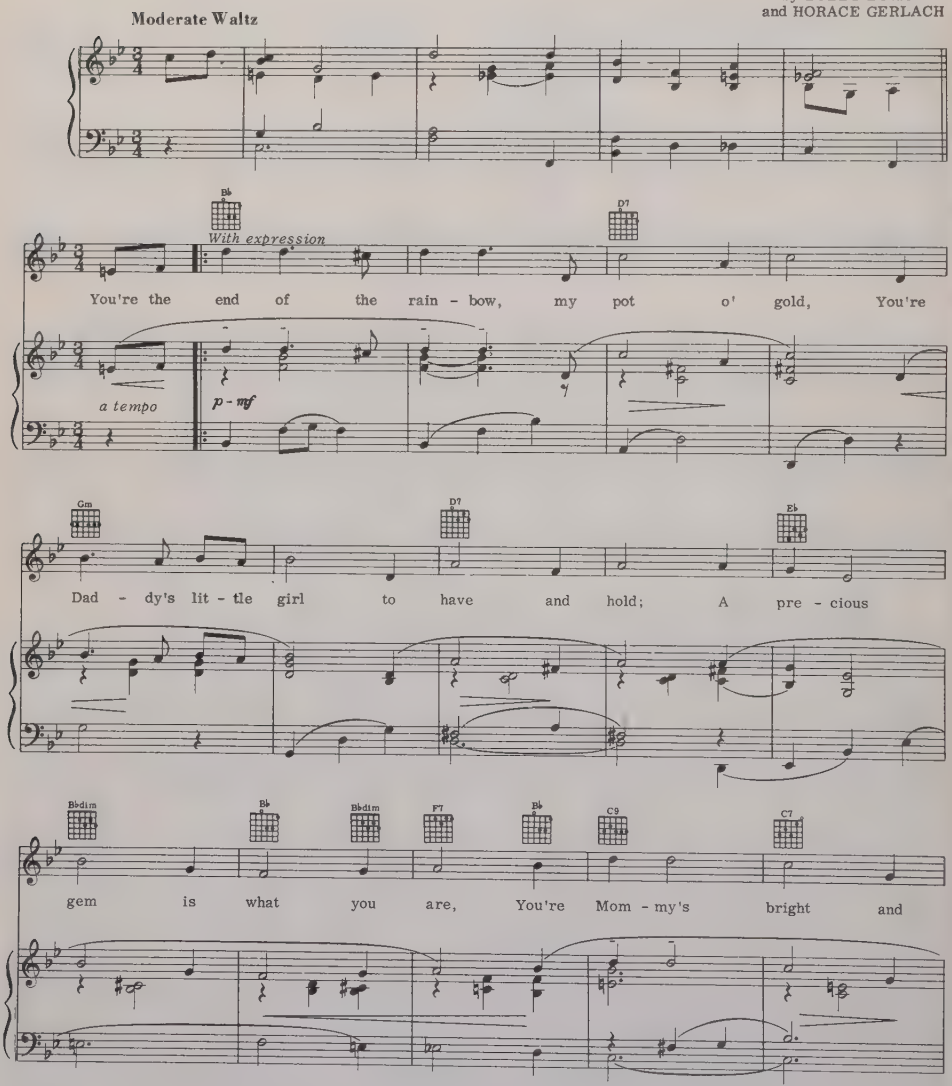

'ap-pi - er bloke.
ev-er 'e goes.
Up where the smoke is all bill - ered and
curled, 'Tween pave-ment and stars, is the chim - ney sweep world. When there's
'ard -ly no day nor 'ard - ly no night, There's things 'alf in shad-ow and
'alf - way in light, On the roof - tops of Lon - don, coo, what a sight!
mp
rubato
D. S. al Fine

You're the end of the rainbow, my pot o' gold,
You're daddy's little girl to have and hold;
A precious gem is what you are,
You're mommy's bright and shining star;
You're the spirit of Christmas,
My star on the tree, You're the Easter
Bunny to mommy and me;
You're sugar, you're spice, you're everything nice.

Recorded by AL MARTINO on Capitol Records

DADDY'S LITTLE GIRL

by BOBBY BURKE
and HORACE GERLACH


Moderate Waltz
With expression
You're the end of the rain - bow, my pot o' gold, You're
a tempo
p - mf
Dad - dy's lit - tle girl to have and hold; A pre - cious
gem is what you are, You're Mom - my's bright and

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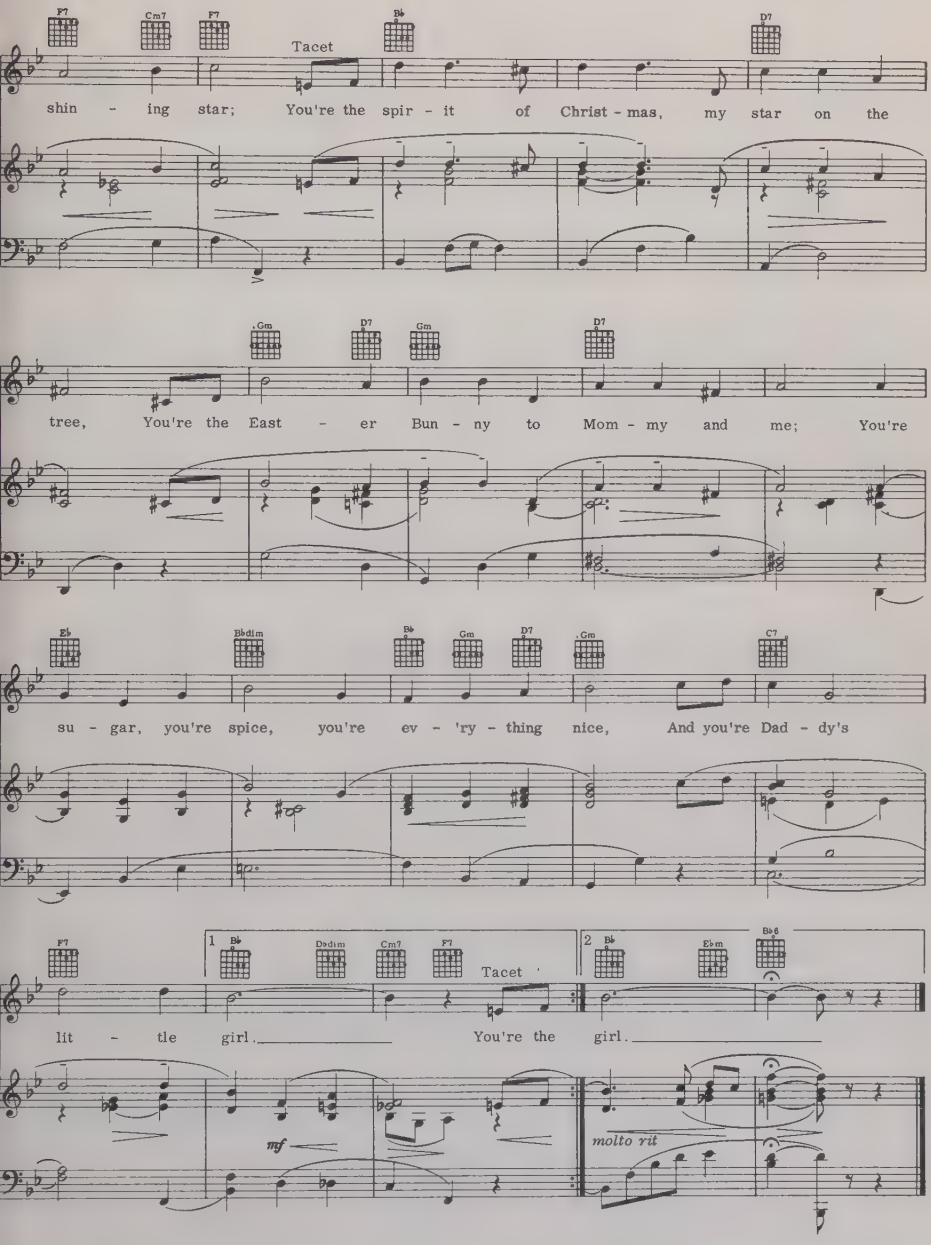
And you're daddy's little girl.
You're the end of the rainbow, my pot o' gold,
You're daddy's little girl to have and hold;
A precious gem is what you are,

You're mommy's bright and shining star;
You're the spirit of Christmas, my star on the tree,
You're the Easter Bunny to mommy and me;
You're sugar, you're spice, you're ev'rything nice,
And you're daddy's little girl.



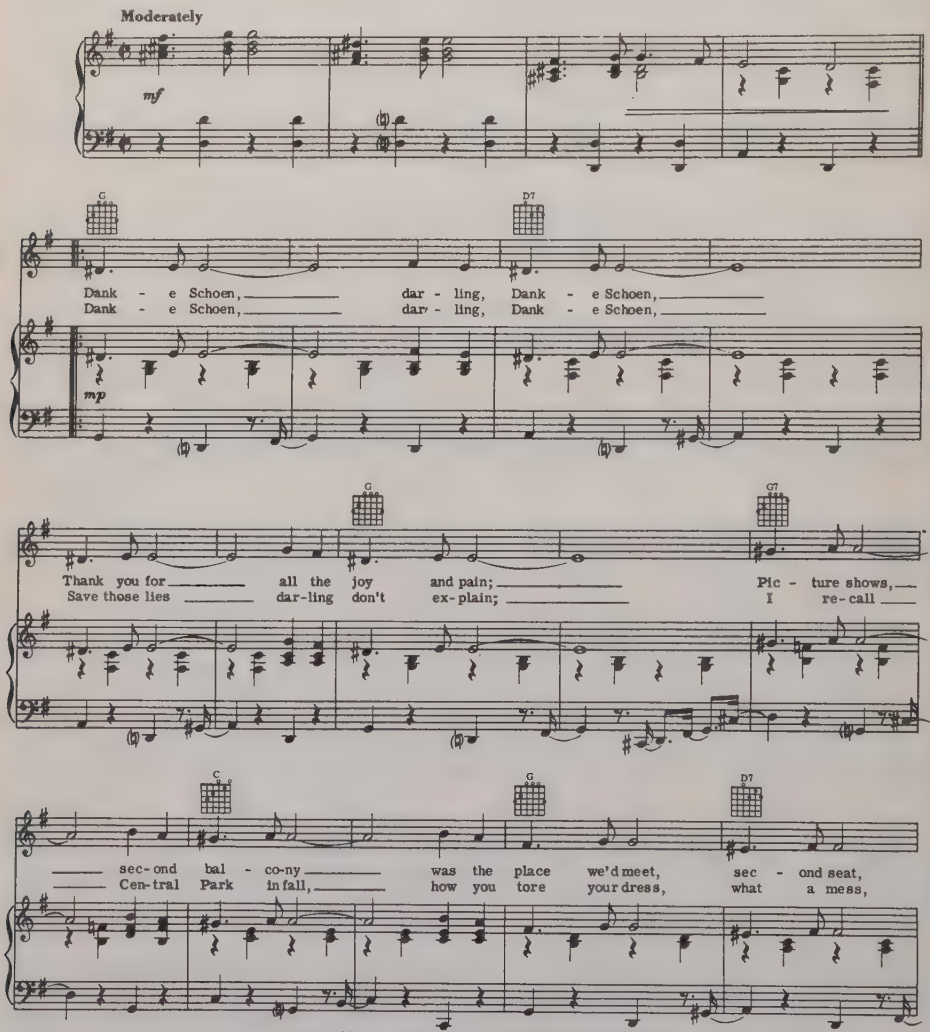
Danke Schoen, darling, Danke Schoen,
Thank you for all the joy and pain;
Picture shows, second balcony
Was the place we'd meet, second seat,
Go Dutch treat, you were sweet.

Danke Schoen, darling, Danke Schoen,
Save those lies darling don't explain;
I recall Central Park in fall,
How you tore your dress, what a mess,
I confess that's not all.

DANKE SCHOEN

Lyrics by
KURT SCHWABACH
MILT GABLER

Music by
BERT KAEMPFERT


Moderately
mf
G
D7
Dank - e Schoen, dar - ling, Dank - e Schoen,
Dank - e Schoen, dar - ling, Dank - e Schoen,
mp
G
G7
Thank you for all the joy and pain; Pic - ture shows,
Save those lies dar-ling don't ex-plain; I re-call
C
G
D7
sec-ond bal - co-ny was the place we'd meet, sec - ond seat,
Cen-tral Park in fall, how you tore your dress, what a mess,

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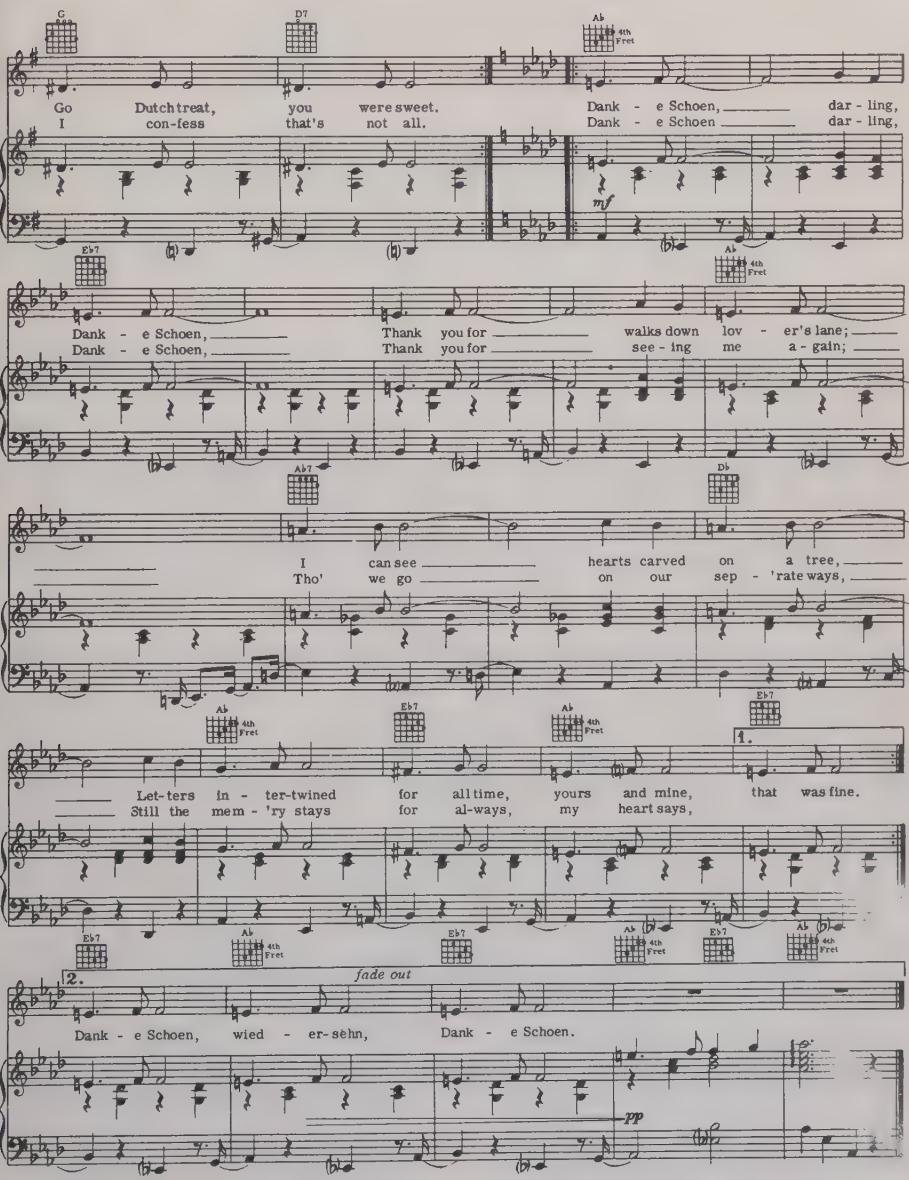
Danke Schoen, darling, Danke Schoen,
Thank you for walks down lover's lane;
I can see hearts carved on a tree,
Letters intertwined for all time,
Yours and mine, that was fine.

Danke Schoen, darling, Danke Schoen,
Thank you for seeing me again;
Tho' we go on our sep'rate ways,
Still the mem'ry stays for always, my
Heart says, Danke Schoen,
Wiederseh'n, Danke Schoen.

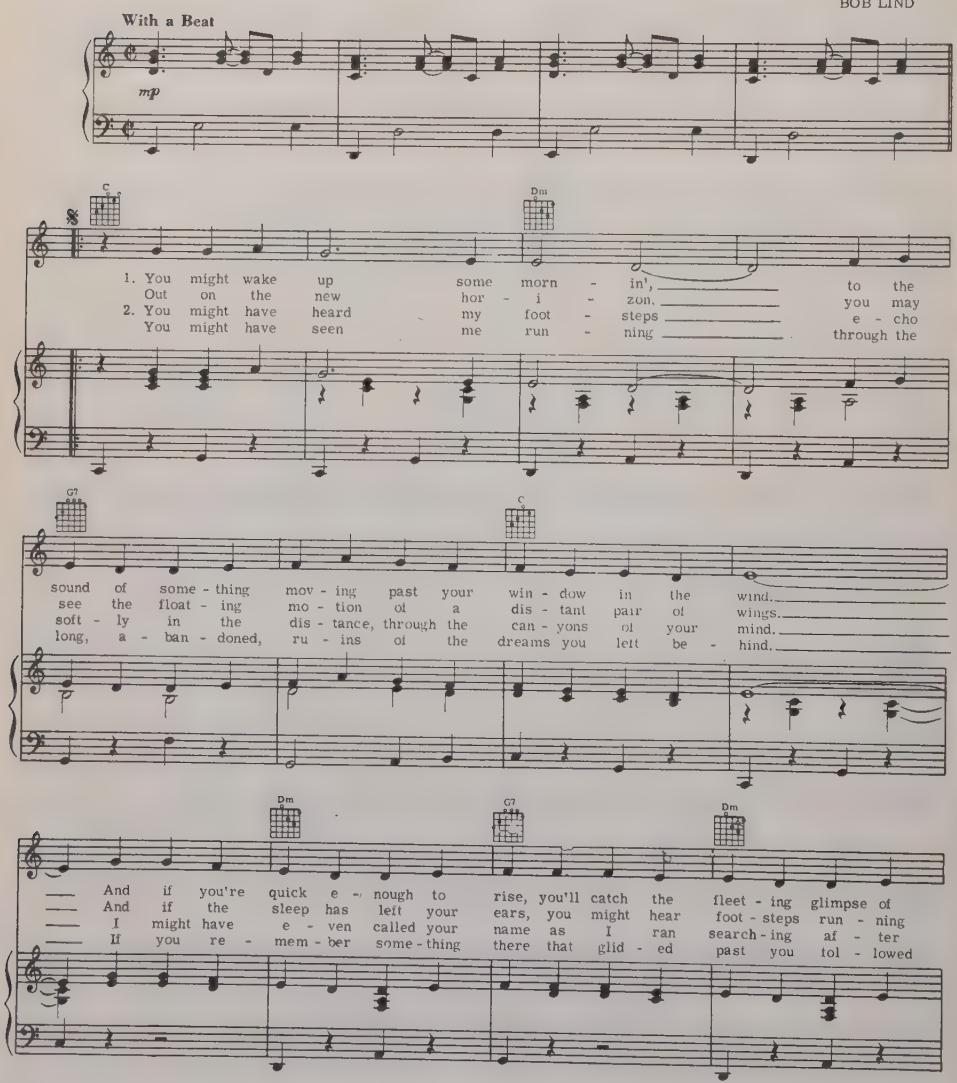


You might wake up some mornin',
To the sound of something moving
Past your window in the wind.
And if you're quick enough to rise,
You'll catch the fleeting glimpse of
Someone's fading shadow.
Out on the new horizon,
You may see the floating motion
Of a distant pair of wings.
And if the sleep has left your ears,
You might hear footsteps running
Through an open meadow.
Don't be concerned, it will not harm you
It's only me pursuing something
I'm not sure of. Across my dream,
With nets of wonder, I chase

Recorded by JANE MORGAN on EPIC RECORDS

ELUSIVE BUTTERFLY

Words and Music by
BOB LIND


With a Beat
mp
C
Dm
1. You might wake up some morn - in', to the
Out on the new hor - i - zon. you may
2. You might have heard my foot - steps e - cho
You might have seen me run - ning through the
G7
C
sound of some - thing mov - ing past your win - dow in the wind.
see the float - ing mo - tion of a dis - tant pair of wings.
soft - ly in the dis - tance, through the can - yons of your mind.
long, a - ban - doned, ru - ins of the dreams you left be - hind.
Dm
G7
Dm
And if you're quick e - nough to rise, you'll catch the fleet - ing glimpse of
And if the sleep has left your ears, you might hear foot - steps run - ning
I might have e - ven called your name as I ran search - ing af - ter
If you re - mem - ber some - thing there that glid - ed past you tol - lowed

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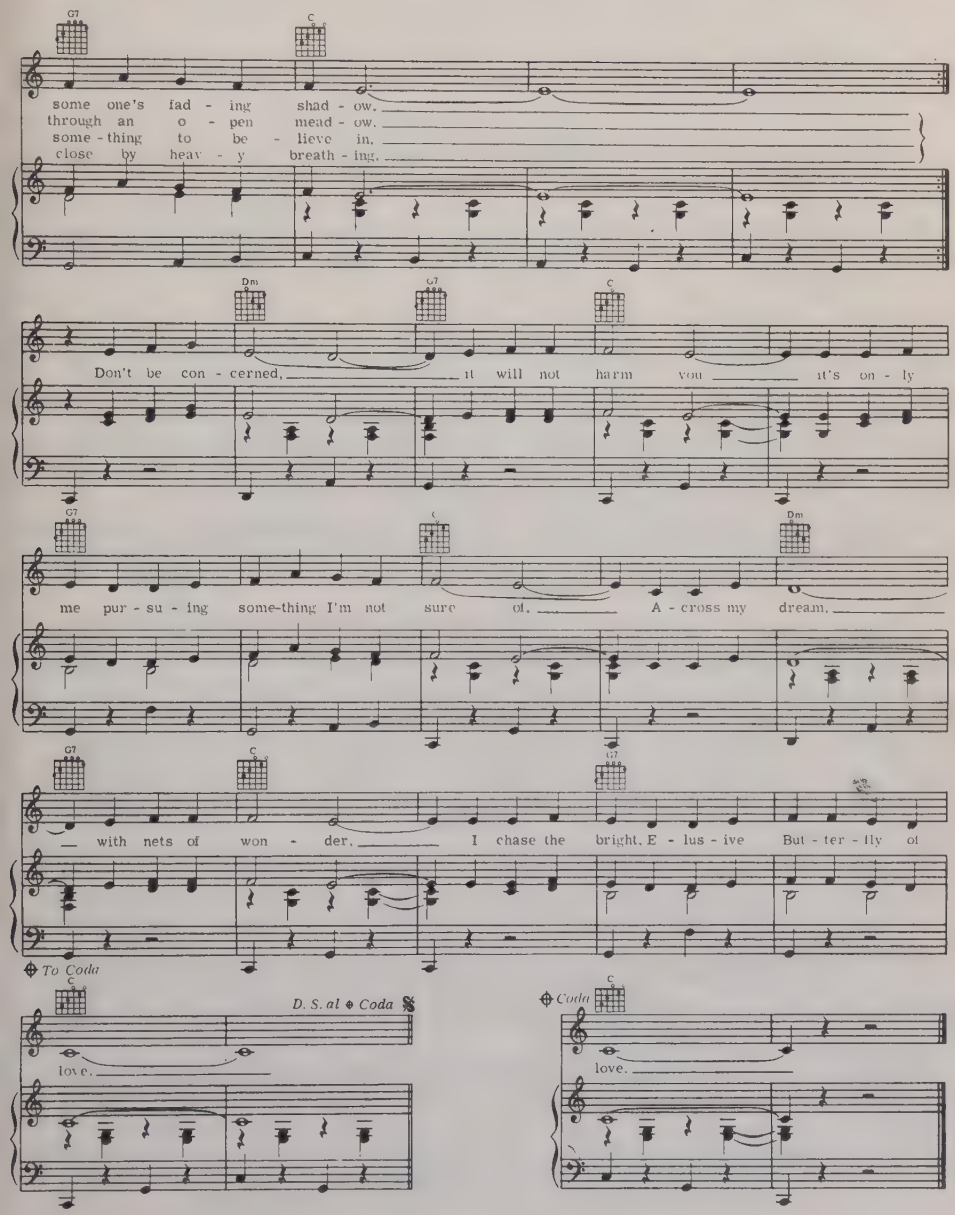
The bright elusive butterfly of love.
You might have heard my footsteps
Echo softly in the distance,
Through the canyons of your mind.
I might have even called your name
As I ran searching after
Something to believe in.
You might have seen me running
Through the long, abandoned, ruins
Of the dreams you left behind.
If you remember something there
That glided past you
Followed close by heavy breathing,
Don't be concerned, it will not harm you
It's only me pursuing something
I'm not sure of. Across my dream,
With nets of wonder, I chase
The bright elusive butterfly of love.


G7
C
some one's fad - ing shad - ow.
through an o - pen mead - ow.
some - thing to be - lieve in.
close by heav - y breath - ing.
Dm
G7
C
Don't be con - cerned, it will not harm you it's on - ly
G7
C
Dm
me pur - su - ing some-thing I'm not sure of. A - cross my dream.
G7
C
G7
with nets of won - der, I chase the bright, E - lus - ive But - ter - fly of
To Coda
C
D. S. al ⌖ Coda
love.
⌖ Coda
C
love.

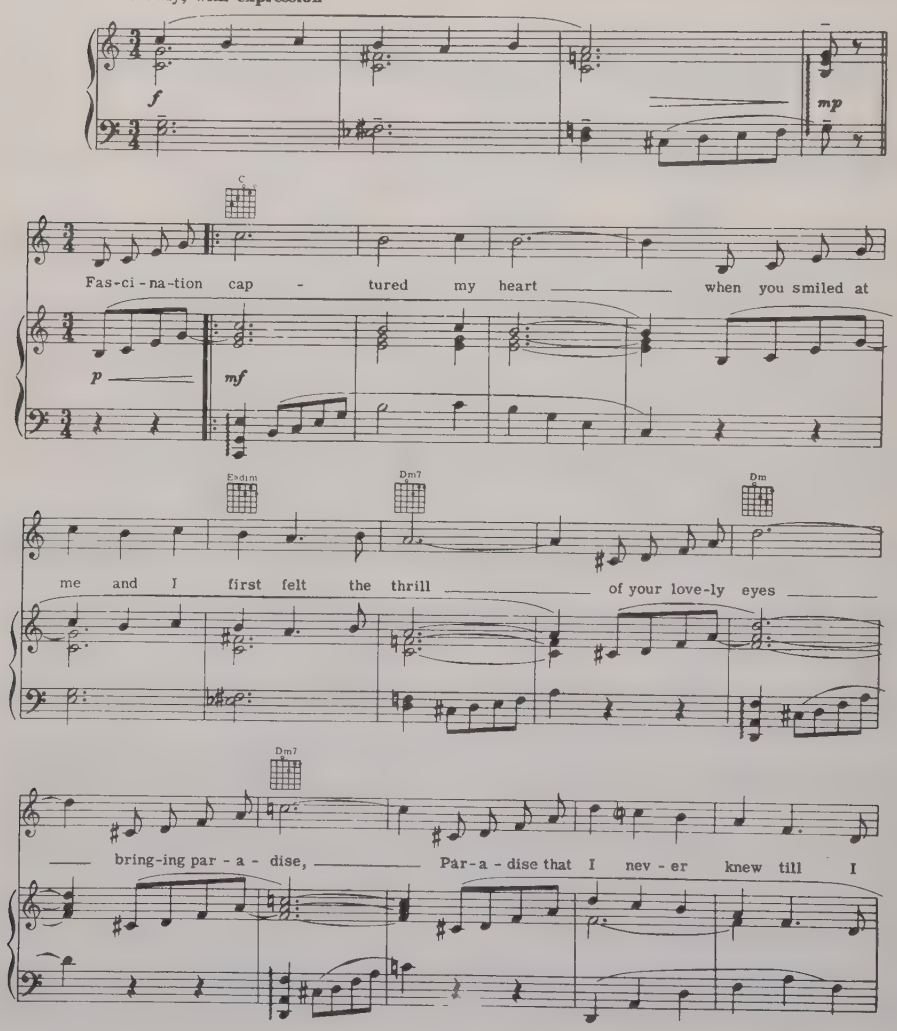
Fascination captured my heart
en you smiled at me
nd I first felt the thrill
Of your lovely eyes
Bringing paradise,
Paradise that I never knew
Till I met you.
Fascination started to grow
When I felt the glow that
I know must be love.
And the moment you gave
Your lips in surrender,

FASCINATION

Words by
BILL HANSEN (A.S.C.A.P.)

Music by
F. D. MARCHETTI

Slowly, with expression



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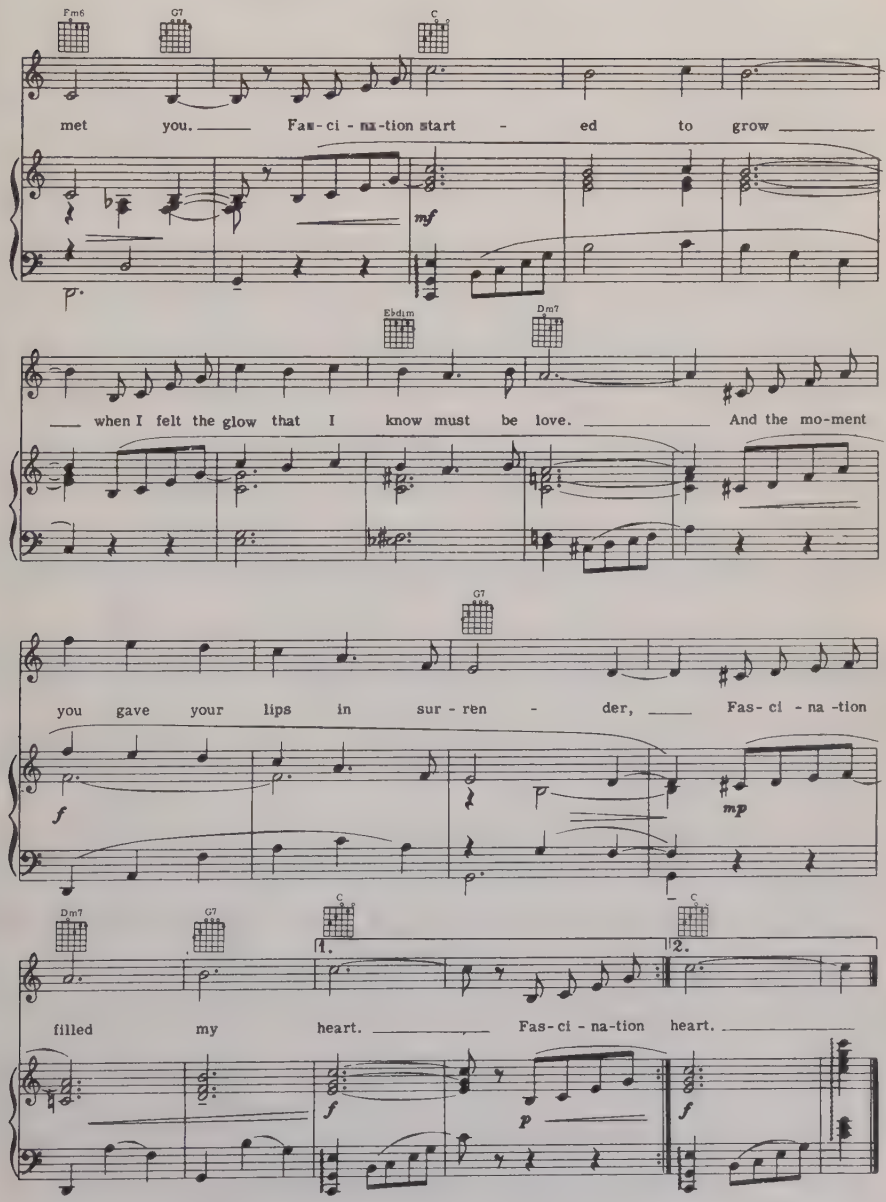
Fascination filled my heart.
Fascination captured my heart
When you smiled at me
And I first felt the thrill
Of your lovely eyes
Bringing paradise,
Paradise that I never knew
Till I met you.
Fascination started to grow
When I felt the glow that
I know must be love.
And the moment you gave
Your lips in surrender,
Fascination filled my heart.

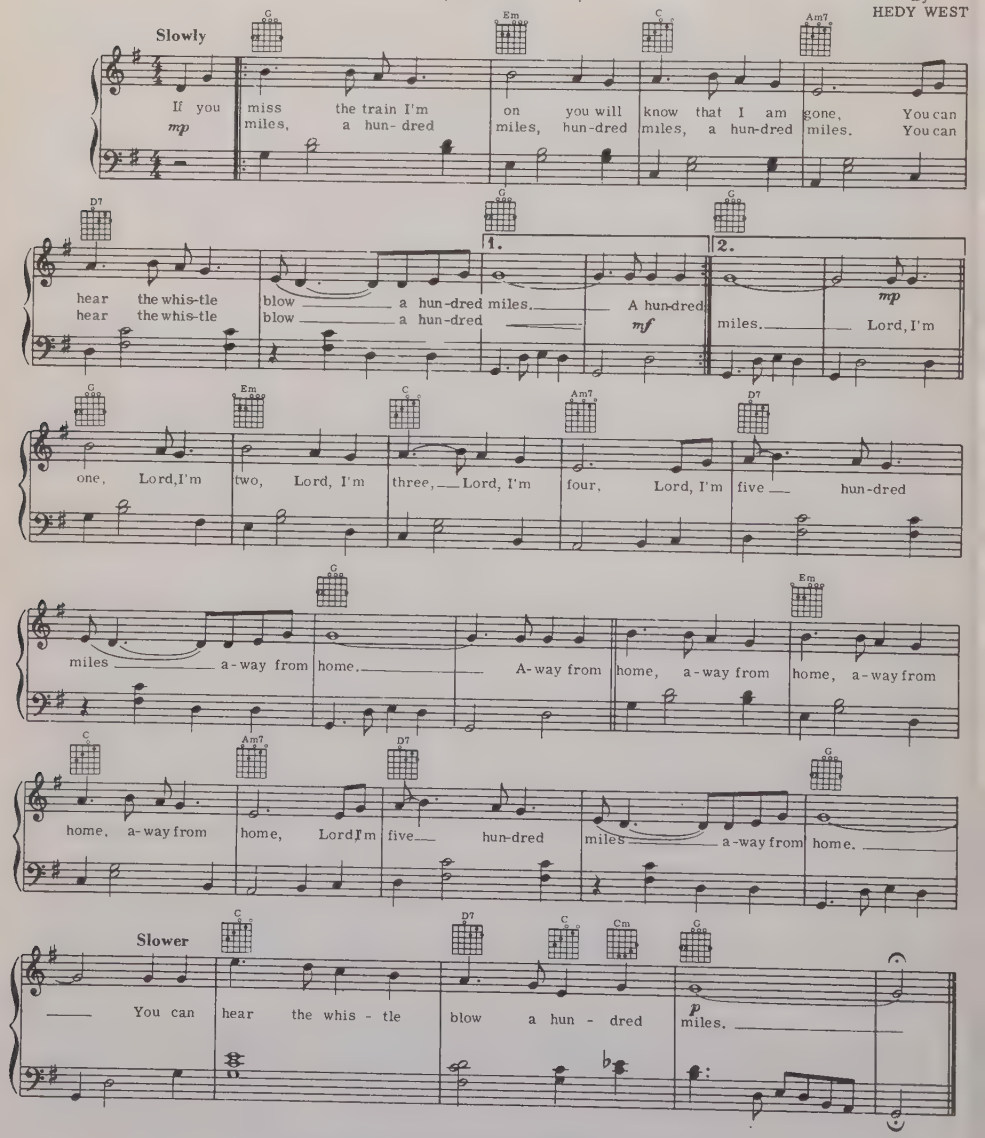


If you miss the train I'm on
You will know that I am gone,
You can hear the whistle blow
A hundred miles. A hundred miles,
A hundred miles, hundred miles,
A hundred miles. You can hear
The whistle blow a hundred miles.
Lord, I'm one, Lord, I'm two,
Lord, I'm three, Lord, I'm four,
Lord, I'm five hundred miles
Away from home. Away from
Home, away from home,
Away from home, away from home,
Lord, I'm five hundred miles away
From home. You can hear the
Whistle blow a hundred miles.

FIVE HUNDRED MILES

(Railroader's Lament)

By
HEDY WEST


Slowly
If you miss the train I'm on you will know that I am gone, You can
mp
miles, a hun- dred miles, hun-dred miles, a hun-dred miles. You can
hear the whis-tle blow a hun-dred miles. A hun-dred
hear the whis-tle blow a hun-dred
1.
2.
mf
mp
miles. Lord, I'm
one, Lord, I'm two, Lord, I'm three, Lord, I'm four, Lord, I'm five hun-dred
miles a-way from home. A-way from home, a-way from home, a-way from
home, a-way from home, Lord I'm five hun-dred miles a-way from home.
Slower
You can hear the whis - tle blow a hun - dred
p
miles.

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Free again, back to being free again.
Back to being me again with all my
Precious freedom, my precious,
Precious freedom.
On my own, back to being on my own.

Back to live the life I'd known
Before I ever knew him,
Before I ever knew him.
Free again, Independent me,
Free again. Time to call up all the crowd

Recorded by Barbra Streisand on Columbia Records

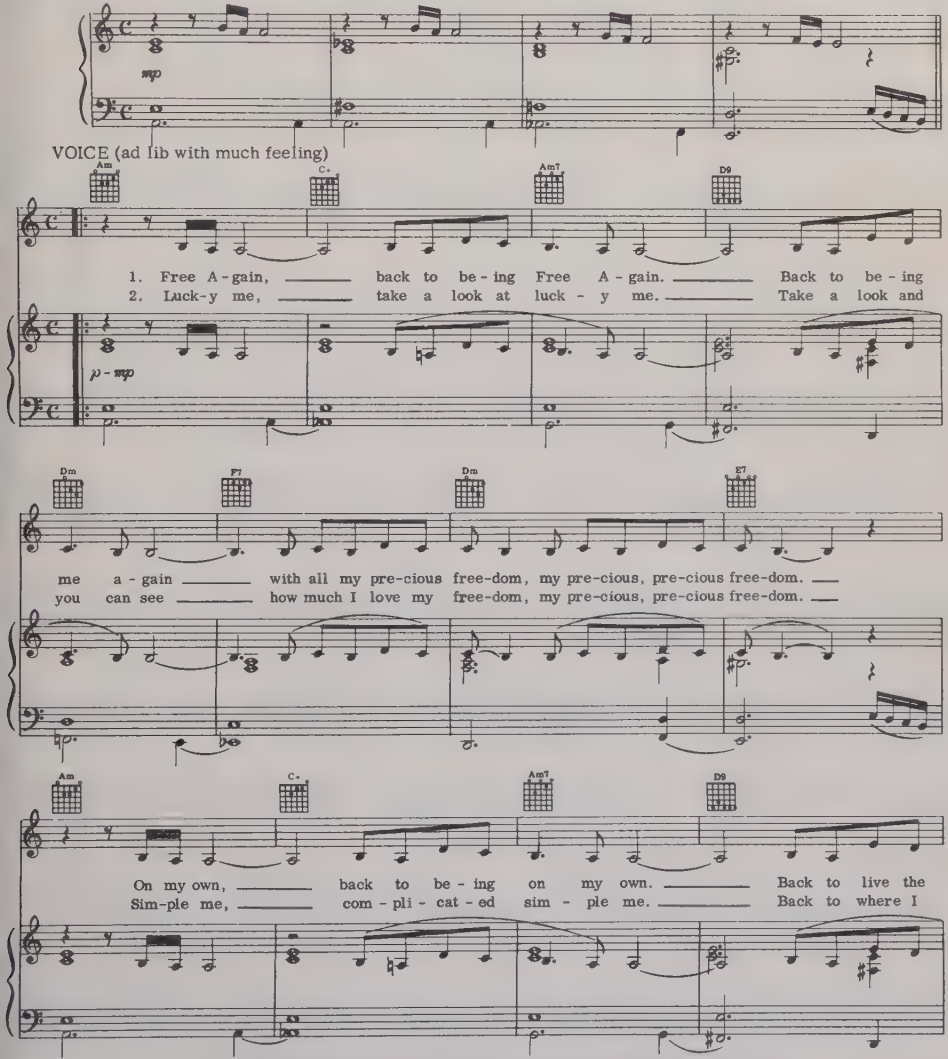
FREE AGAIN

(Non_C'est Rien)

English Lyric and Musical Adaptation
by ROBERT COLBY (A.S.C.A.P.)

Music by ARMAND CANFORA
and JOSS BASELLI
French Lyric by MICHEL JOURDAN

Slowly


mp
VOICE (ad lib with much feeling)
Am
C+
Am7
D9
1. Free A - gain, back to be - ing Free A - gain. Back to be - ing
2. Luck-y me, take a look at luck - y me. Take a look and
p - mp
Dm
F7
Dm
E7
me a - gain with all my pre-cious free-dom, my pre-cious, pre-cious free-dom.
you can see how much I love my free-dom, my pre-cious, pre-cious free-dom.
Am
C+
Am7
D9
On my own, back to be - ing on my own. Back to live the
Sim-ple me, com - pli - cat - ed sim - ple me. Back to where I

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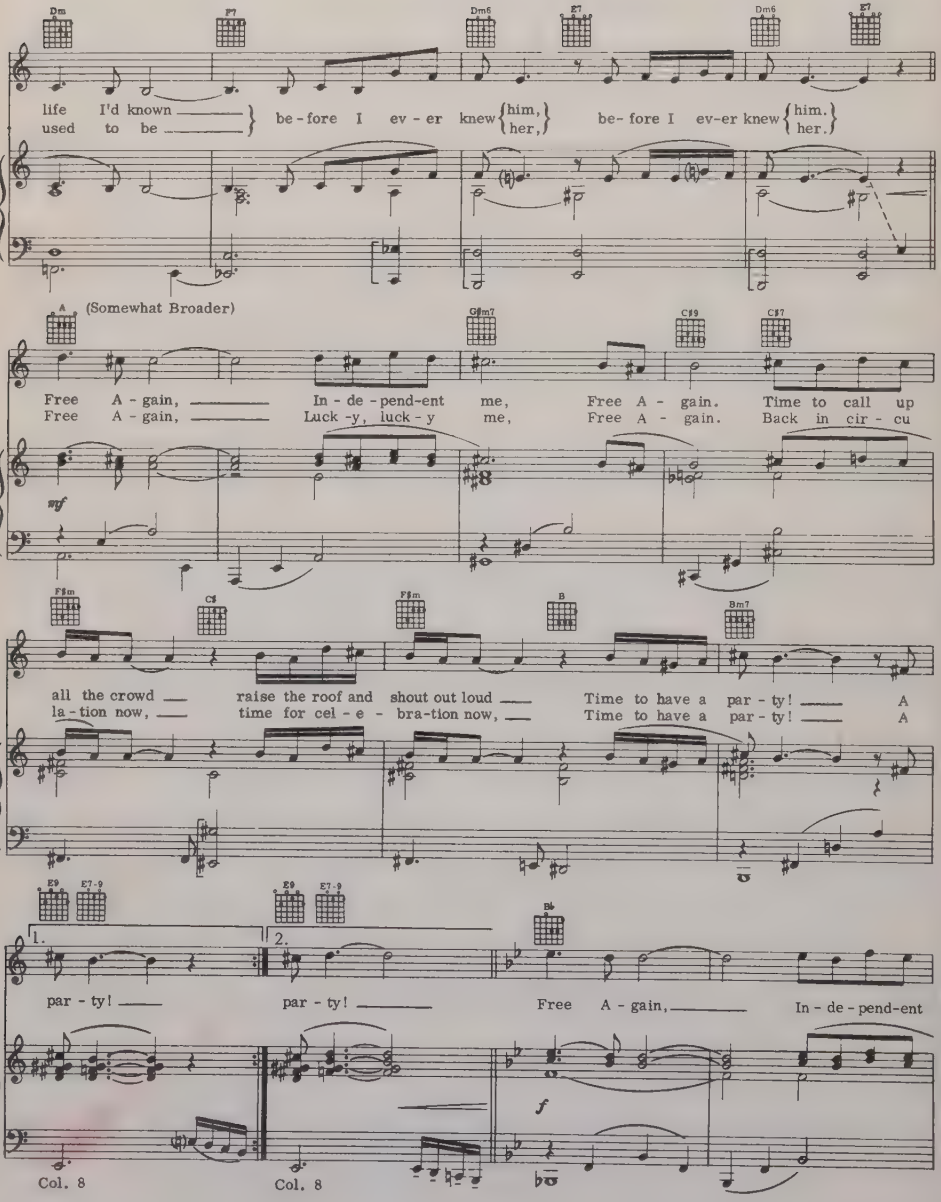
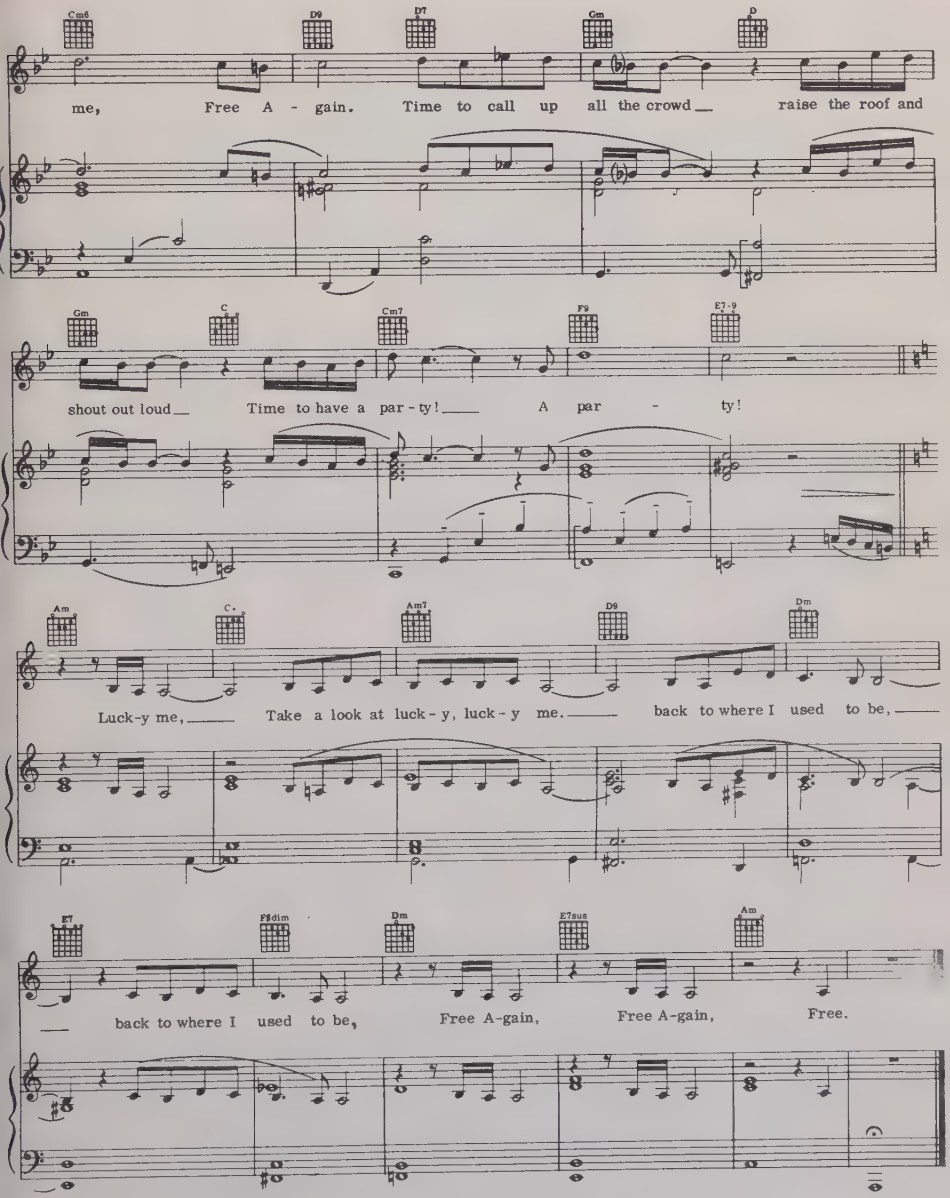
Raise the roof and shout out loud
Time to have a party! a party!
Lucky me, take a look at lucky me.
Take a look and you can see
How much I love my freedom, my
Precious, precious freedom.
Simple me, complicated simple me.
Back to where I used to be
Before I ever knew him,
Before I ever knew him.


Dm
F7
Dm6
E7
Dm6
E7
life I'd known
used to be
be - fore I ev - er knew him, her,
be - fore I ev - er knew him. her.
A
(Somewhat Broader)
G♯m7
C♯9
C♯7
Free A - gain, In - de - pend - ent me, Free A - gain. Time to call up
Free A - gain, Luck - y, luck - y me, Free A - gain. Back in cir - cu
mf
F♯m
C♯
F♯m
B
Bm7
all the crowd raise the roof and shout out loud Time to have a par - ty! A
la - tion now, time for cel - e - bra - tion now, Time to have a par - ty! A
E9
E7-9
E9
E7-9
B♭
1.
2.
par - ty! par - ty! Free A - gain, In - de - pend - ent
f
Col. 8
Col. 8

Free again, lucky, lucky me,
Free again. Back in circulation now,
Time for celebration now,
Time to have a party! a party!
Free again, Independent me,
Free again. Time to call up all the crowd
Raise the roof and shout out loud
Time to have a party! a party!
Lucky me, Take a look at lucky, lucky me.
Back to where I used to be,
Back to where I used to be,
Free again, Free again, Free.


Cm6 D9 D7 Gm D
me, Free A - gain. Time to call up all the crowd raise the roof and
Gm C Cm7 F9 E7-9
shout out loud Time to have a par - ty! A par - ty!
Am C Am7 D9 Dm
Luck-y me, Take a look at luck - y, luck - y me. back to where I used to be,
E7 F♯dim Dm E7sus Am
back to where I used to be, Free A-gain, Free A-gain, Free.

NON...C'EST RIEN
(Free Again)

English Lyric and Musical Adaptation
by ROBERT COLBY (A. S. C. A. P.)

Music by ARMAND CANFORA
and JOSS BASELLI
French Lyric by MICHEL JOURDAN

Non, c'est rien
Cu si peu croyez le bien,
Ca ira mieux des demain.
Avec le temps qui passe,
Dans la vie tout s'efface
Non, c'est rien
A quoi bon tendre vos mains.
Je n'ai pas tant de chagrin
C'est vous qui etes tristes
Mes amis partez vite

Laissezmoi
Cette nuit sortez.
Mais sans moi,
Allez boire a ma sante
Remportez vetre pitie,
Vous me faites rire,
Bien rire.

Non, c'est rien
Ou si peu croyez le bien,
Cet amour n'etait plus rien
D'autre qu'une habitude,
J'en ai la certitude
Non, c'est rien
Ce garcon moi je le plains
Ne croyez pas que demain
Une seule seconde
Je serai seule au monde

Laissezmoi
Cette nuit sortez.
Mais sans moi,
Allez boire a mes amous
A tous mes futurs amours
Mes prochains "Je t'aime"
"Je t'aime"

Laissezmoi
Et ne croyez pas,
Surtout pas,
Qui je vais pleurer pour ca
Seul mon coeurn'y comprends rien
Mais a part ca rien
rien

Non, c'est rien
Ou si peu croyez le bien.
Je n'ai pas tant de chagrin
Je n'ai pas tant de chagrin
Non, c'est rien
Non, c'est rien
rien.

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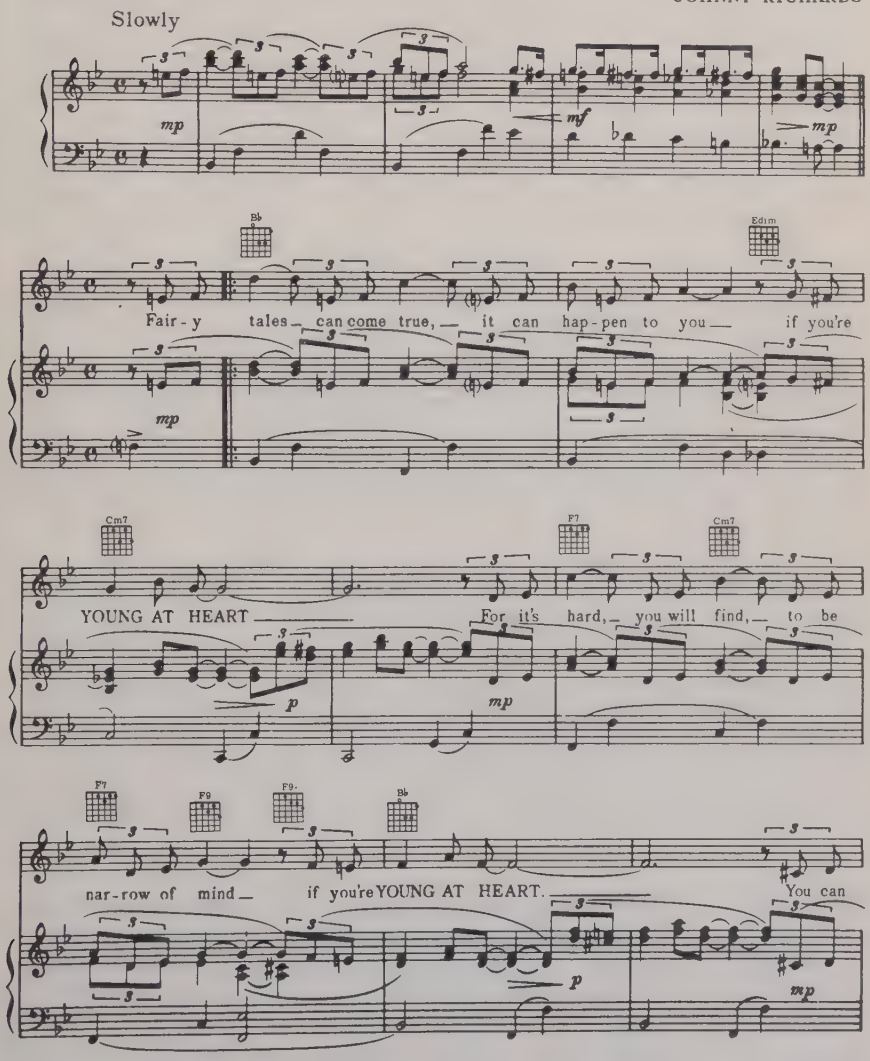
Fairy tales can come true, It can happen to you
If you're young at heart for it's hard, you will find,
To be narrow of mind if you're young at heart.
You can go to extremes with impossible schemes,
You can laugh when your dreams fall apart at the seams
And life gets more exciting with each passing day,
And love is either in your heart or on the way.
Don't you know that it's worth ev'ry treasure on earth

YOUNG AT HEART

Words by
CAROLYN LEIGH

Music by
JOHNNY RICHARDS



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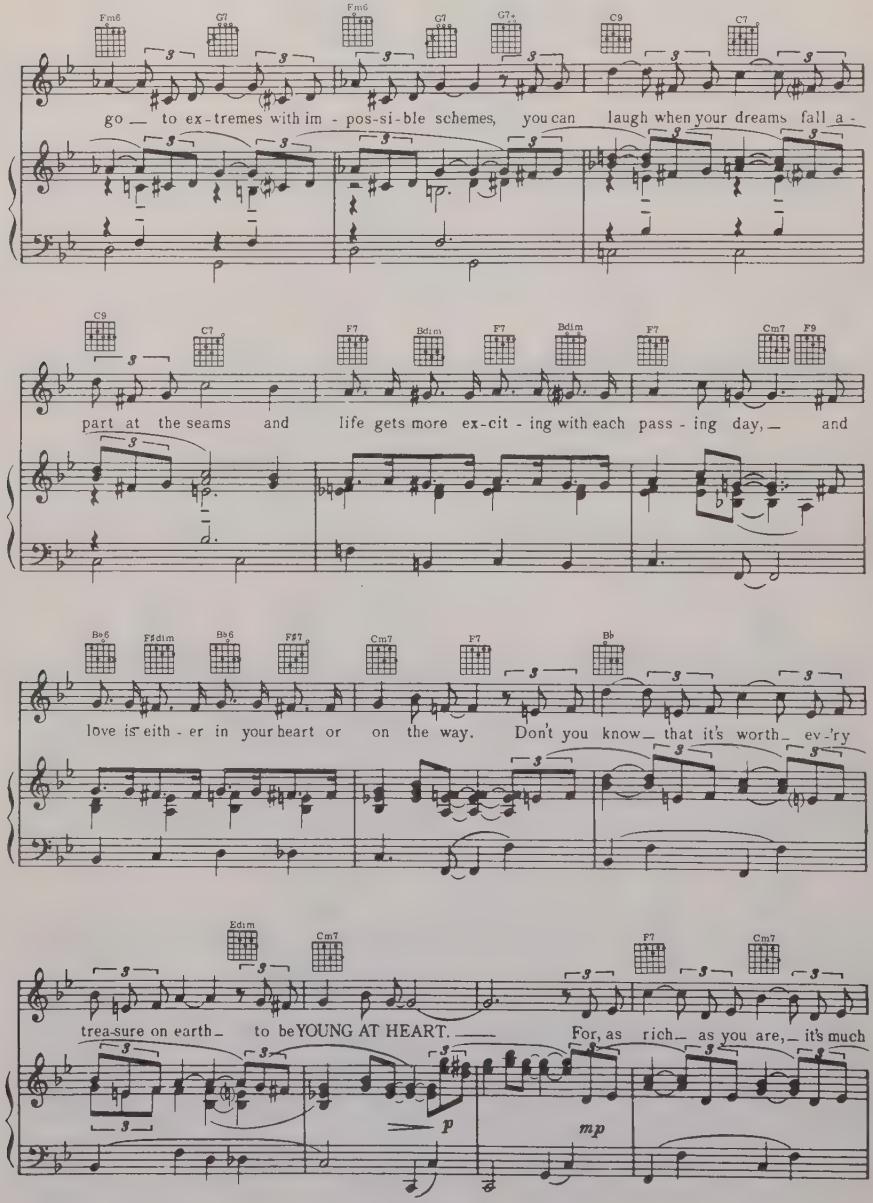
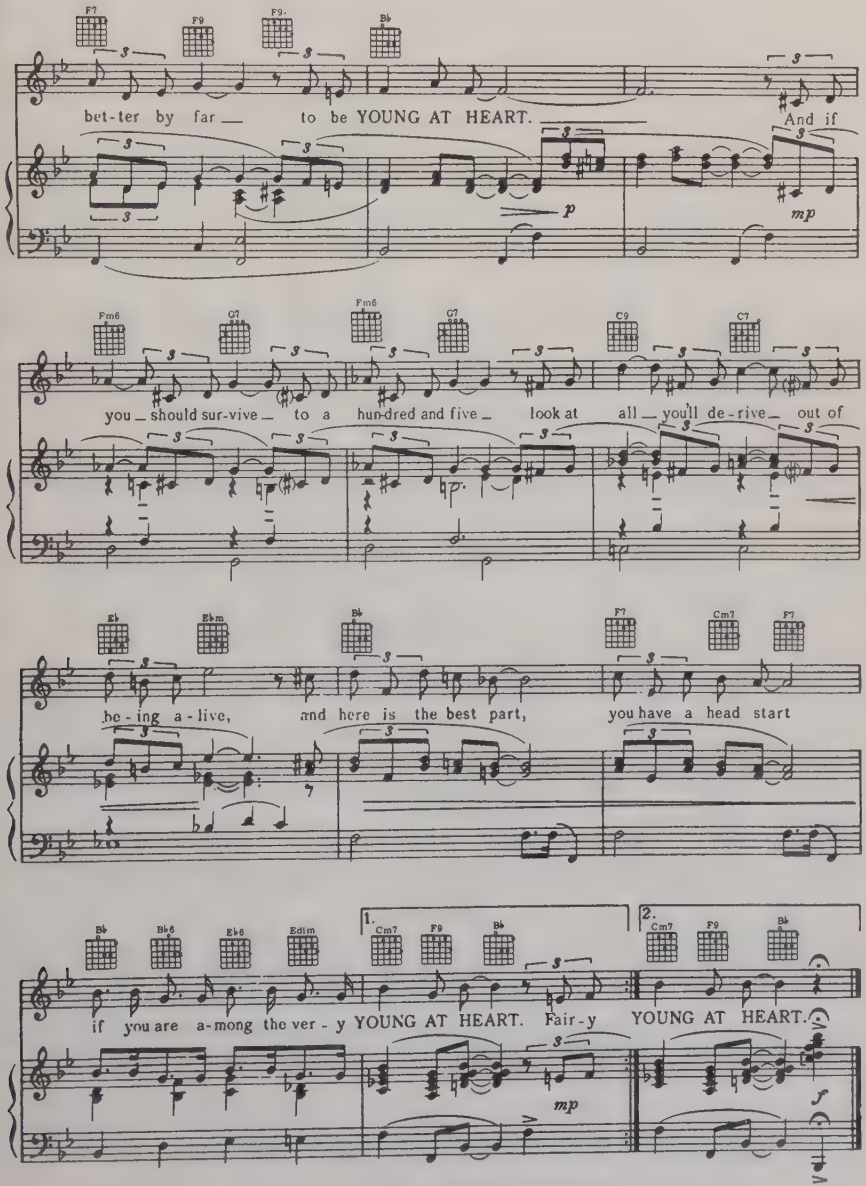
To be young at heart. For as rich as you are,
It's much better by far to be young at heart.
And if you should survive to a hundred and five
Look at all you'll derive out of being alive,
And here is the best part, you have a head start
If you are among the very young at heart.
Fairy tales can come true, it can happen to you
If you're young at heart, for it's hard, you will find,
To be narrow of mind if you're young at heart.
You can go to extremes with impossible schemes,


Fm6 G7 Fm6 G7 G7+ C9 C7
go to ex-tremes with im-pos-si-ble schemes, you can laugh when your dreams fall a-
C9 C7 F7 Bdim F7 Bdim F7 Cm7 F9
part at the seams and life gets more ex-cit-ing with each pass-ing day, and
B♭6 F♯dim B♭6 F♯7 Cm7 F7 B♭
love is either in your heart or on the way. Don't you know that it's worth ev-'ry
Edim Cm7 F7 Cm7
trea-sure on earth to be YOUNG AT HEART. For, as rich as you are, it's much
p
mp

You can laugh when your dreams fall apart at the seams
And life gets more exciting with each passing day,
And love is either in your heart or on the way.
Don't you know that it's worth ev'ry treasure on earth
To be young at heart, for, as rich as you are, it's
Much better by far, to be young at heart.
And if you should survive to a hundred and five
Look at all you'll derive out of being alive,
And here is the best part, you have a head start
If you are among the very young at heart.



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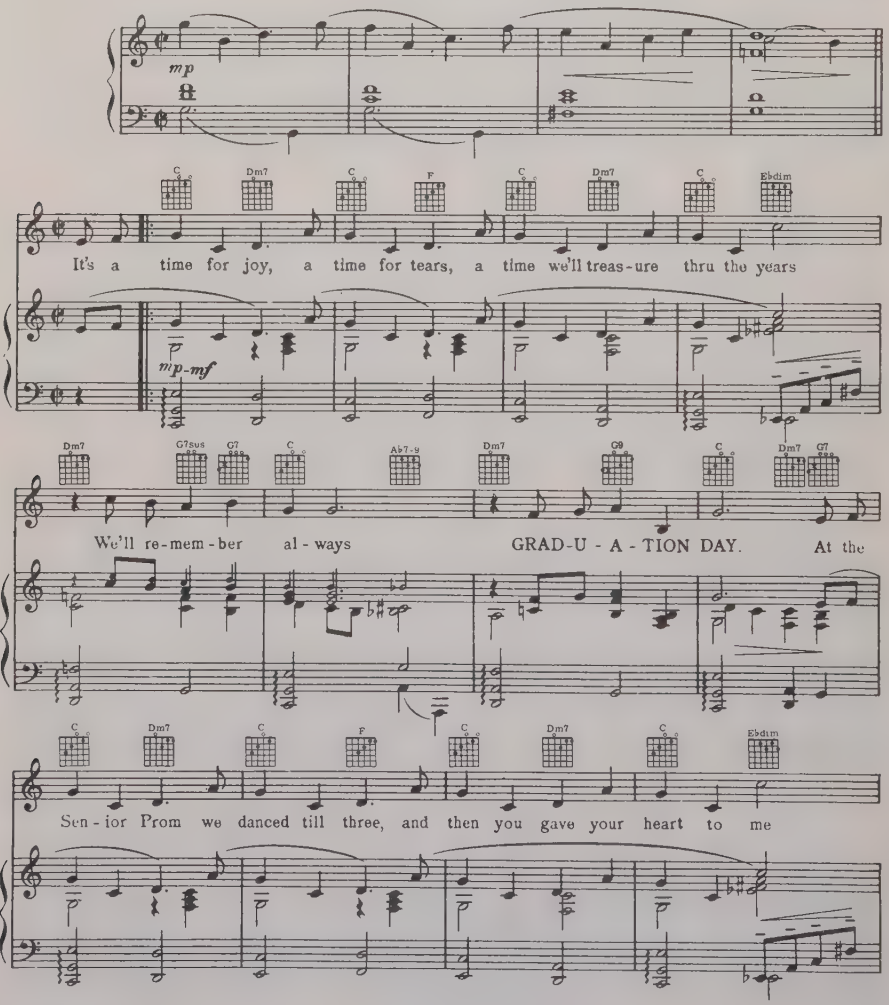
It's a time for joy, a time for tears,
A time we'll treasure thru the years
We'll remember always graduation day.
At the Senior Prom we danced till three,
And then you gave your heart to me
We'll remember always graduation day.
Tho' we leave in sorrow all the joys we've known,
We can face tomorrow knowing we'll never walk alone.
When the Ivy Walls are far behind,
No matter where our path may wind,

GRADUATION DAY

Lyric by
NOEL SHERMAN

Music by
JOE SHERMAN


mp
C Dm7 C F C Dm7 C Ebdim
It's a time for joy, a time for tears, a time we'll treas-ure thru the years
mp-mf
Dm7 G7sus G7 C Ab7-9 Dm7 G9 C Dm7 G7
We'll re-mem-ber al-ways GRAD-U-A-TION DAY. At the
C Dm7 C F C Dm7 C Ebdim
Sen-ior Prom we danced till three, and then you gave your heart to me

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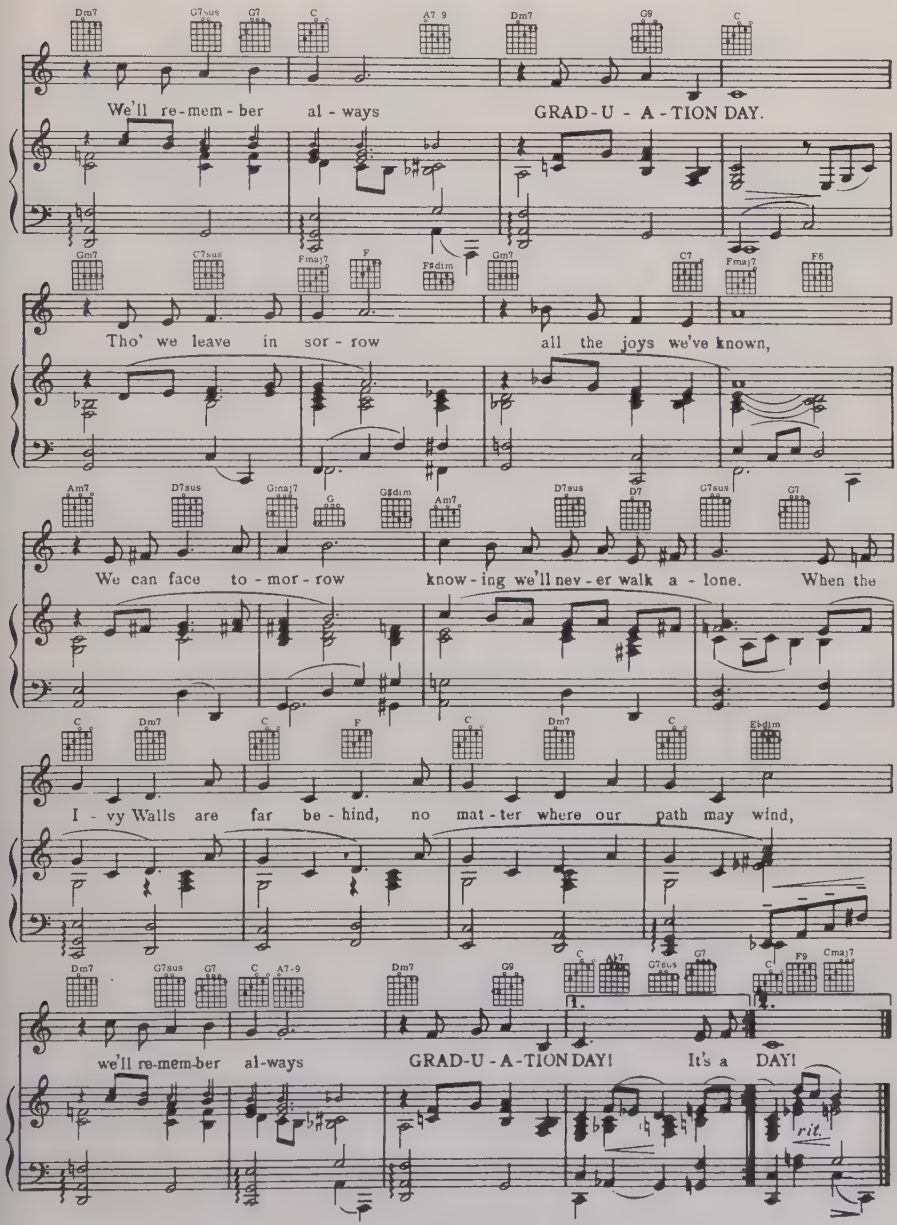
We'll remember always graduation day!
It's a time for joy, a time for tears,
A time we'll treasure thru the years
We'll remember always graduation day.
At the Senior Prom we danced till three,
And then you gave your heart to me

We'll remember always graduation day.
Tho' we leave in sorrow all the joys we've known,
We can face tomorrow knowing we'll never walk alone.
When the Ivy Walls are far behind, no
Matter where our path may wind,
We'll remember always graduation day!


We'll re-mem-ber al-ways GRAD-U-A-TION DAY.
Tho' we leave in sor-row all the joys we've known,
We can face to-mor-row know-ing we'll nev-er walk a-lone. When the
I-vy Walls are far be-hind, no mat-ter where our path may wind,
we'll re-mem-ber al-ways GRAD-U-A-TION DAY! It's a DAY!
rit.

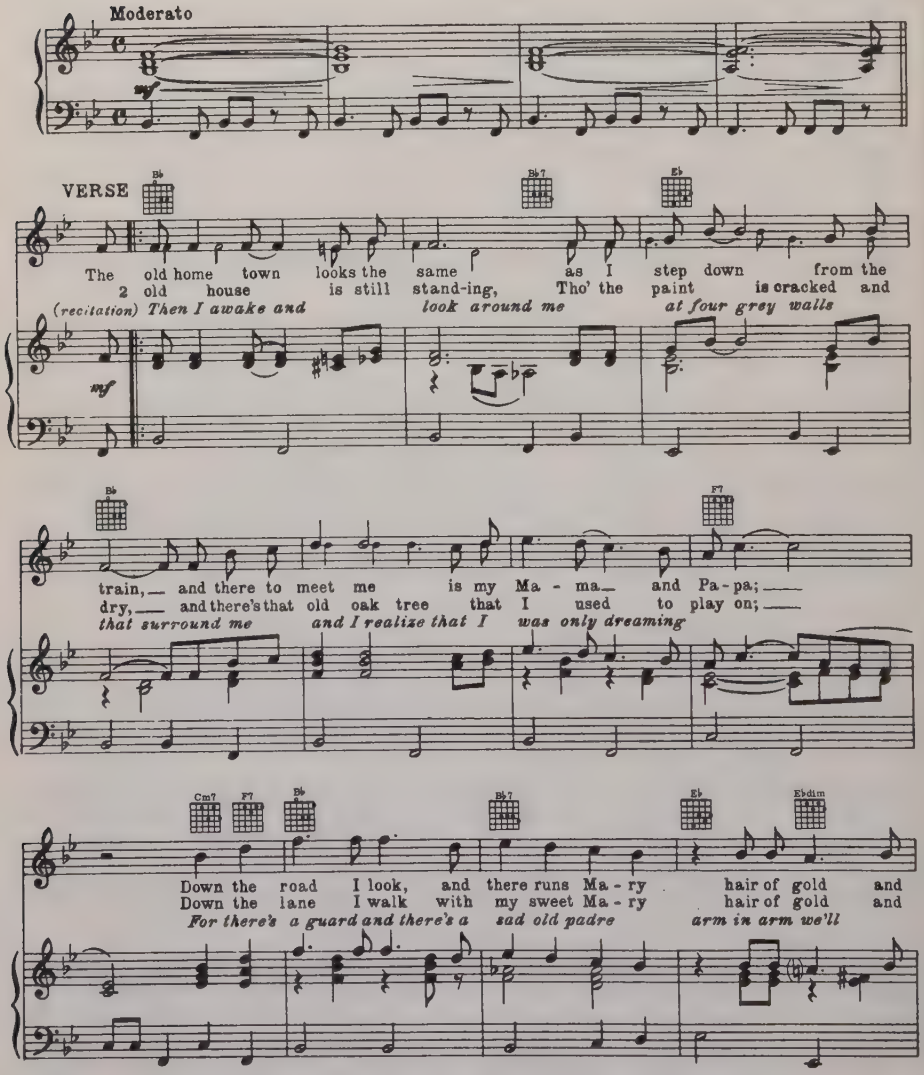
The old home town looks the same
As I step down from the train,
And there to meet me is my Mama and Papa;
Down the road I look and there runs Mary
Hair of gold and lips like cherries,
It's good to touch the green, green grass of home.

Yes, they'll all come to meet me
Arms reaching smiling sweetly
It's good to touch the green, green grass of home.
The old house is still standing,
Tho' the paint is cracked and dry,
And there's that old oak tree that I used to play on;

Recorded by TOM JONES on PARROT RECORDS

GREEN GREEN GRASS OF HOME

Words and Music by
CURLY PUTMAN


Moderato
mf
VERSE
B♭
B♭7
E♭
The old home town looks the same as I step down from the
2 old house is still stand-ing, Tho' the paint is cracked and
(recitation) Then I awake and look around me at four grey walls
mf
B♭
F7
train, and there to meet me is my Ma - ma and Pa - pa;
dry, and there's that old oak tree that I used to play on;
that surround me and I realize that I was only dreaming
Cm7
F7
B♭
B♭7
E♭
E♭dim
Down the road I look, and there runs Ma - ry hair of gold and
Down the lane I walk with my sweet Ma - ry hair of gold and
For there's a guard and there's a sad old padre arm in arm we'll

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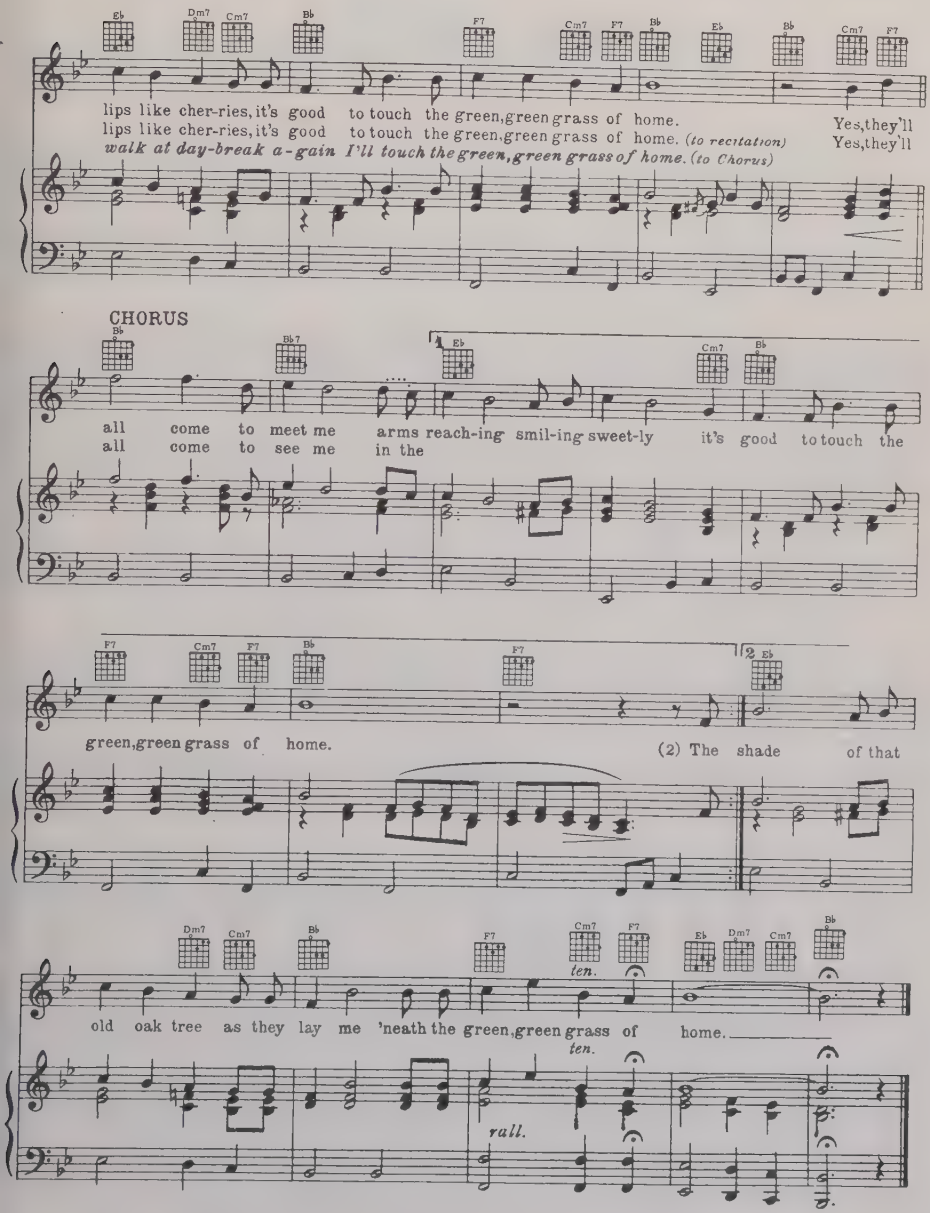
Down the lane I walk with my sweet Mary
Hair of gold and lips like cherries,
It's good to touch the green, green grass of home.
Then I awake and look around me
At four grey walls that surround me
And I realize that I was only dreaming

For there's a guard and there's a sad old padre
Arm in arm we'll walk at daybreak and again
I'll touch the green, green grass of home.
Yes, they'll all come to see me in the
Shade of that old oak tree as they lay me
'Neath the green, green grass of home.

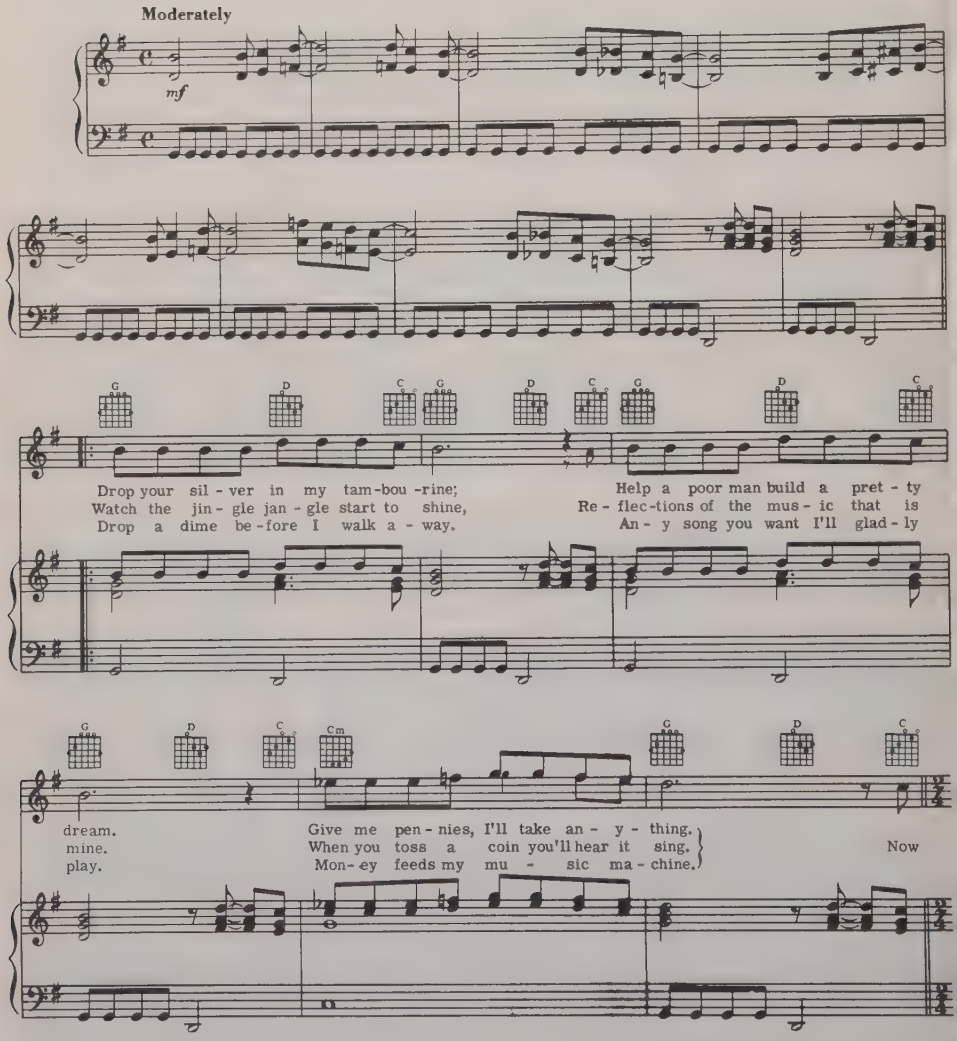

Eb Dm7 Cm7 Bb F7 Cm7 F7 Bb Eb Bb Cm7 F7
lips like cher-ries, it's good to touch the green, green grass of home. Yes, they'll
lips like cher-ries, it's good to touch the green, green grass of home. (to recitation) Yes, they'll
walk at day-break a-gain I'll touch the green, green grass of home. (to Chorus)
CHORUS
Bb Bb7 Eb Cm7 Bb
all come to meet me arms reach-ing smil-ing sweet-ly it's good to touch the
all come to see me in the
F7 Cm7 F7 Bb F7 Eb
green, green grass of home. (2) The shade of that
Dm7 Cm7 Bb F7 Cm7 F7 Eb Dm7 Cm7 Bb
ten.
old oak tree as they lay me 'neath the green, green grass of home.
ten.
rall.

Drop your silver in my tambourine;
Help a poor man build a pretty dream.
Give me pennies, I'll take anything.
Now listen while I play my green tambourine.
Watch the jingle jangle start to shine,
Reflections of the music that is mine.

Recorded By THE LEMON PIPERS On Buddah Records

GREEN TAMBOURINE

Words and Music by
SHELLEY PINZ and
PAUL LEKA


Moderately
mf
G D C G D C G D C
Drop your sil - ver in my tam-bou -rine;
Watch the jin - gle jan - gle start to shine,
Drop a dime be -fore I walk a - way.
Help a poor man build a pret - ty
Re - flec-tions of the mus - ic that is
An - y song you want I'll glad - ly
G D C Cm G D C
dream.
mine.
play.
Give me pen - nies, I'll take an - y - thing.
When you toss a coin you'll hear it sing.
Mon-ey feeds my mu - sic ma - chine.
Now

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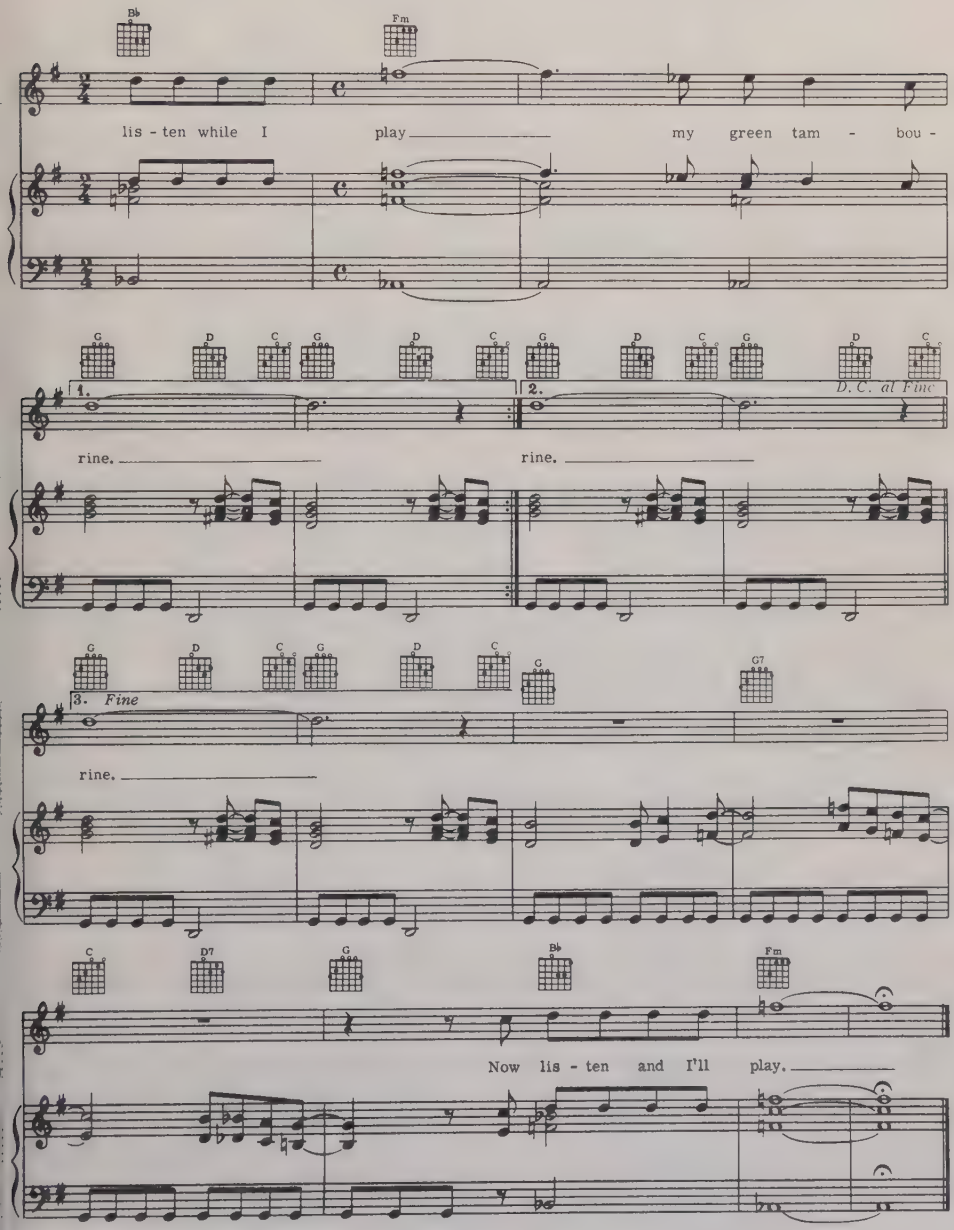
When you toss a coin you'll hear it sing.
Now listen while I play my green tambourine.
Drop a dime before I walk away.
Any song you want I'll gladly play.
Money feeds my music machine.
Now listen while I play my green tambourine.
Now listen and I'll play.



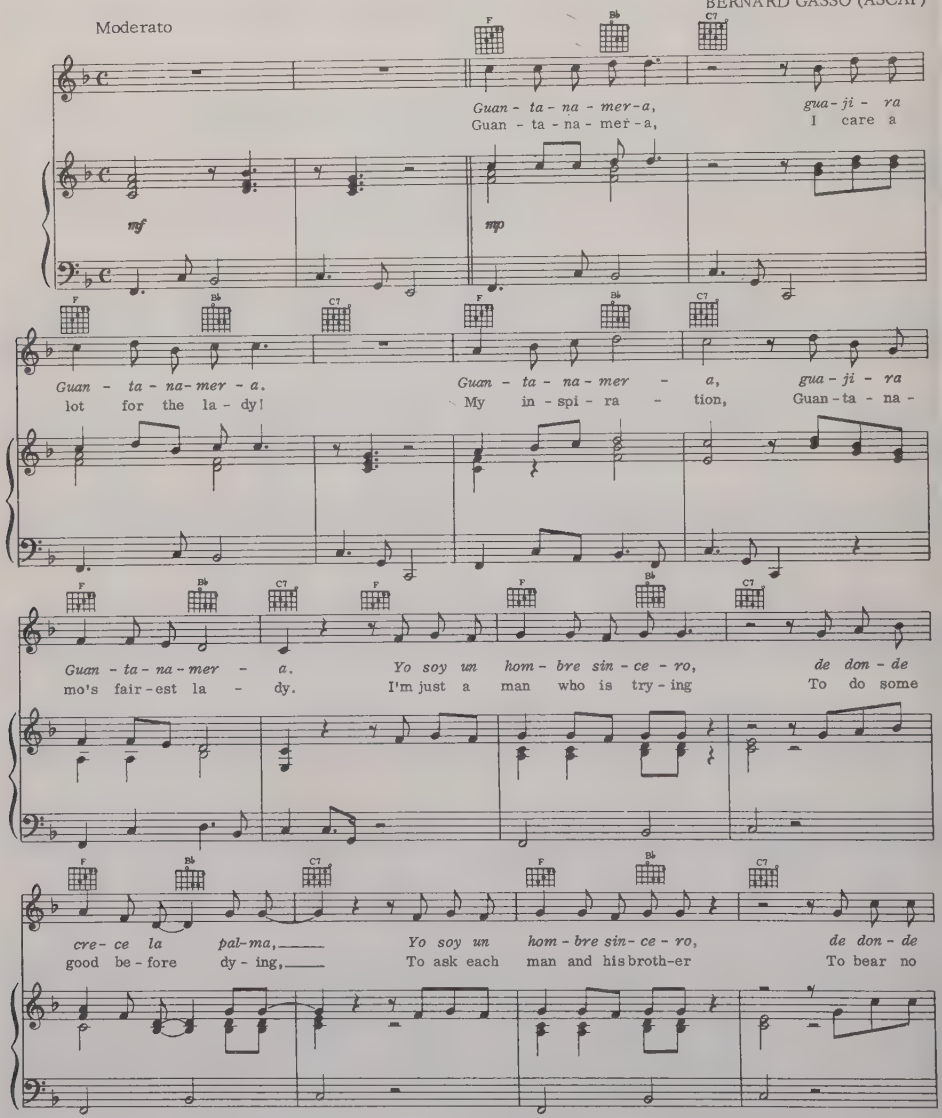
I'm just a man who is trying -
To do some good before dying,
To ask each man and his brother -
To bear no ill toward each other.
This life will never be hollow -
To those who listen and follow.
Guantanamera, I care a lot

For the lady! My inspiration,
Guantanamo's fairest lady.
I write my rhymes with no learning,
And yet with truth they are burning,
But is the world waiting for them?
Or will they all just ignore them?
Have I a poet's illusion,

GUANTANAMERA

(Lady of Guantanamo)

Spanish words by
JOSE MARTI
English adaptation by
BERNARD GASSO (ASCAP)


Moderato
F
B♭
C7
Guan - ta - na - mer - a,
Guan - ta - na - mer - a,
gua - ji - ra
I care a
mf
mp
Guan - ta - na - mer - a.
lot for the la - dy!
Guan - ta - na - mer - a,
My in - spi - ra - tion,
gua - ji - ra
Guan - ta - na -
Guan - ta - na - mer - a.
mo's fair - est la - dy.
Yo soy un hom - bre sin - ce - ro,
I'm just a man who is try - ing
de don - de
To do some
cre - ce la pal - ma,
good be - fore dy - ing,
Yo soy un hom - bre sin - ce - ro,
To ask each man and his broth-er
de don - de
To bear no

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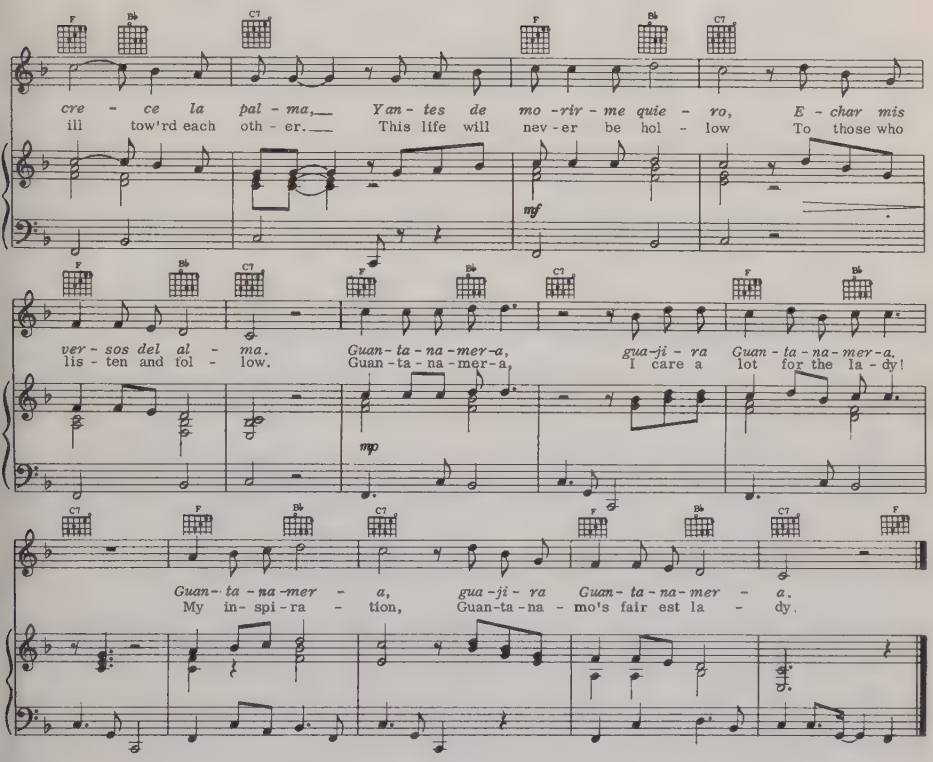
A dream to die in seclusion?
I write my rhymes to uncover -
My secret feelings, the rambling
Thoughts of your lover.
A little brook on a mountain,
The cooling spray of a fountain -

Arouse in me an emotion, more
Than the vast boundless ocean,
For there's a wealth beyond measure
In little things that we treasure.
Guantanamera, I care a lot
For the lady! My inspiration,
Guantanamo's fairest lady.


F
B♭
C7
cre - ce la pal - ma, Yan - tes de mo - rir - me quie - ro, E - char mis
ill tow'rd each oth - er. This life will nev - er be hol - low To those who
mf
ver - sos del al - ma. Guan - ta - na - mer - a, gua - ji - ra Guan - ta - na - mer - a.
lis - ten and fol - low. Guan - ta - na - mer - a, I care a lot for the la - dy!
mp
Guan - ta - na - mer - a, gua - ji - ra Guan - ta - na - mer - a.
My in - spi - ra - tion, Guan - ta - na - mo's fair est la - dy.

Spanish verses

1. Yo soy un hombre sincero,
De donde crece la palma,
Y antes de morirme quiero,
Echar mis versos del alma.

2. Mi verso es de un verde claro,
Y de un carmin encendido,
Mi verso es un ciervo herido,
Que busca en el monte amparo.

3. Con los pobres de la tierra,
Quiero yo mi suerte echar,
El arroyo de la sierra,
Me complace más que el mar.

Chorus:
Guantanamera, guajira Guantanamera.
Guantanamera, guajira Guantanamera.

Literal translation

Guantanamera: A lady
of Guantanamo.
Guajira: Young woman

I'm a sincere man from
the land of palms. Before
dying, I wish to pour forth
the poems of my soul.

My verses are soft green but
also a flaming red. My
verses are like wounded
fauns seeking refuge in the
forest.

I want to share my fate with
the world's humble. A little
mountain stream pleases me
more than the ocean.

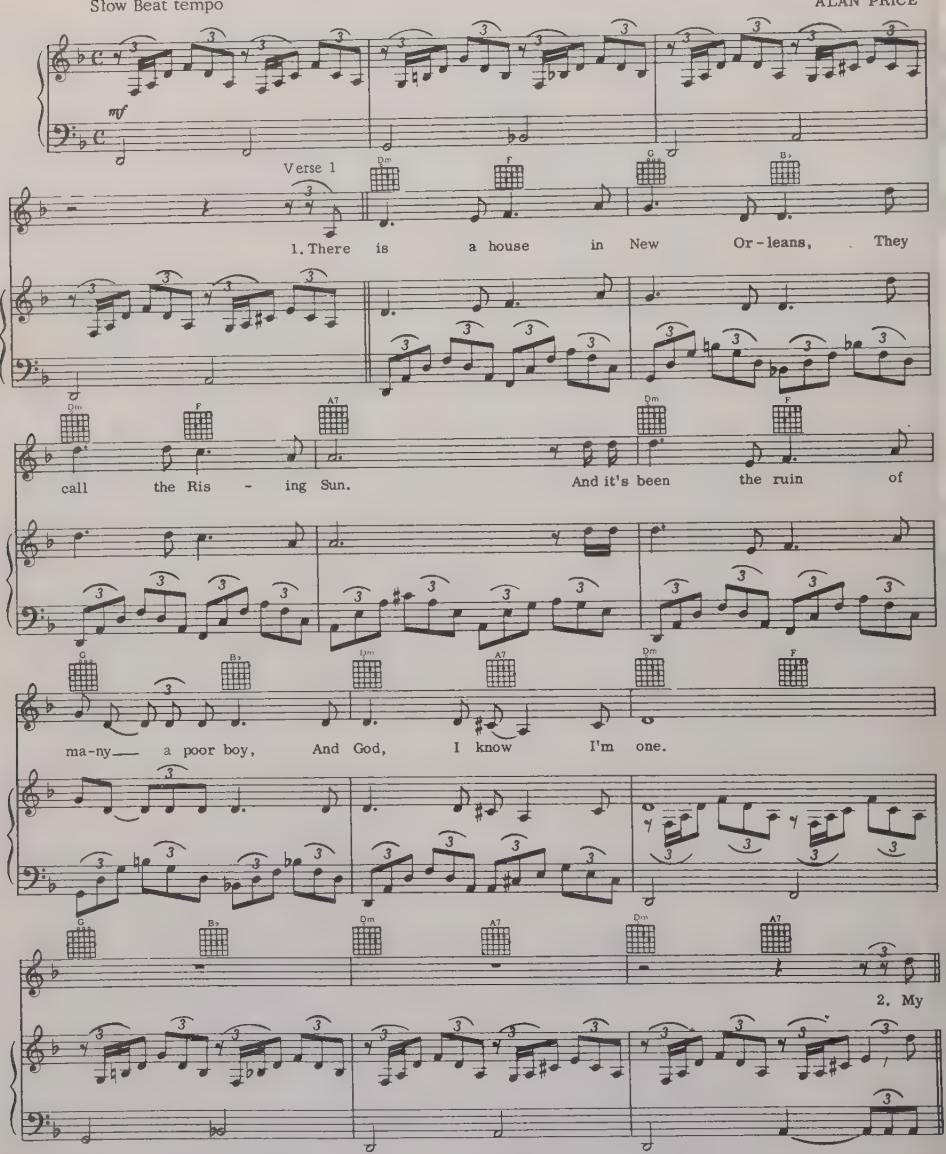
There is a house in New Orleans,
They call the Rising Sun.
And it's been the ruin of
Many a poor boy,

And God, I know I'm one.
My mother was a tailor
Sewed my new blue jeans
My father was a gamblin' man
Down in New Orleans.

Recorded By THE ANIMALS

THE HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN

By
ALAN PRICE



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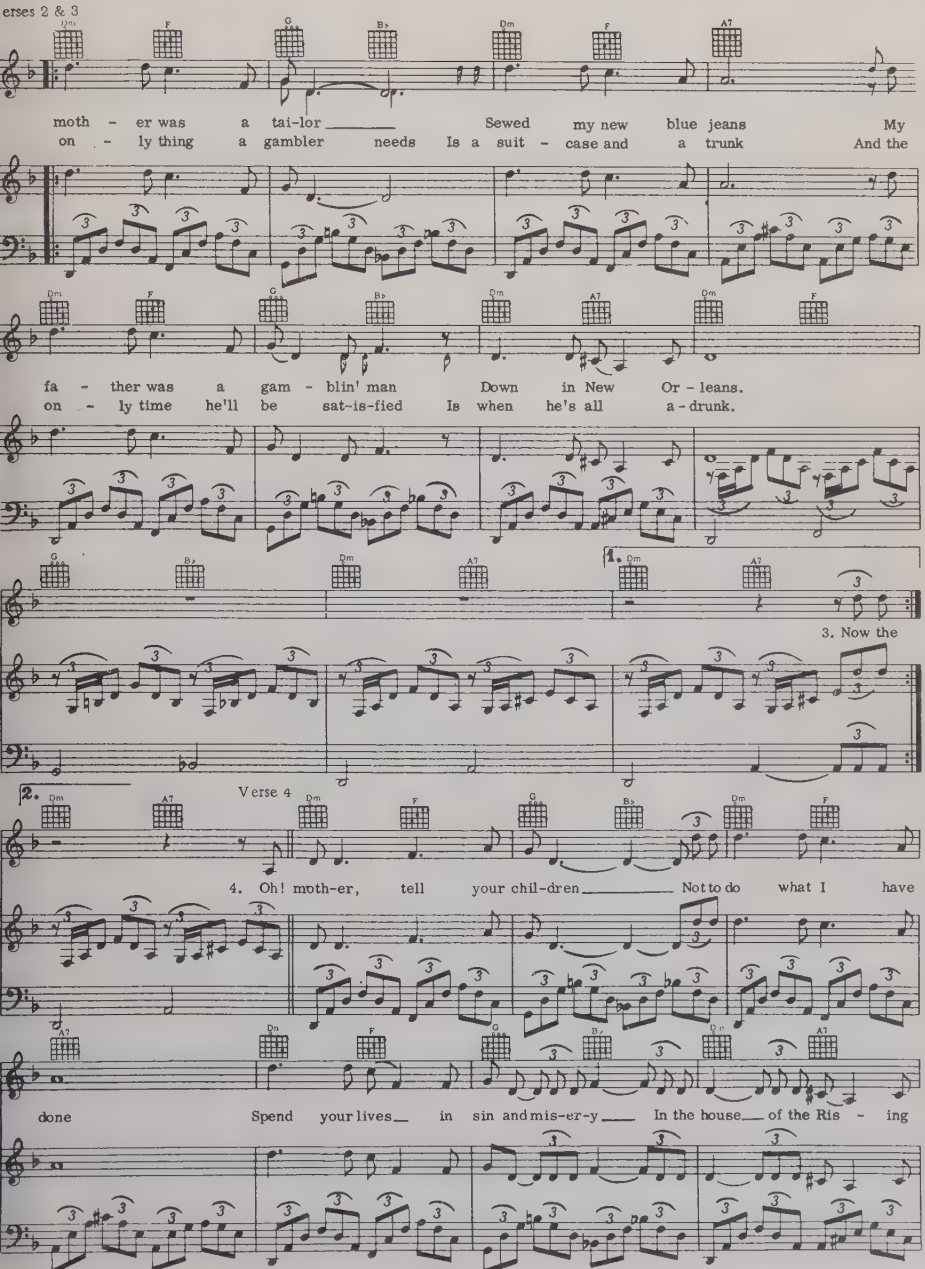
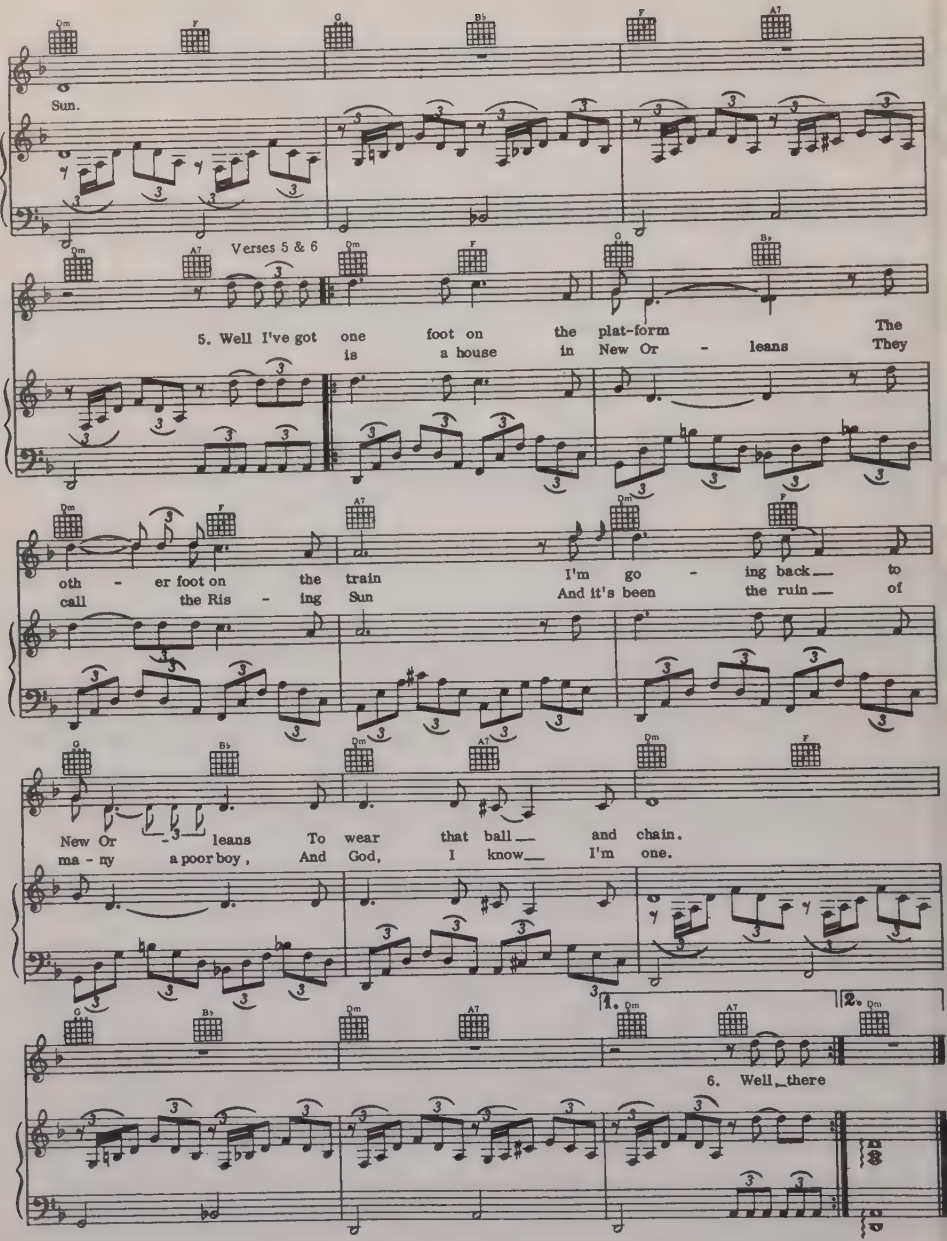
Now the only thing a gambler
Needs is a suitcase and a trunk
And the only time he'll be
Satisfied is when he's all a-drunk.

Oh! mother, tell your children
Not to do what I have done
Spend your lives in sin and
Misery in the house of the


erses 2 & 3
moth - er was a tai-lor Sewed my new blue jeans My
on - ly thing a gambler needs Is a suit - case and a trunk And the
fa - ther was a gam - blin' man Down in New Or - leans.
on - ly time he'll be sat-is-fied Is when he's all a-drunk.
3. Now the
Verse 4
4. Oh! moth-er, tell your chil-dren Not to do what I have
done Spend your lives in sin and mis-er-y In the house of the Ris - ing

Rising Sun. Well, I've
Got one foot on the platform
The other foot on the train
I'm going back to New Orleans
To wear that ball and chain.

Well, there is a house in New Orleans
They call the Rising Sun
And it's been the ruin of
Many a poor boy,
And God, I know I'm one.

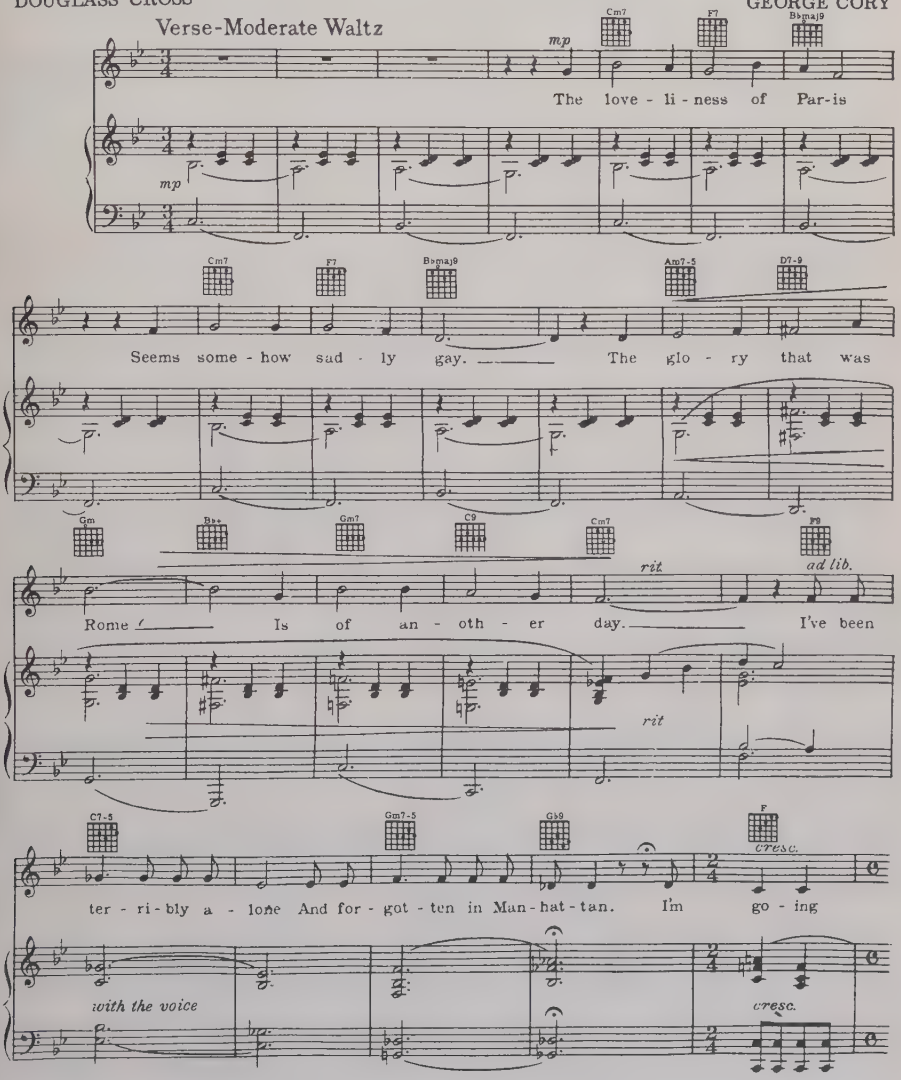

Sun.
Verses 5 & 6
5. Well I've got one foot on the plat-form
is a house in New Or - leans
The
They
oth - er foot on the train
call the Ris - ing Sun
I'm go - ing back to
And it's been the ruin of
New Or - leans To wear that ball and chain.
ma - ny a poor boy, And God, I know I'm one.
6. Well there

The loveliness of Paris
Seems somehow sadly gay.
The glory that was Rome
Is of another day.
I've been terribly alone

And forgotten in Manhattan
I'm going home to
My city by the bay.
I left my heart in San Francisco.
High on a hill, it calls to me.

I LEFT MY HEART IN SAN FRANCISCO

Words by
DOUGLASS CROSS

Music by
GEORGE CORY

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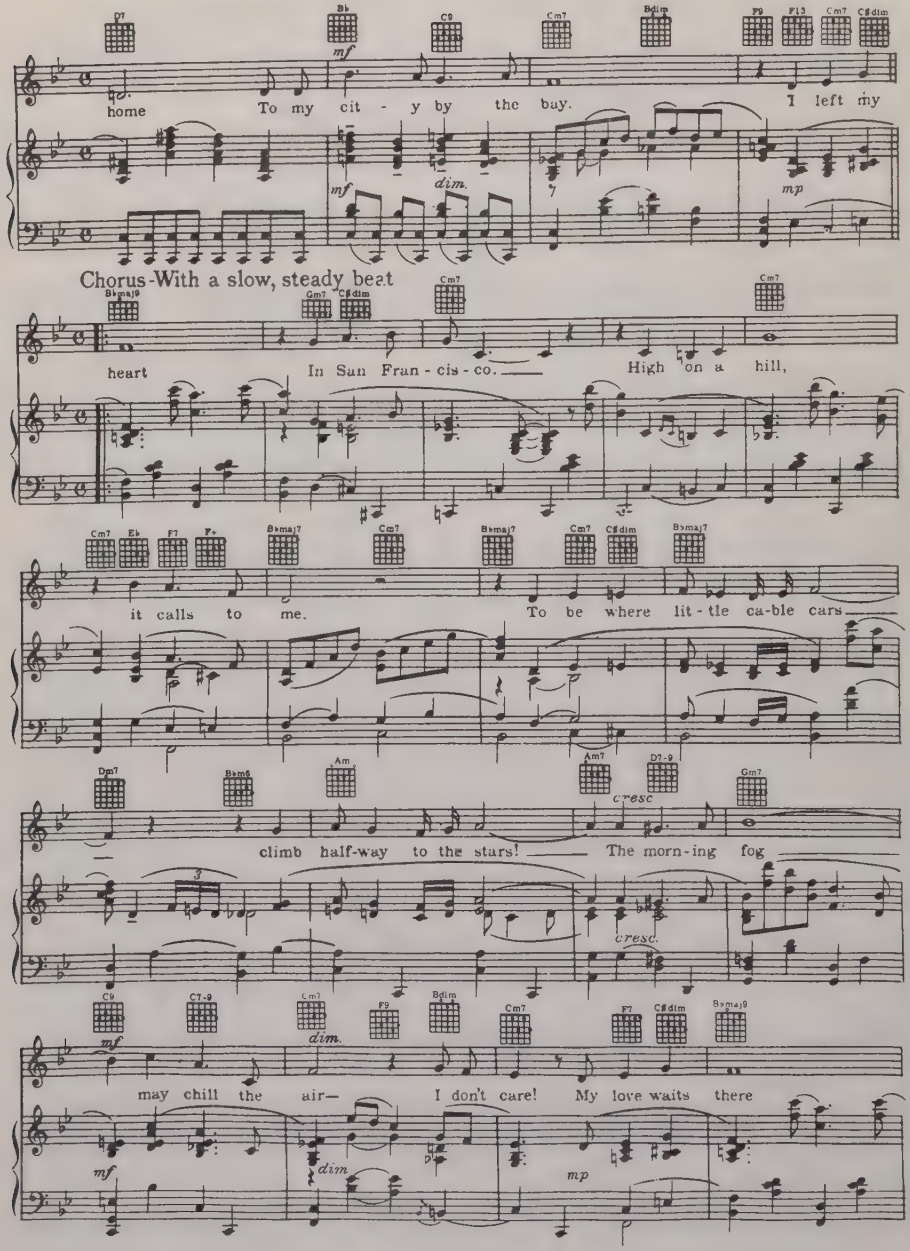
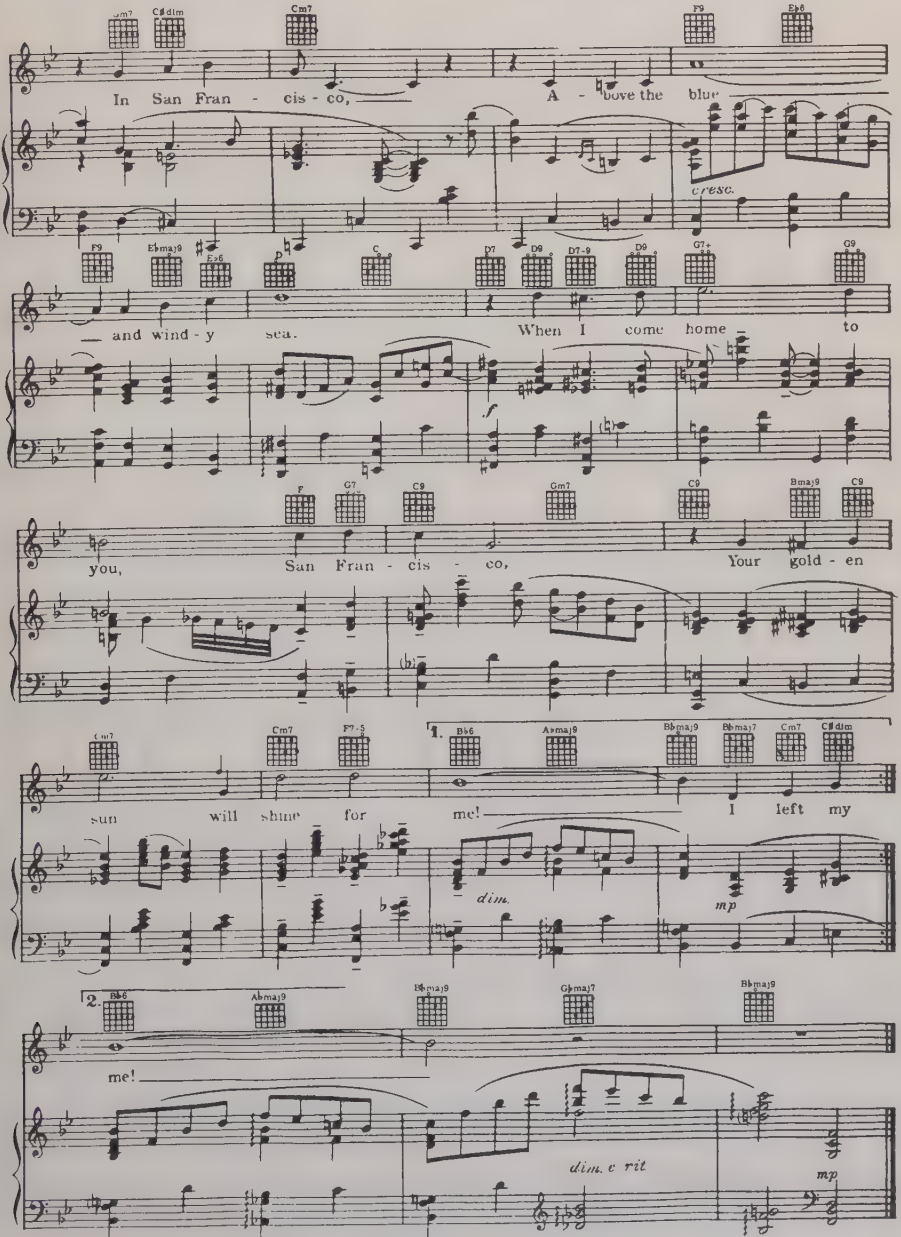
To be where little cable cars
Climb halfway to the stars!
The morning fog may chill the air
I don't care! My love waits there
In San Francisco. Above the blue
And windy sea. When I come home
To you, San Francisco,
Your golden sun will shine for me.
I left my heart in San Francisco.
High on a hill, it calls to me.


home To my cit - y by the bay. I left my
Chorus-With a slow, steady beat
heart In San Fran - cis - co. High on a hill,
it calls to me. To be where lit - tle ca-ble cars
climb half-way to the stars! The morn-ing fog
may chill the air— I don't care! My love waits there

To be where little cable cars
Climb halfway to the stars!
The morning fog may chill the air
I don't care! My love waits there

In San Francisco. Above the blue
And windy sea. When I come home
To you San Francisco,
Your golden sun will shine for me.



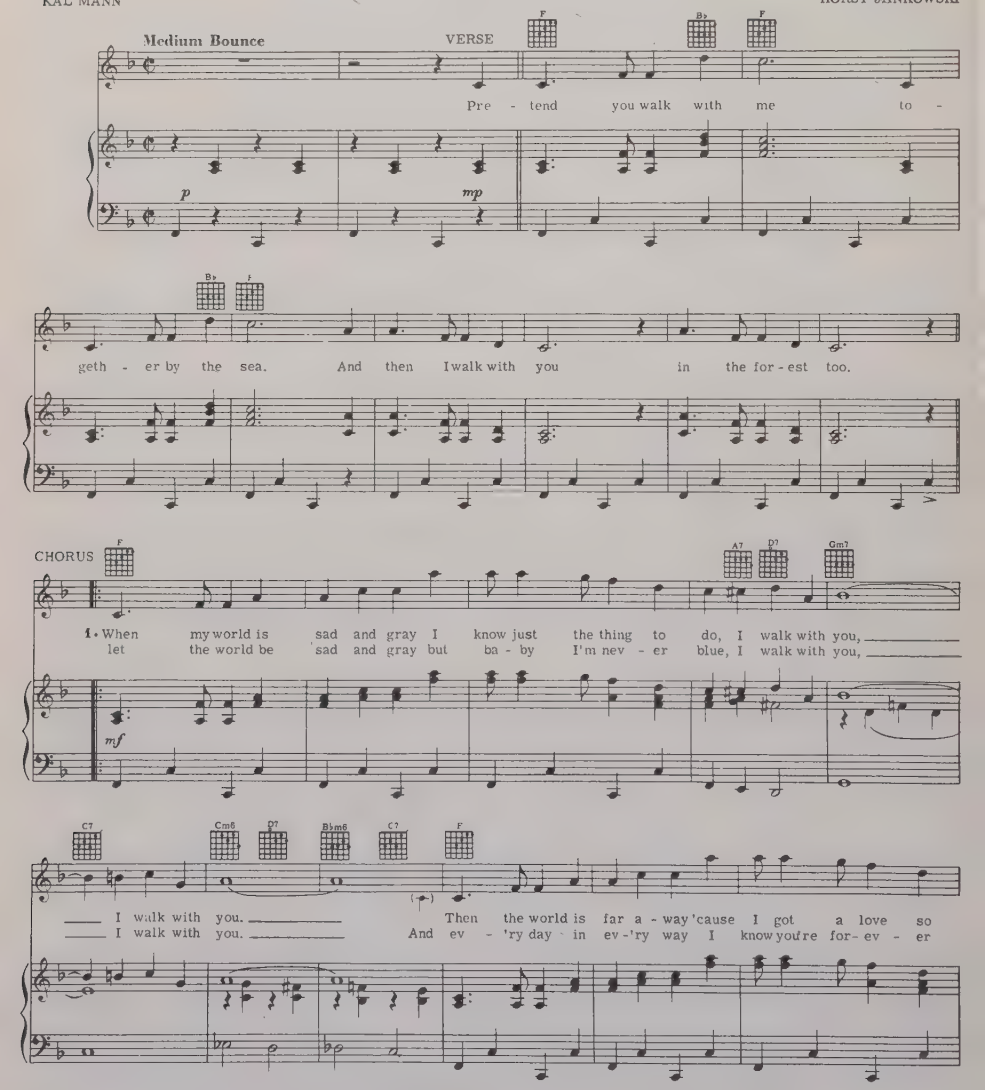
Pretend you walk with me together by the sea.
And then I walk with you in the forest too.
When my world is sad and gray I know just
The thing to do, I walk with you, I walk with you.
The the world is far away 'cause I got a love so true,
I walk with you, I walk with you.
Maybe because our dreams are working for us,
Baby, it's even sunny in that old black forest.
When we're walking hand in hand it's easy to
Understand that I love you, You love me too

I WALK WITH YOU

(A Walk In The Black Forest)

Lyric by
KAL MANN

Music by
HORST JANKOWSKI


Medium Bounce
VERSE
F
B♭
F
Pre - tend you walk with me to -
p
mp
B♭
F
geth - er by the sea. And then I walk with you in the for - est too.
CHORUS
F
A7
D7
Gm7
1. When my world is sad and gray I know just the thing to do, I walk with you,
let the world be sad and gray but ba - by I'm nev - er blue, I walk with you,
mf
C7
Cm6
D7
B♭m6
C7
F
I walk with you.
I walk with you.
Then the world is far a - way 'cause I got a love so
And ev - 'ry day in ev - 'ry way I know you're for - ev - er

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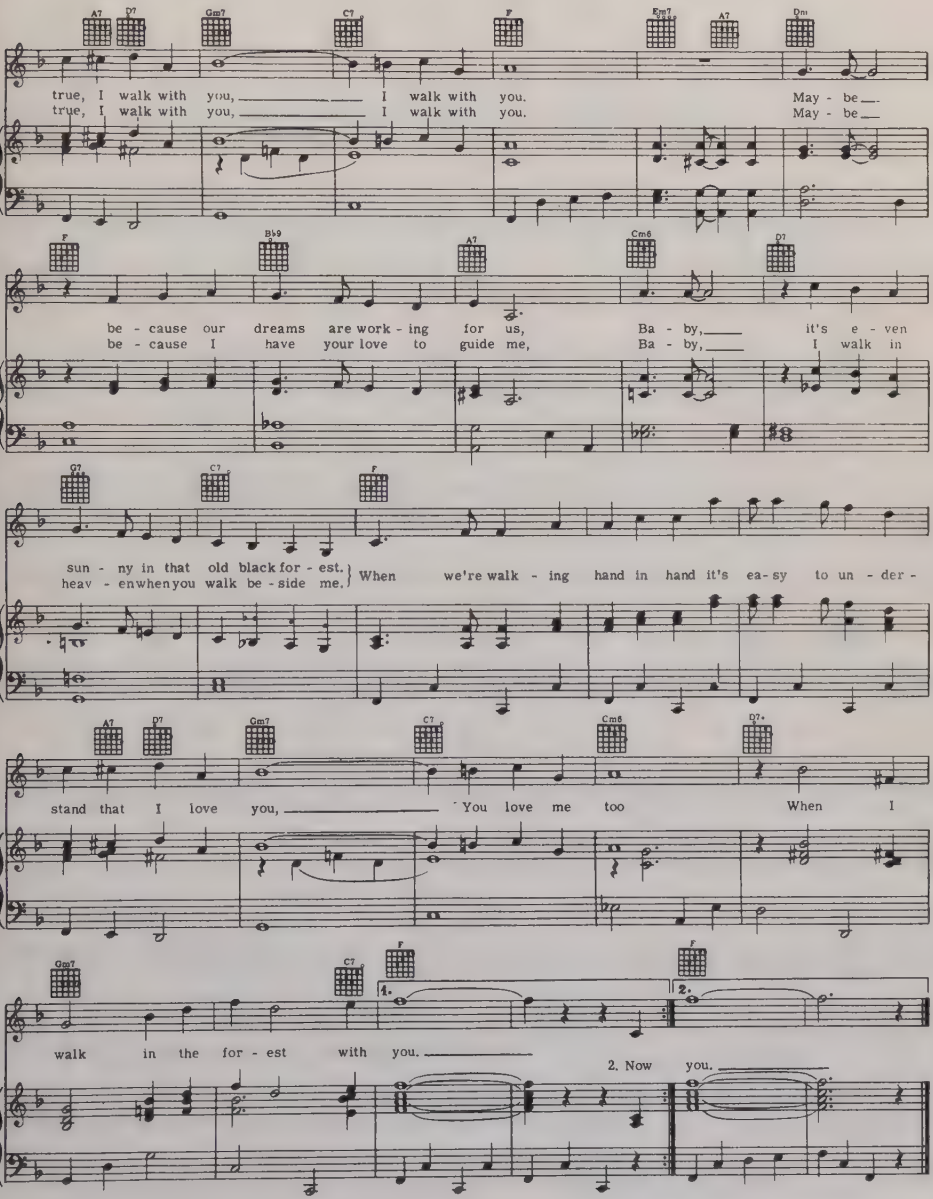
When I walk in the forest with you.
Now let the world be sad and gray but baby
I'm never blue, I walk with you, I walk with you.
And ev'ry day in ev'ry way I know you're
Forever true, I walk with you, I walk with you.

Maybe because I have your love to guide me,
Baby, I walk in heaven when you walk beside me.
When we're walking hand in hand it's easy to
Understand that I love you, You love me too
When I walk in the forest with you.


A7 D7 Gm7 C7 F Em7 A7 Dm
true, I walk with you, I walk with you. May - be
true, I walk with you, I walk with you. May - be
F B♭9 A7 Cm6 D7
be - cause our dreams are work - ing for us, Ba - by, it's e - ven
be - cause I have your love to guide me, Ba - by, I walk in
G7 C7 F
sun - ny in that old black for - est.
heav - en when you walk be - side me.
When we're walk - ing hand in hand it's ea - sy to un - der -
A7 D7 Gm7 C7 Cm6 D7+
stand that I love you, You love me too When I
Gm7 C7 F F
1. 2.
walk in the for - est with you.
2. Now you.

I tell myself, what's done is done. I tell myself don't be a fool, Play the field, have a lot of fun,
It's easy when you play it cool. I tell myself, don't be a chump, Who cares let him stay away.
That's when the phone rings, and I jump, And as I grab the phone I pray. Let it please be him,
Oh! dear God, It must be him, it must be him, Or I shall die, Or I shall die.
Oh! Hello, hello, my dear God, It must be him, but it's not him. And then I die, That's when I die.

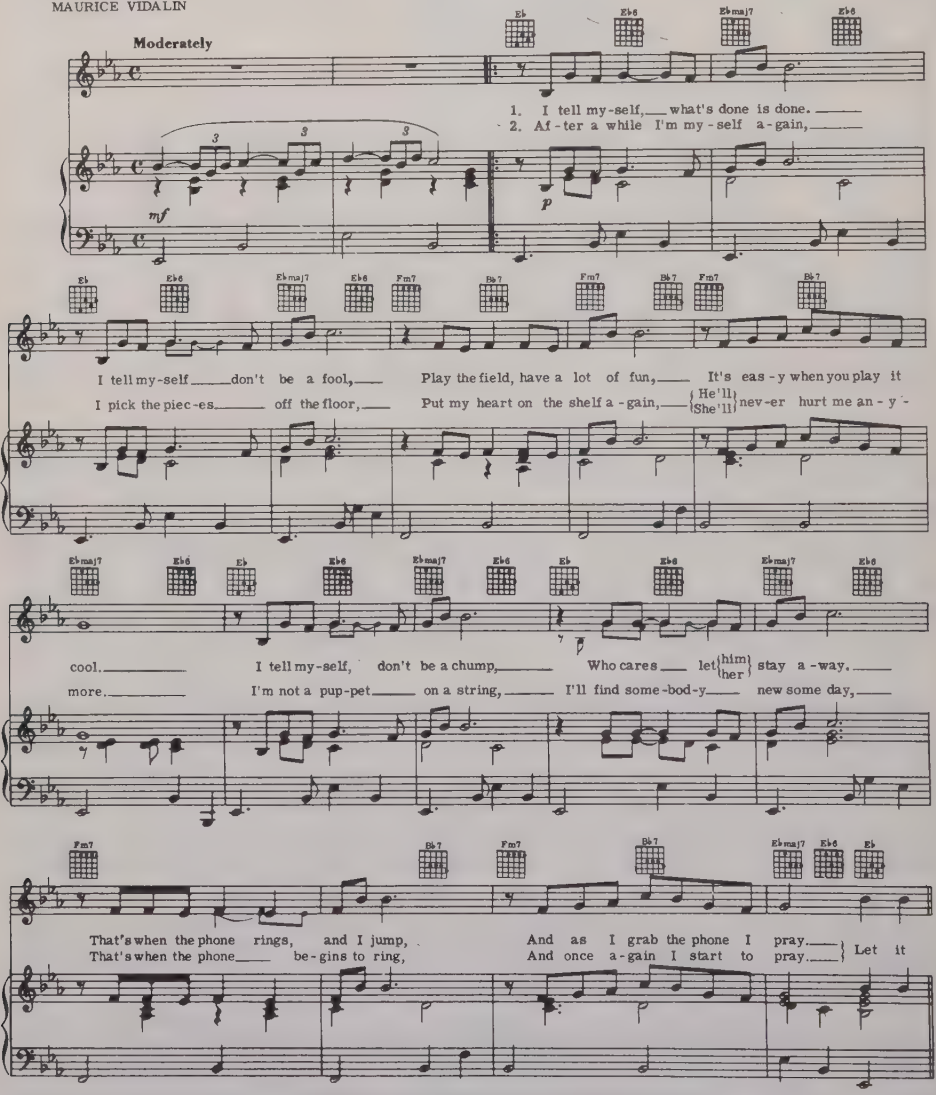
Recorded By VIKKI CARR On Liberty Records

IT MUST BE HIM

(Seul Sur Son Etoile)

English Lyric by MACK DAVID
Original French Lyric by
MAURICE VIDALIN

Music by
GILBERT BECAUD


Moderately
1. I tell my-self, what's done is done.
2. Af-ter a while I'm my-self a-gain,
I tell my-self don't be a fool, Play the field, have a lot of fun, It's eas-y when you play it
I pick the piec-es off the floor, Put my heart on the shelf a-gain, He'll / She'll nev-er hurt me an-y-
cool. I tell my-self, don't be a chump, Who cares let him / her stay a-way.
more. I'm not a pup-pet on a string, I'll find some-bod-y new some day,
That's when the phone rings, and I jump, And as I grab the phone I pray.
That's when the phone be-gins to ring, And once a-gain I start to pray. Let it

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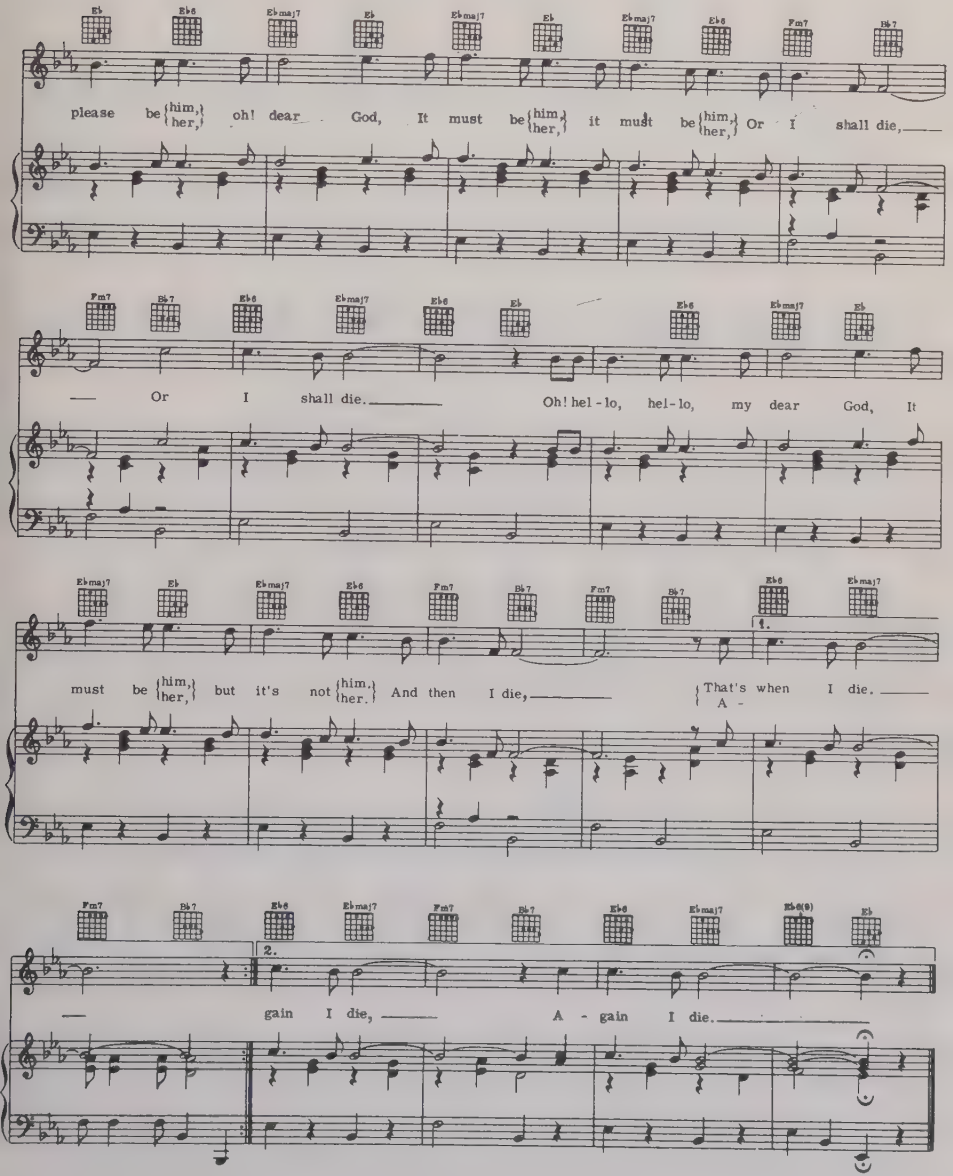
After a while I'm myself again, I pick the pieces off the floor, Put my heart on the shelf again,
He'll never hurt me anymore. I'm not a puppet on a string, I'll find somebody new some day,
That's when the phone begins to ring, And once again I start to pray. Let it please be him,
Oh! dear God, It must be him, it must be him, Or I shall die, Or I shall die.
Oh! hello, hello, my dear God, It Must be him, but it's not him. And then I die,
Again I die, Again I die.


Eb Eb6 Ebmaj7 Eb Ebmaj7 Eb Ebmaj7 Eb6 Fm7 Bb7
please be {him, her,} oh! dear God, It must be {him, her,} it must be {him, her,} Or I shall die,
Fm7 Bb7 Eb6 Ebmaj7 Eb6 Eb Eb6 Ebmaj7 Eb
Or I shall die. Oh! hel-lo, hel-lo, my dear God, It
Ebmaj7 Eb Ebmaj7 Eb6 Fm7 Bb7 Fm7 Bb7 Eb6 Ebmaj7
must be {him, her,} but it's not {him, her.} And then I die, 1. That's when I die. A-
Fm7 Bb7 Eb6 Ebmaj7 Fm7 Bb7 Eb6 Ebmaj7 Eb6(9) Eb
2.
gain I die, A-gain I die.

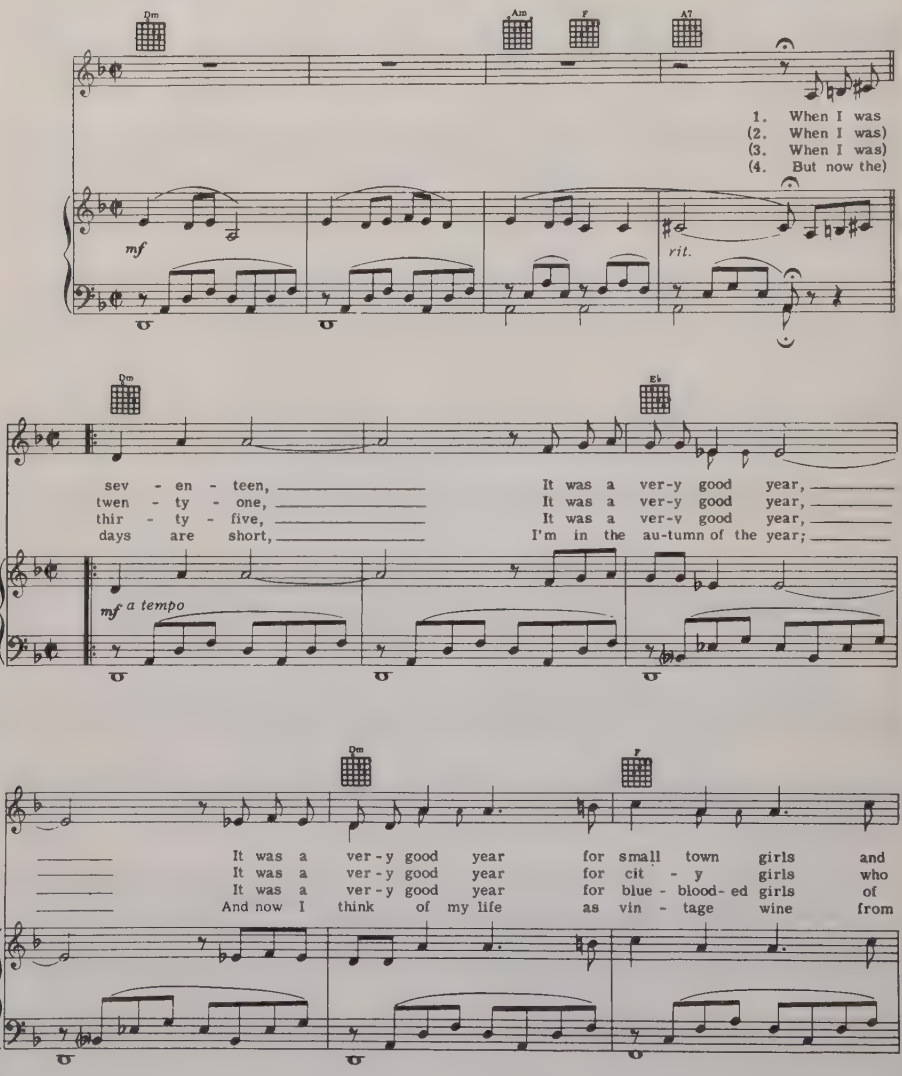
When I was seventeen, It was a very good year, It was a very good year for small town girls
And soft summer nights, We'd hide from the lights on the village green When I was seventeen!
When I was twenty-one, It was a very good year, It was a very good year for city girls who
Lived up the stair, With perfumed hair that came undone When I was twenty-one!

Recorded by FRANK SINATRA on Reprise Records

IT WAS A VERY GOOD YEAR

Words and Music by
ERVIN DRAKE

Moderately


Dm
Am
F
A7
1. When I was
(2. When I was)
(3. When I was)
(4. But now the)
mf
rit.
Dm
E♭
sev - en - teen,
twen - ty - one,
thir - ty - five,
days are short,
It was a ver-y good year,
It was a ver-y good year,
It was a ver-y good year,
I'm in the au-tumn of the year;
mf a tempo
Dm
F
It was a ver-y good year for small town girls and
It was a ver-y good year for cit - y girls who
It was a ver-y good year for blue - blood-ed girls of
And now I think of my life as vin - tage wine from

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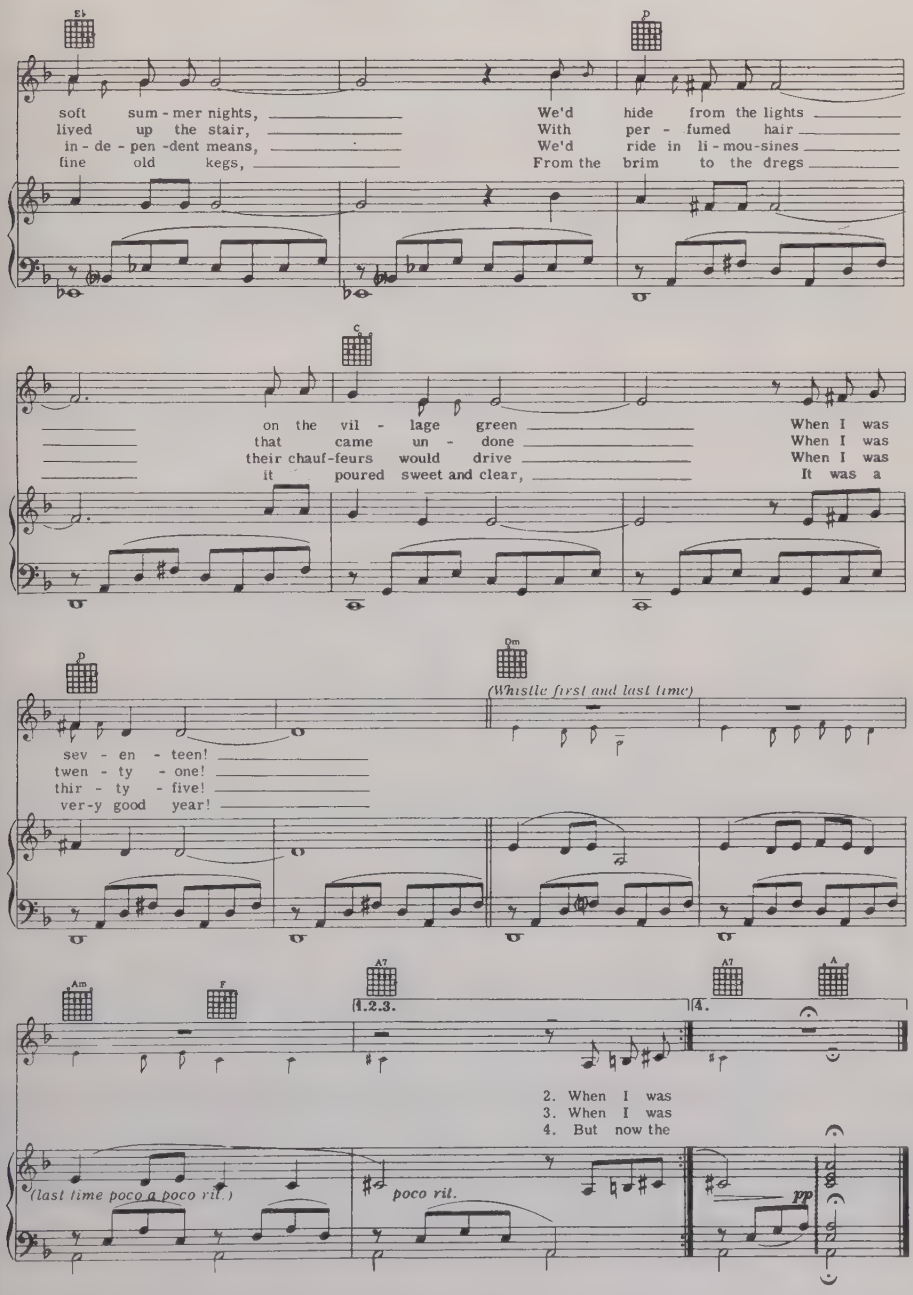
When I was thirty-five, It was a very good year, It was a very good year for blueblooded girls of Independent means, We'd ride in limousines their chauffeurs would drive When I was thirty-five! But now the days are short, I'm in the autumn of the year; And now I think of my life as vintage wine From Fine old kegs, From the brim to the dregs it poured sweet and clear, It was a very good year!

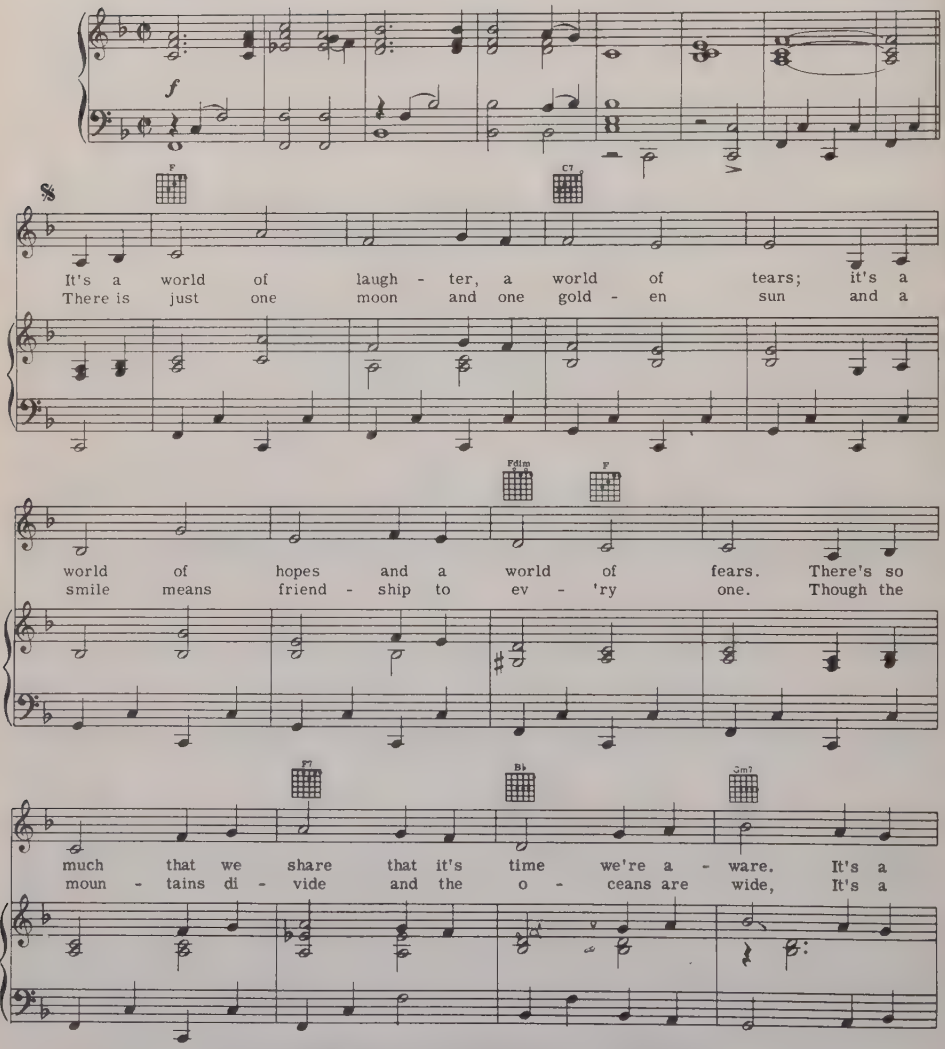


It's a world of laughter, a world of tears;
It's a world of hopes and a world of fears.
There's so much that we share that It's
Time we're aware. It's a small world after all.
It's a small world after all, It's a small world
After all. It's a small world after all,

IT'S A SMALL WORLD

Words and Music by
RICHARD M. SHERMAN
ROBERT B. SHERMAN

March Tempo


f
F
C7
It's a world of laugh - ter, a world of tears; it's a
There is just one moon and one gold - en sun and a
Fdim
F
world of hopes and a world of fears. There's so
smile means friend - ship to ev - 'ry one. Though the
F7
B♭
Gm7
much that we share that it's time we're a - ware. It's a
moun - tains di - vide and the o - ceans are wide, It's a

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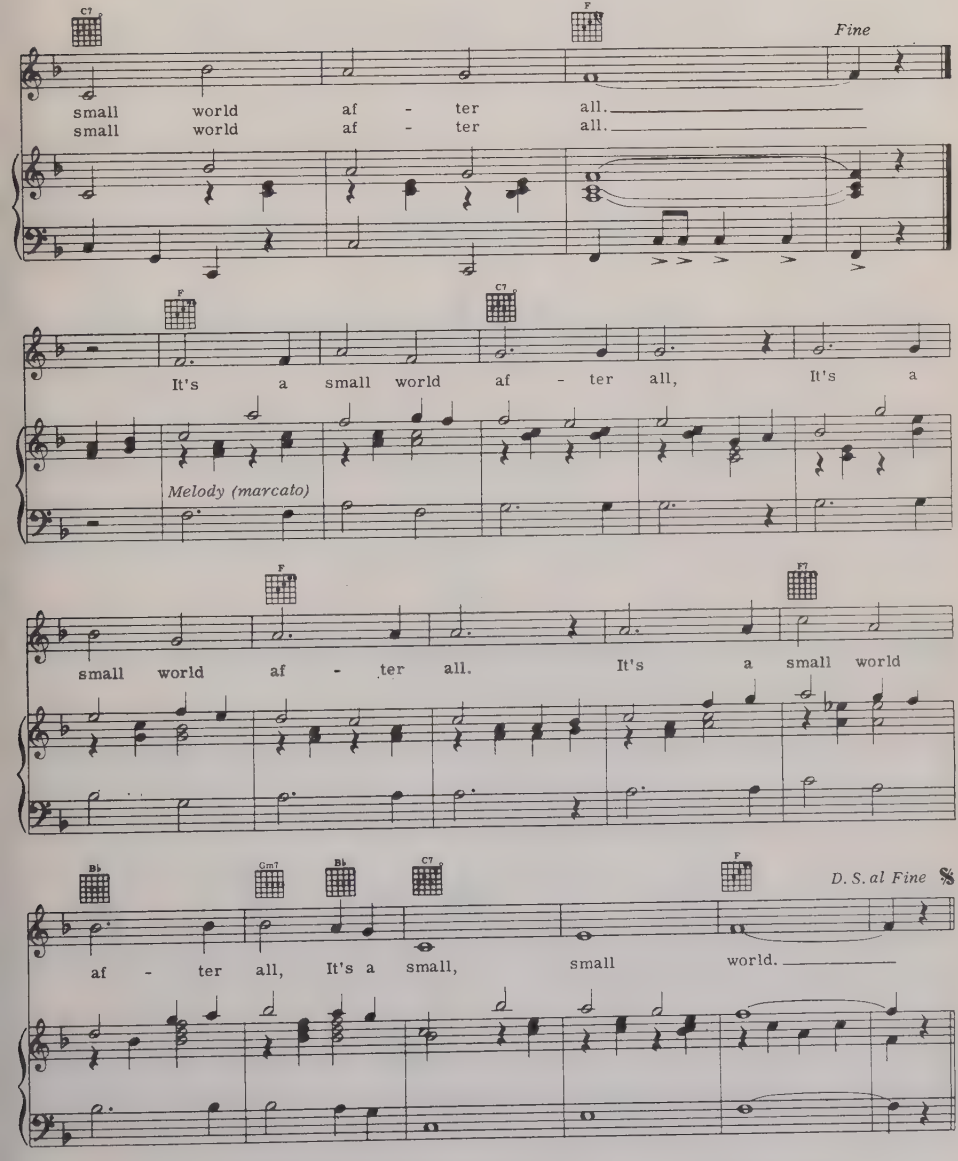
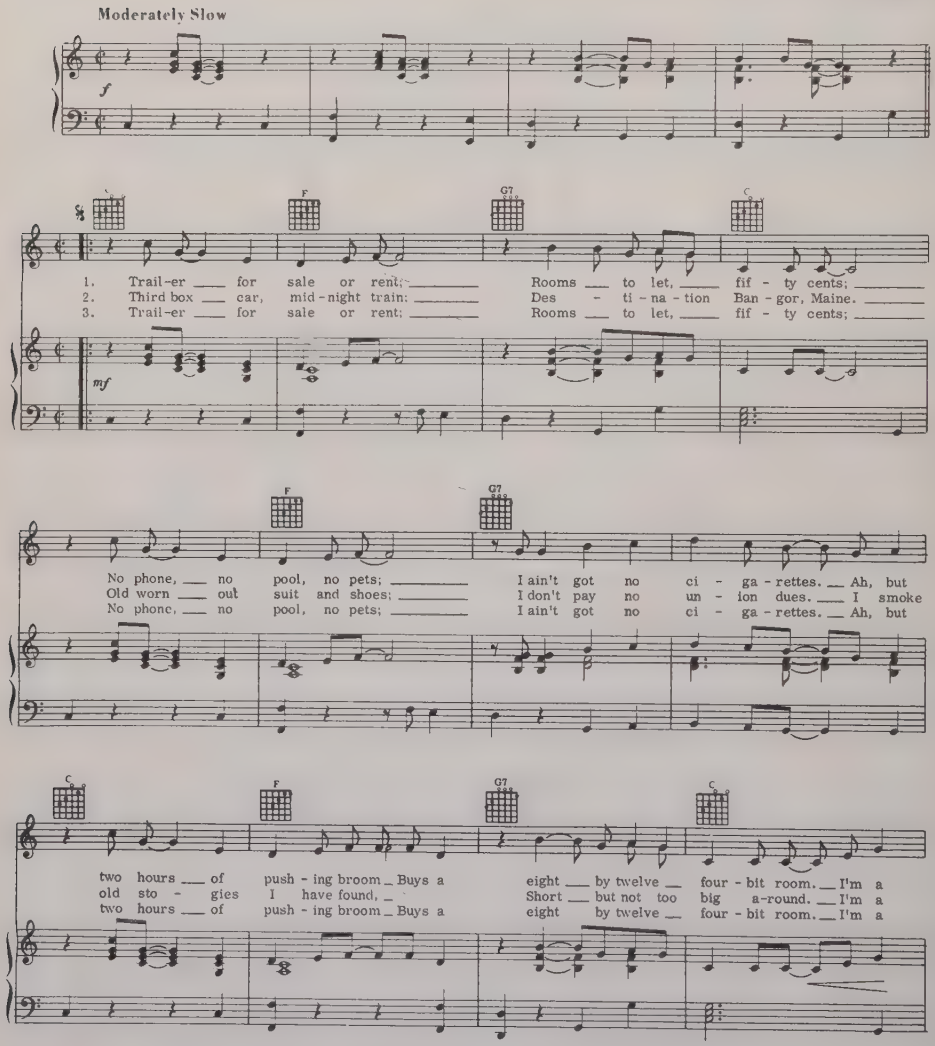
It's a small, small world.
There is just one moon and one golden sun
And a smile means friendship to ev'ry one.
Though the mountains divide
And the oceans are wide,
It's a small world after all.



Trailer for sale or rent; Rooms to let, fifty cents;
No phone, no pool, no pets; I ain't got no cigarettes.
Ah, but two hours of pushing broom
Buys a eight by twelve four-bit room.
I'm a man of means by no means,
King of the road.
Third box car, midnight train; Destination Bangor, Maine.
Old worn out suit and shoes; I don't pay no union dues.
I smoke old stogies I have found,
Short but not too big around.

KING OF THE ROAD

By
ROGER MILLER


Moderately Slow
f
F
G7
C
1. Trail-er ___ for sale or rent; ___ Rooms ___ to let, ___ fif - ty cents; ___
2. Third box ___ car, mid-night train: ___ Des - ti-na-tion Ban-gor, Maine. ___
3. Trail-er ___ for sale or rent; ___ Rooms ___ to let, ___ fif - ty cents; ___
mf
F
G7
No phone, ___ no pool, no pets; ___ I ain't got no ci - ga-rettes. ___ Ah, but
Old worn ___ out suit and shoes; ___ I don't pay no un - ion dues. ___ I smoke
No phone, ___ no pool, no pets; ___ I ain't got no ci - ga-rettes. ___ Ah, but
C
F
G7
C
two hours ___ of push-ing broom ___ Buys a eight ___ by twelve ___ four-bit room. ___ I'm a
old sto - gies I have found, ___ Short ___ but not too big a-round. ___ I'm a
two hours ___ of push-ing broom ___ Buys a eight by twelve ___ four-bit room. ___ I'm a

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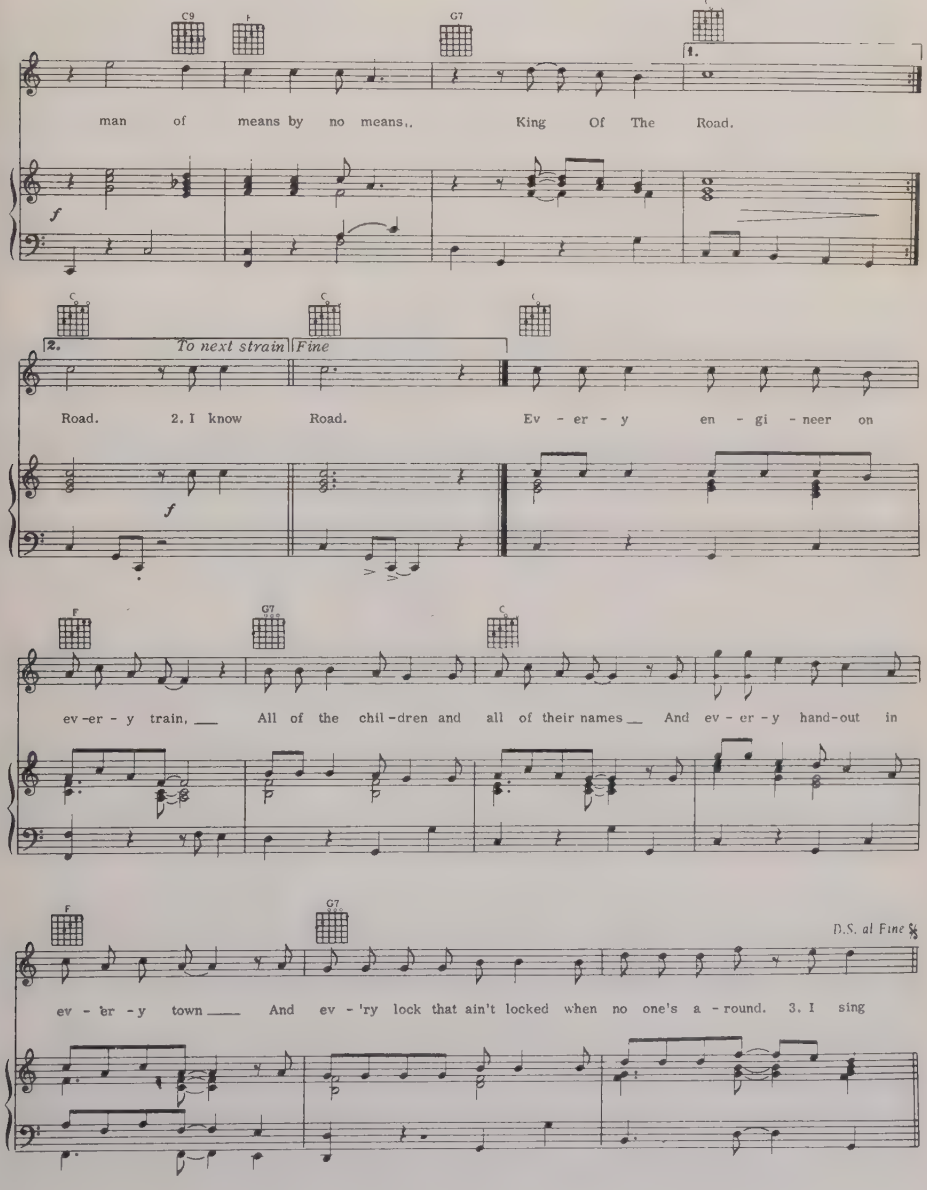
I'm a man of means by no means,
King of the road.
I know every engineer on every train,
All of the children and all of their names
And every hand-out in every town
And ev'ry lock that ain't locked
When no one's around. I sing
Trailer for sale or rent; Rooms to let, fifty cents;
No phone, no pool, no pets; I ain't got no cigarettes.
Ah, but two hours of pushing broom
Buys a eight by twelve four-bit room.
I'm a man of means by no means, King of the road.

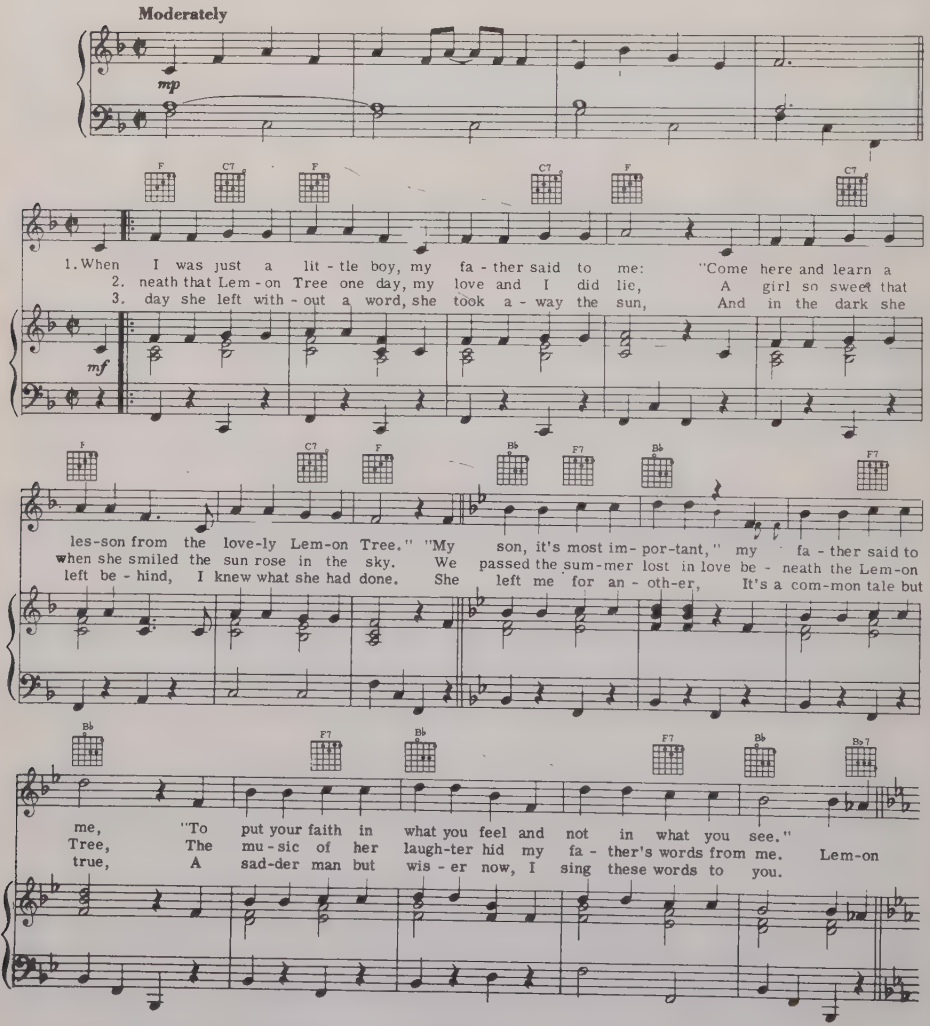

C9
F
G7
C
1.
man of means by no means,, King Of The Road.
f
C
C
C
2.
To next strain
Fine
Road. 2. I know Road. Ev - er - y en - gi - neer on
f
F
G7
C
ev-er - y train, All of the chil-dren and all of their names And ev - er - y hand-out in
F
G7
D.S. al Fine
ev - er - y town And ev - 'ry lock that ain't locked when no one's a - round. 3. I sing

When I was just a little boy,
My father said to me:
"Come here and learn a lesson
From the lovely Lemon Tree".
"My son, it's most important",
My father said to me,
"To put your faith in what you feel
And not in what you see."
Lemon Tree very pretty,
And the lemon flower is sweet,
But the fruit of the poor lemon
Is a thing one cannot eat.

Lemon Tree very pretty,
And the lemon flower is sweet,
But the fruit of the poor lemon
Is a thing one cannot eat.
Beneath the Lemon Tree one day,
My love and I did lie,
A girl so sweet that when she smiled
The sun rose in the sky.
We passed the summer lost in love
Beneath the Lemon Tree,
The music of her laughter
Hid my father's words from me.

LEMON TREE

By
WILL HOLT


Moderately
mp
F C7 F C7 F C7
1. When I was just a lit - tle boy, my fa - ther said to me: "Come here and learn a
2. neath that Lem - on Tree one day, my love and I did lie, A girl so sweet that
3. day she left with - out a word, she took a - way the sun, And in the dark she
mf
F C7 F B♭ F7 B♭ F7
les-son from the love-ly Lem-on Tree." "My son, it's most im- por-tant," my fa - ther said to
when she smiled the sun rose in the sky. We passed the sum-mer lost in love be - neath the Lem-on
left be - hind, I knew what she had done. She left me for an - oth-er, It's a com-mon tale but
B♭ F7 B♭ F7 B♭ B♭7
me, "To put your faith in what you feel and not in what you see."
Tree, The mu - sic of her laugh-ter hid my fa - ther's words from me. Lem-on
true, A sad-der man but wis - er now, I sing these words to you.

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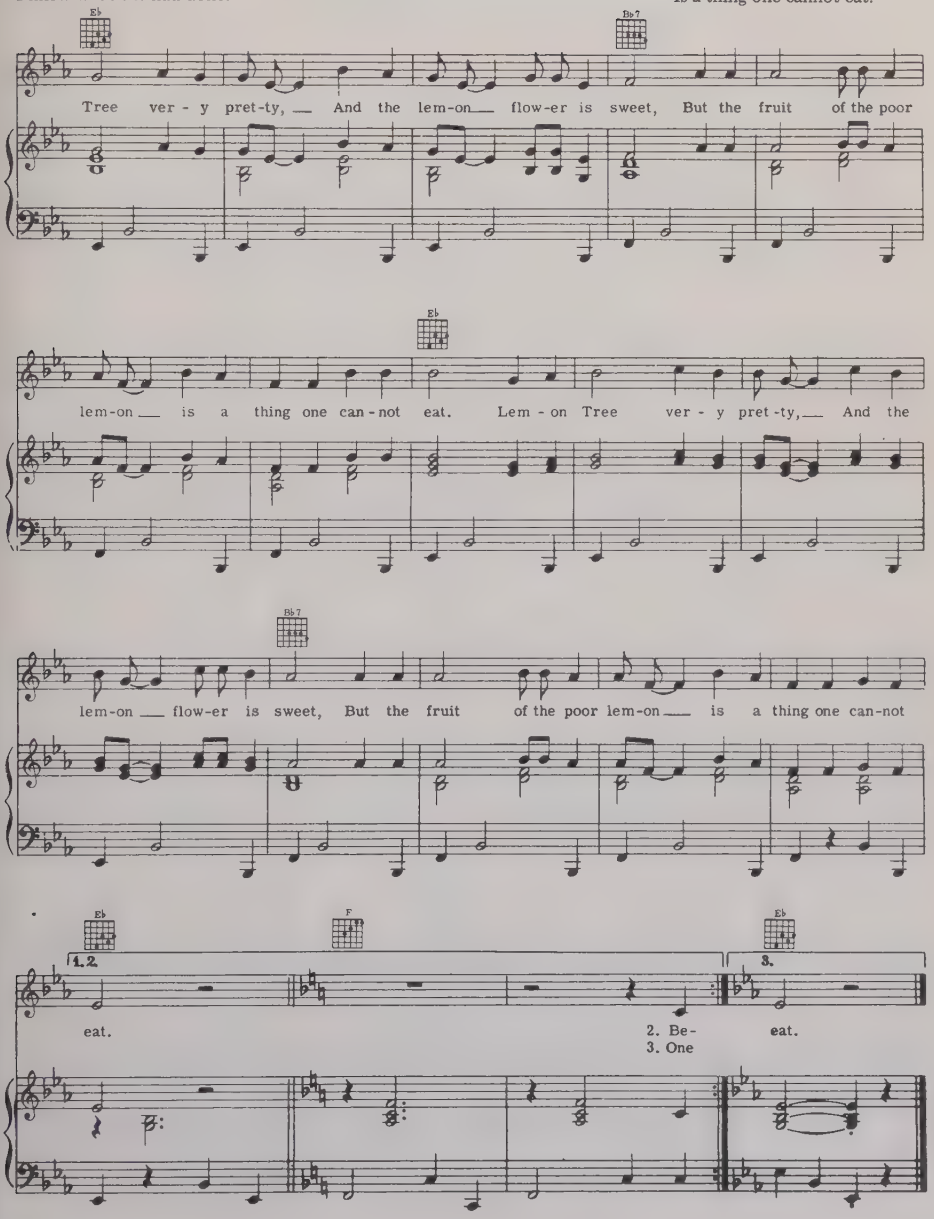
Lemon tree very pretty,
And the lemon flower is sweet,
But the fruit of the poor lemon
Is a thing one cannot eat.
Lemon Tree very pretty,
And the lemon flower is sweet,
But the fruit of the poor lemon
Is a thing one cannot eat.
One day she left without a word,
She took away the sun,
And in the dark she left behind,
I knew what she had done.

She left me for another,
It's a common tale but true,
A sadder man but wiser now,
I sing these words to you.
Lemon Tree very pretty,
And the lemon flower is sweet,
But the fruit of the poor lemon
Is a thing one cannot eat
Lemon Tree very pretty,
And the lemon flower is sweet,
But the fruit of the poor lemon
Is a thing one cannot eat.


E♭
B♭7
Tree ver - y pret-ty, And the lem-on flow-er is sweet, But the fruit of the poor
E♭
lem-on is a thing one can-not eat. Lem - on Tree ver - y pret-ty, And the
B♭7
lem-on flow-er is sweet, But the fruit of the poor lem-on is a thing one can-not
E♭
F
E♭
1.2
3.
eat.
2. Be-
3. One
eat.

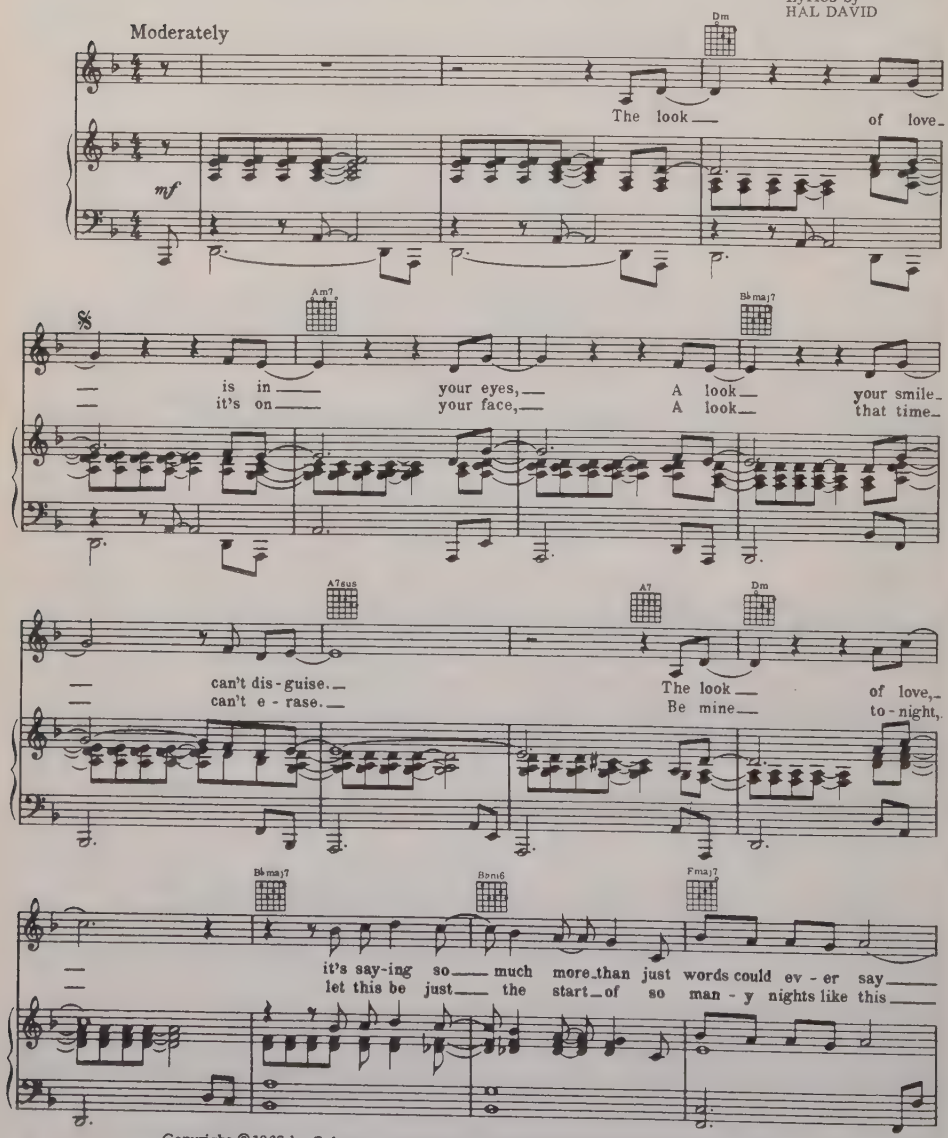
The look of love is in your eyes,
A look your smile can't disguise.
The look of love, it's saying so
Much more than just words could ever say
And what my heart has heard,
Well, it takes my breath away.

I can hardly wait to hold you,
Feel my arms around you,
How long have I waited, waited
Just to love you, now that I have found you.
You've got the look of love
It's on your face, A look that time can't erase.

From the Columbia Pictures Release "Casino Royale"

THE LOOK OF LOVE

Music by
BURT BACHARACH
Lyrics by
HAL DAVID



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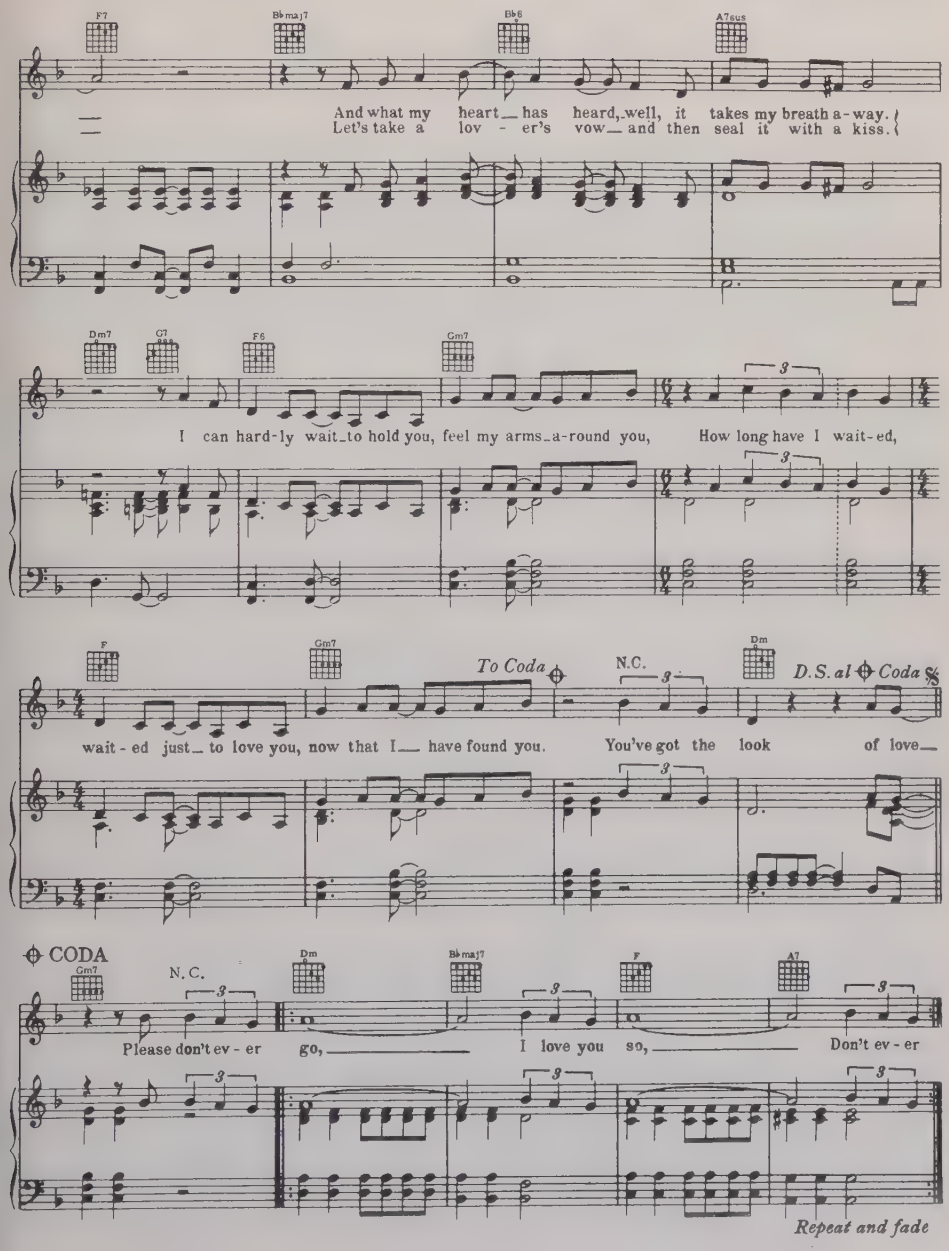
Be mine tonight, let this be just the start
Of so many nights like this
Let's take a lover's vow and then
Seal it with a kiss.
I can hardly wait to hold you,
Feel my arms around you,
How long have I waited,
Waited just to love you,
Now that I have found you.
Please don't ever go,
I love you so, don't ever go.

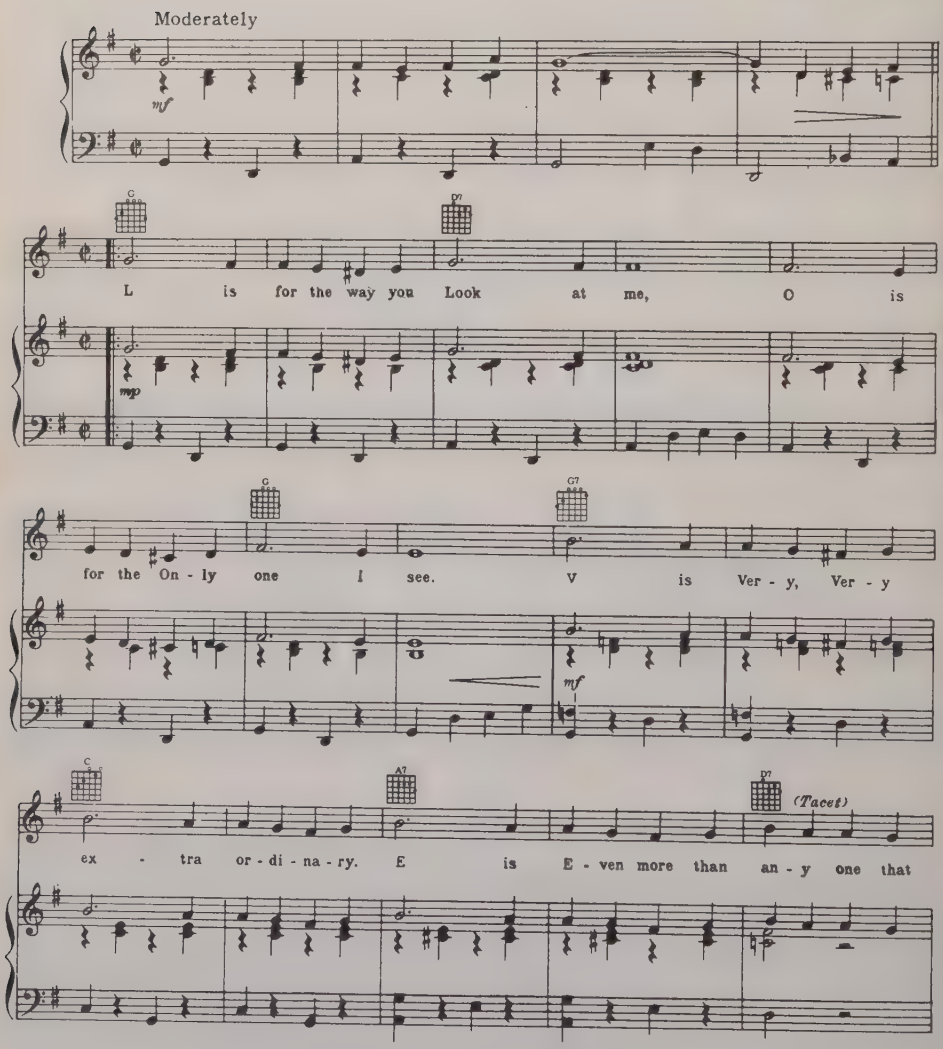


L is for the way you look at me,
O is for the only one I see.
V is very, very extra ordinary.
E is even more than any one that you adore can.
Love is all that I can give to you.

Love is more than just a game for two,
Two in love can make it,
Take my heart and please don't break it,
Love was made for me and you.
L is for the way you look at me,

L-O-V-E

By
BERT KAEMPFERT
and MILT GABLER


Moderately
mf
C
D7
L is for the way you Look at me, O is
mp
G
G7
for the On - ly one I see. V is Ver - y, Ver - y
mf
C
A7
D7
(Tacet)
ex - tra or - di - na - ry. E is E - ven more than an - y one that

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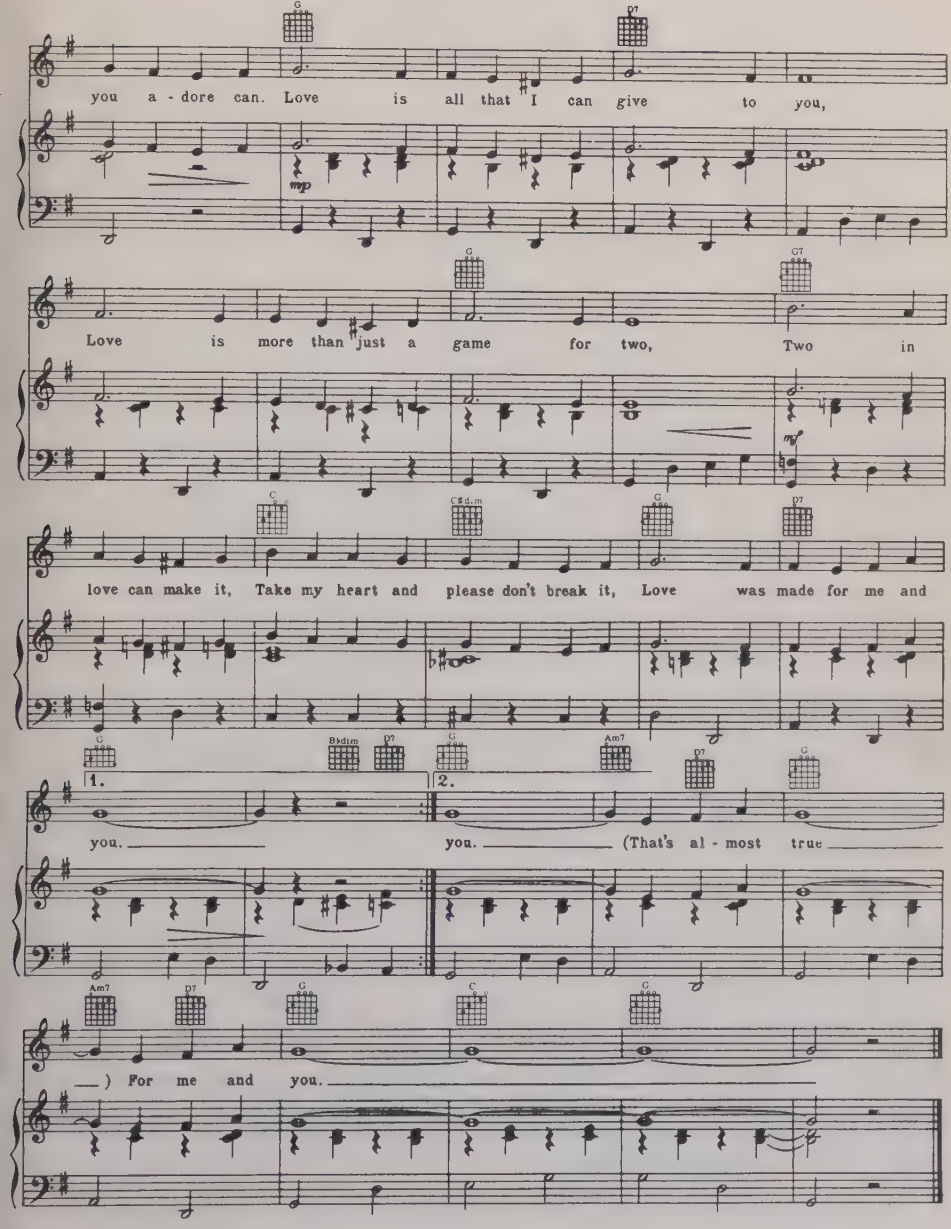
O is for the only one I see.
V is very, very extra ordinary.
E is even more than any one that you adore can.
Love is all that I can give to you,

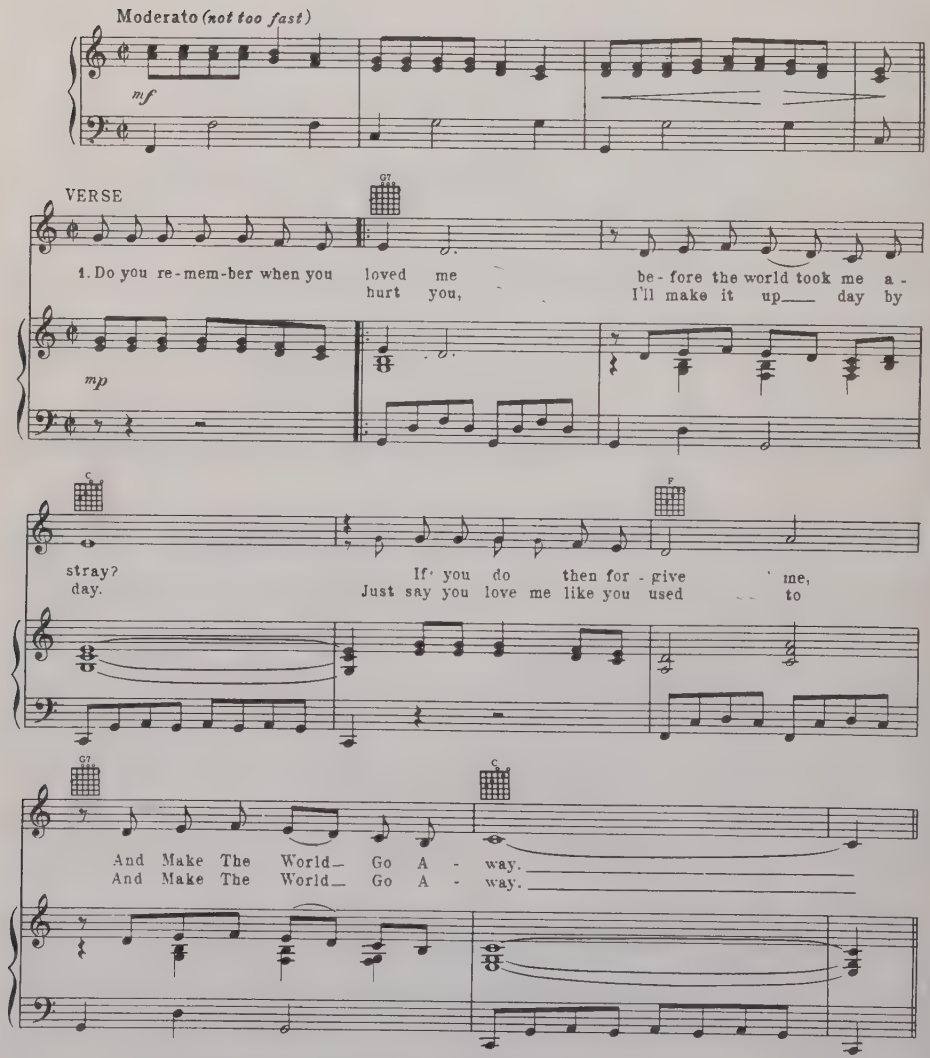
Love is more than just a game for two,
Two in love can make it,
Take my heart and please don't break it,
Love was made for me and you.
(That's almost true) For me and you.


you a - dore can. Love is all that I can give to you,
Love is more than just a game for two, Two in
love can make it, Take my heart and please don't break it, Love was made for me and
1.
you.
2.
you. (That's al - most true
) For me and you.

Do you remember when you loved me
Before the world took me astray?
If you do then forgive me,
And make the world go away.
Make the world go away
And get it off my shoulders,
Say the things you used to say
And make the world go away.

MAKE THE WORLD GO AWAY

By HANK COCHRAN


Moderato (not too fast)
mf
VERSE
G7
1. Do you re-mem-ber when you loved me be-fore the world took me a-
hurt you, I'll make it up day by
mp
C
F
stray? If you do then for-give me,
day. Just say you love me like you used to
G7
C
And Make The World Go A - way.
And Make The World Go A - way.

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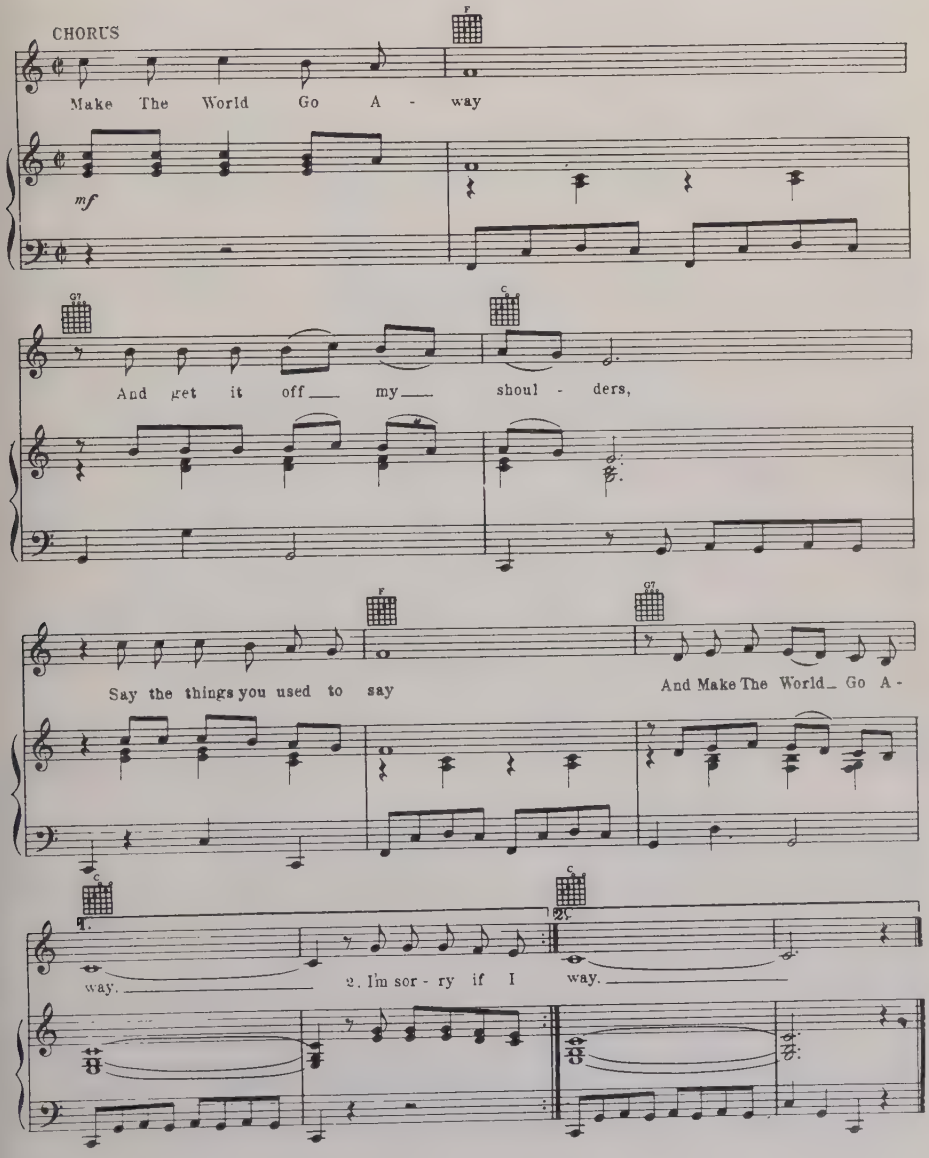
I'm sorry if I hurt you,
I'll make it up day by day.
Just say you love me like you used to
And make the world go away.
Make the world go away
And get it off my shoulders,
Say the things you used to say
And make the world go away.



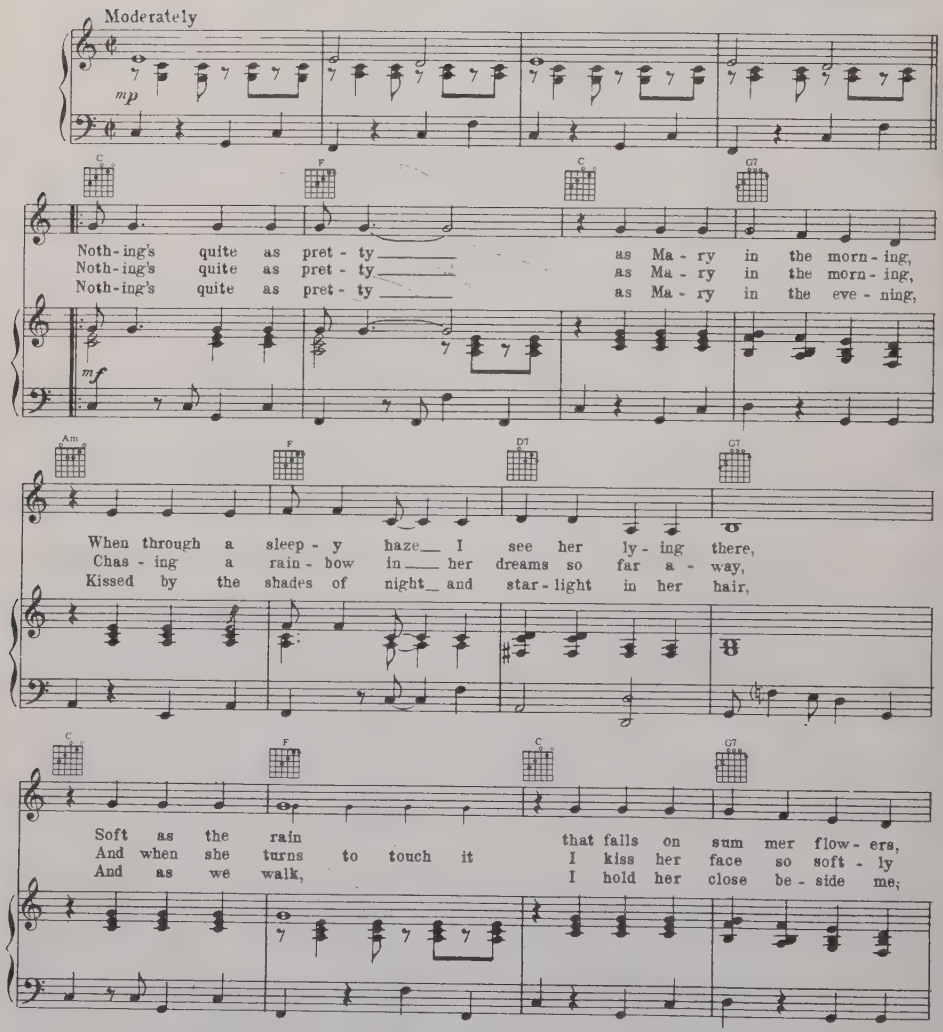
Nothing's quite as pretty as Mary in the morning,
When through a sleepy haze I see her lying there,
Soft as the rain that falls on summer flowers,
Warm as the sunlight shining on her golden hair.

When I awake and see her there so close beside me,
I want to take her in my arms; the ache is there
So deep inside me.
Nothing's quite as pretty as Mary in the morning,

Recorded By AL MARTINO On Capitol Records

MARY IN THE MORNING

By
JOHNNY CYMBAL and
MIKE LENDELL



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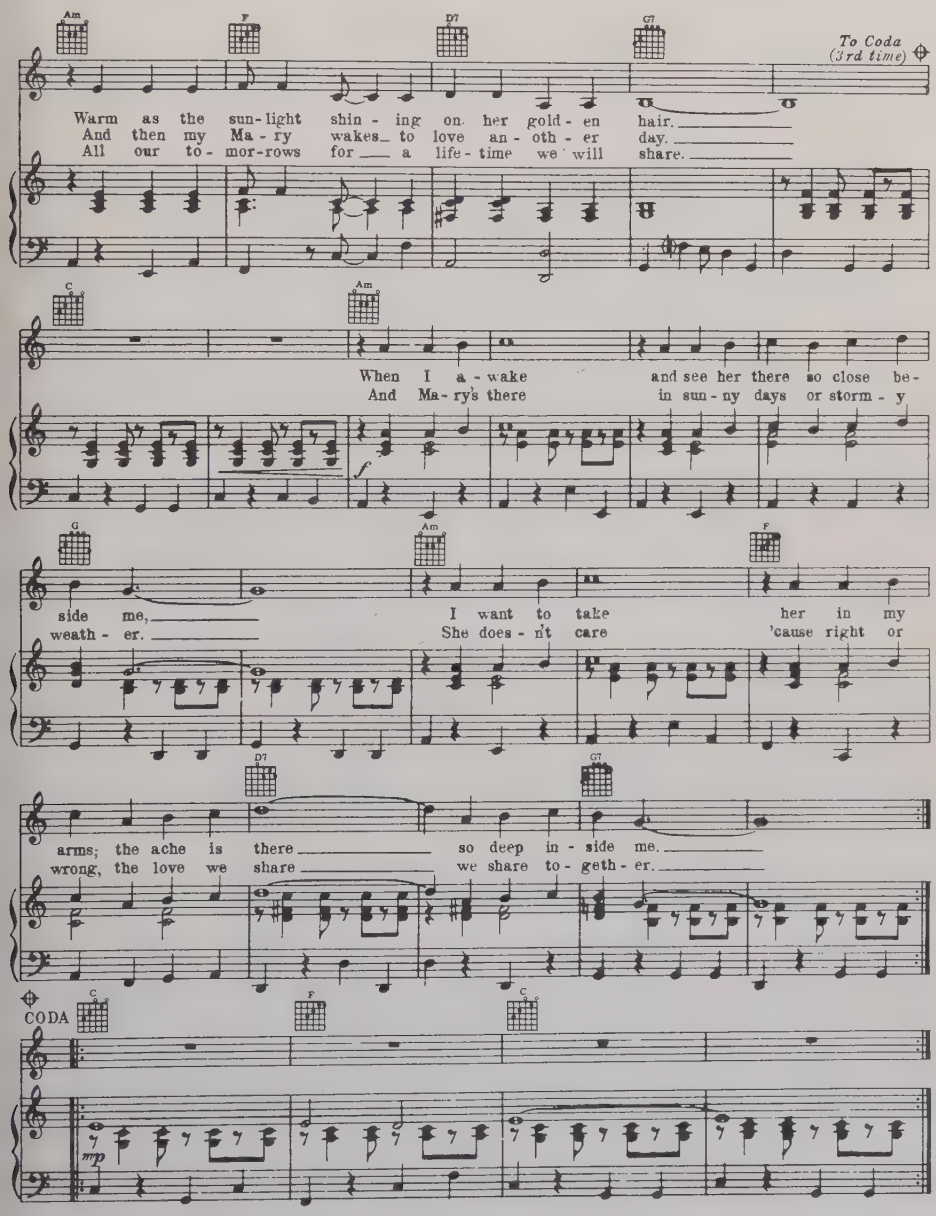
Chasing a rainbow in her dreams so far away,
And when she turns to touch it I kiss her face so softly
And then my Mary wakes to love another day.
And Mary's there in sunny days or stormy weather.
She doesn't care 'cause right or wrong,
The love we share we share together.
Nothing's quite as pretty as Mary in the evening,
Kissed by the shades of night and starlight in her hair,
And as we walk, I hold her close beside me;
All our tomorrows for a lifetime we will share.

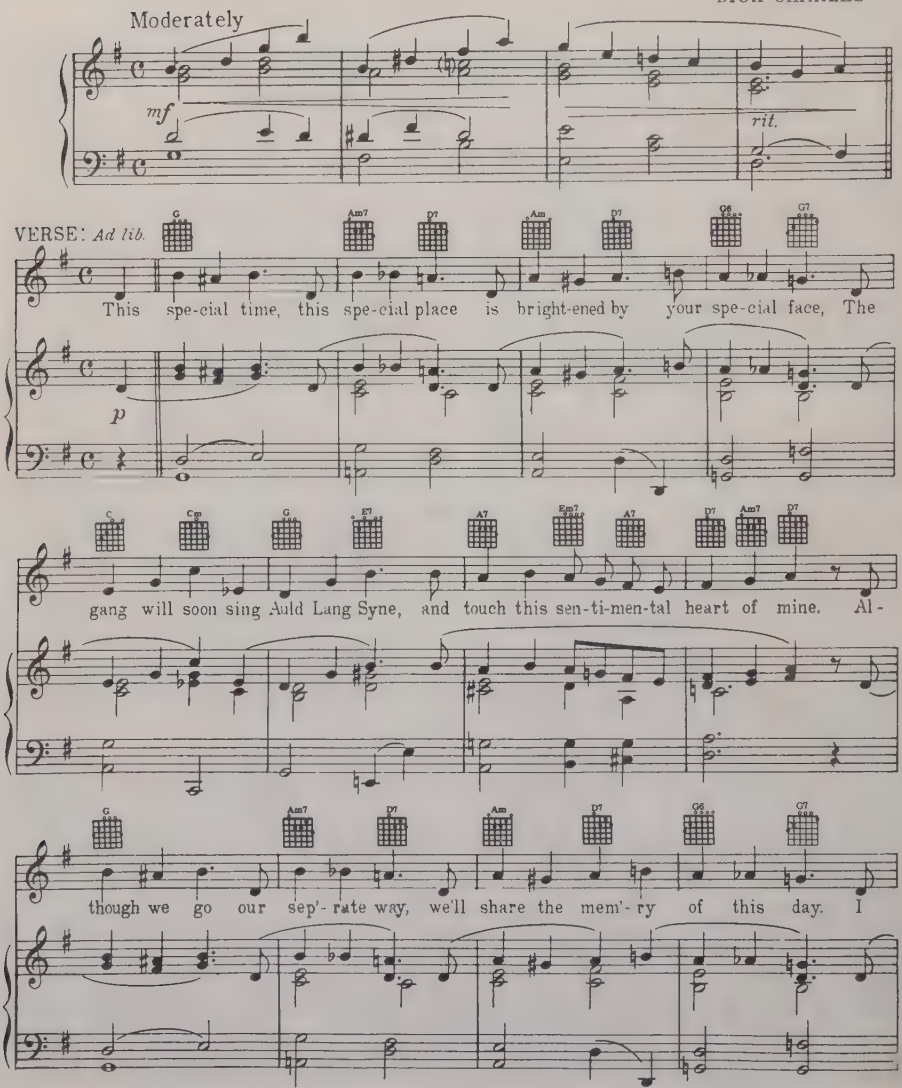

Am
F
D7
G7
To Coda
(3rd time)
Warm as the sun-light shin - ing on her gold - en hair.
And then my Ma - ry wakes to love an - oth - er day.
All our to - mor-rows for a life - time we will share.
C
Am
When I a - wake and see her there so close be -
And Ma-ry's there in sun - ny days or storm - y
f
G
Am
F
side me, I want to take her in my
weath - er. She does - n't care 'cause right or
D7
G7
arms; the ache is there so deep in - side me.
wrong, the love we share we share to - geth - er.
CODA
C
F
C
mp

This special time, this special place
Is brightened by your special face,
The gang will soon sing Auld Lang Syne,
And touch this sentimental heart of mine.
Although we go our sep'rate way,
We'll share the mem'ry of this day.

I wish I may, I wish I might
Have the wish I wish for you tonight.
May you always walk in sunshine,
Slumber warm when night winds blow.
May you always live with laughter
For a smile becomes you so.

MAY YOU ALWAYS

Words and Music by
LARRY MARKES and
DICK CHARLES


Moderately
mf
rit.
VERSE: Ad lib.
C Am7 D7 Am D7 G6 G7
This spe-cial time, this spe-cial place is bright-ened by your spe-cial face, The
p
C Cm G E7 A7 Em7 A7 D7 Am7 D7
gang will soon sing Auld Lang Syne, and touch this sen-ti-men-tal heart of mine. Al-
G Am7 D7 Am D7 G6 G7
though we go our sep'-rate way, we'll share the mem'-ry of this day. I

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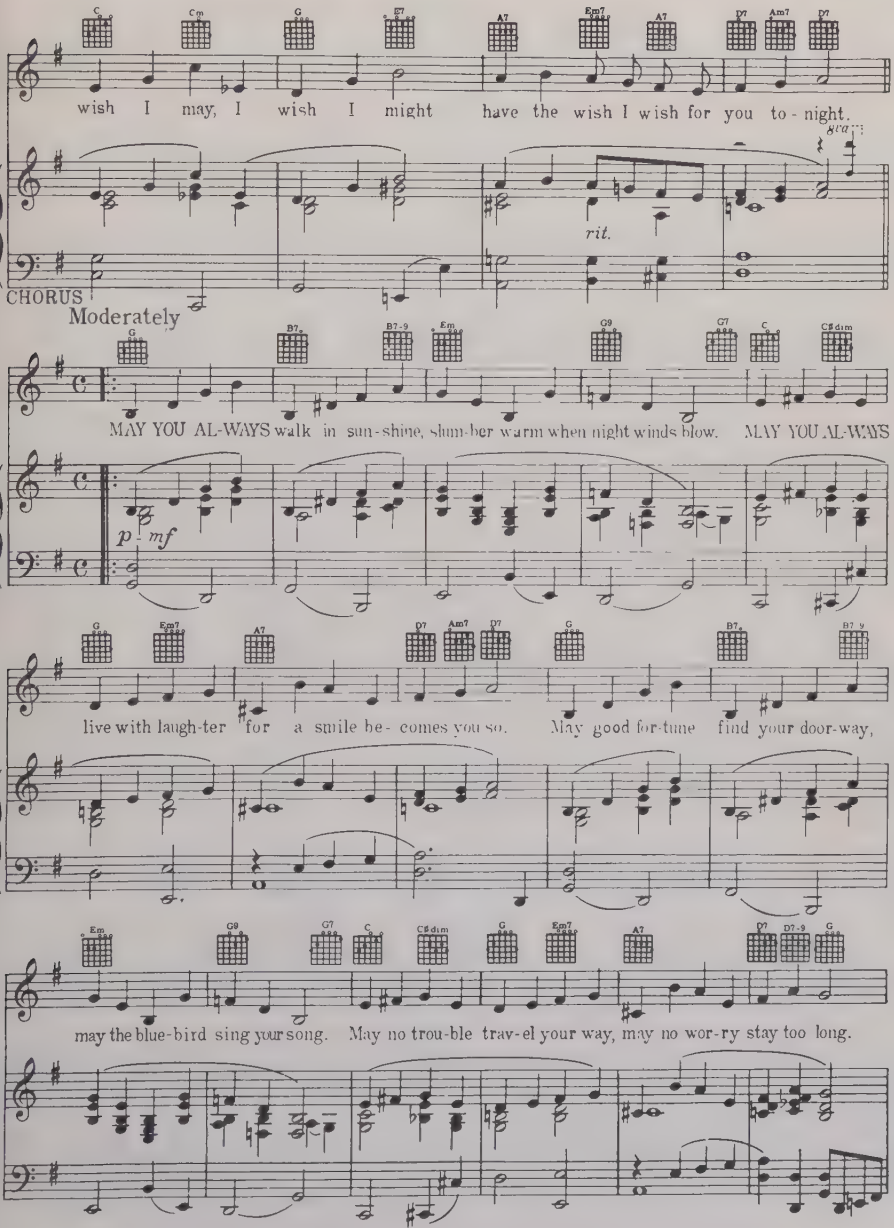
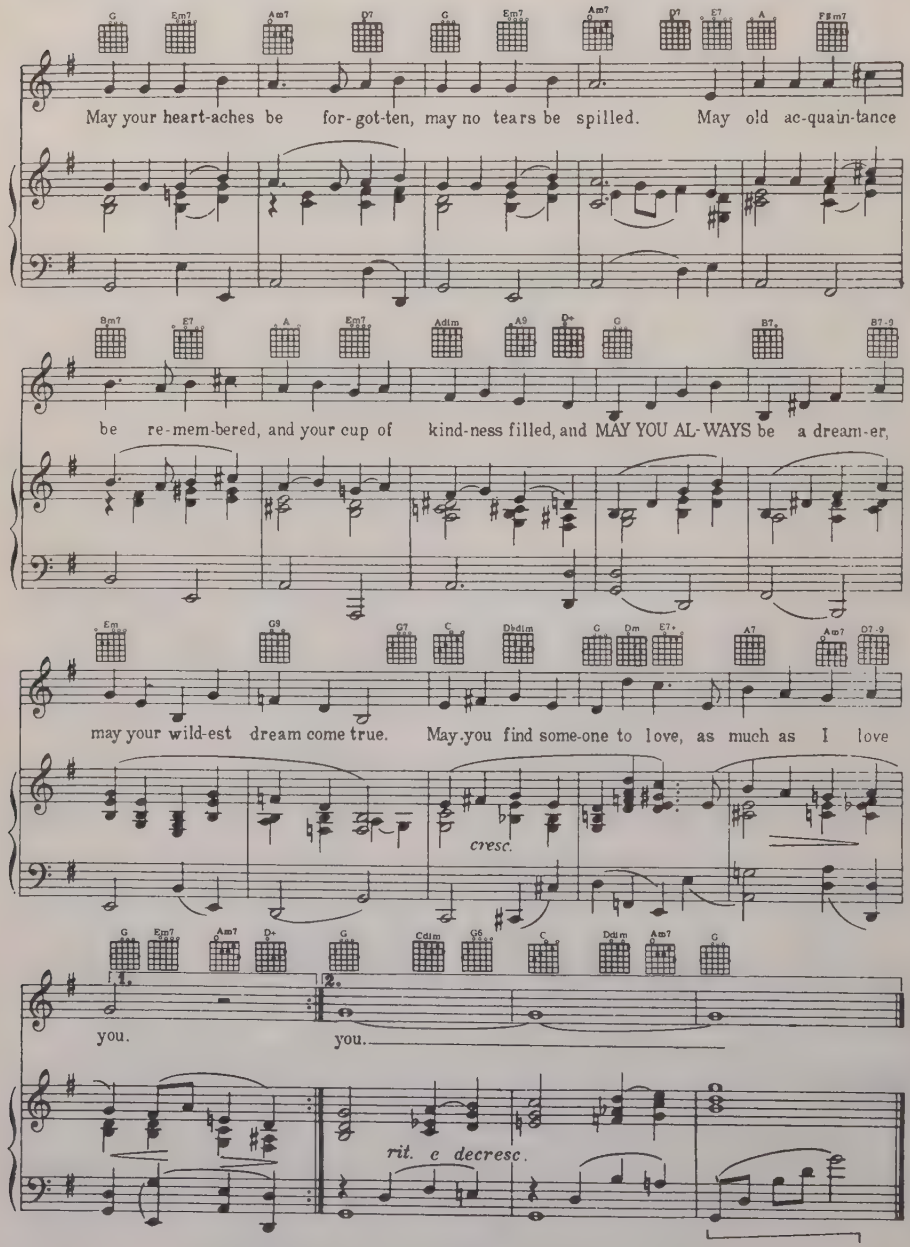
May good fortune find your doorway,
May the bluebird sing your song.
May no trouble travel your way,
May no worry stay too long.
May your heartaches be forgotten
May no tears be spilled.
May old acquaintance be remembered,
And your cup of kindness filled,
And may you always be a dreamer,
May your wildest dream come true.
May you find someone to love,
As much as I love you.
May you always walk in sunshine,
Slumber warm when night winds blow.


wish I may, I wish I might have the wish I wish for you to-night.
rit.
CHORUS
Moderately
MAY YOU AL-WAYS walk in sun-shine, slum-ber warm when night winds blow. MAY YOU AL-WAYS
p mf
live with laugh-ter for a smile be-comes you so. May good for-tune find your door-way,
may the blue-bird sing your song. May no trou-ble trav-el your way, may no wor-ry stay too long.

May you always live with laughter
For a smile becomes you so.
May good fortune find your doorway,
May the bluebird sing your song.
May no trouble travel your way,
May no worry stay too long.
May your heartaches be forgotten,
May no tears be spilled.
May old acquaintance be remembered,
And your cup of kindness filled,
And may you always be a dreamer,
May your wildest dream come true,
May you find someone to love,
As much as I love you.

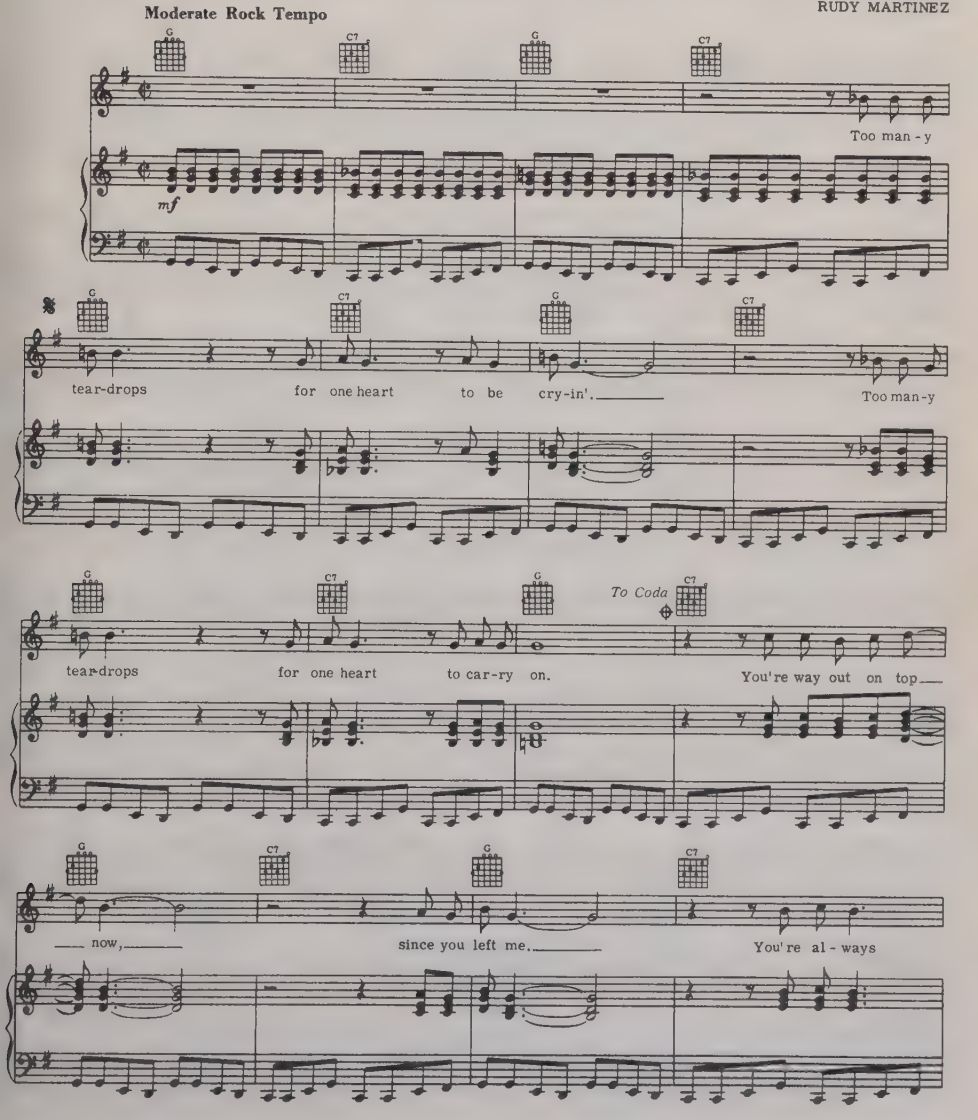

May your heart-aches be for-got-ten, may no tears be spilled. May old ac-quain-tance
be re-mem-bered, and your cup of kind-ness filled, and MAY YOU AL-WAYS be a dream-er,
may your wild-est dream come true. May you find some-one to love, as much as I love
cresc.
you.
you.
rit. e decresc.

Too many teardrops for one heart to be cryin'.
Too many teardrops for one heart to carry on.
You're way out on top now, since you left me.
You're always laughin' way down at me.
So watch out, now, I'm gonna get there.
We'll be together for just a little while,

Recorded By ? (Question Mark) and THE MYSTERIANS

96 TEARS

Words and Music by
RUDY MARTINEZ



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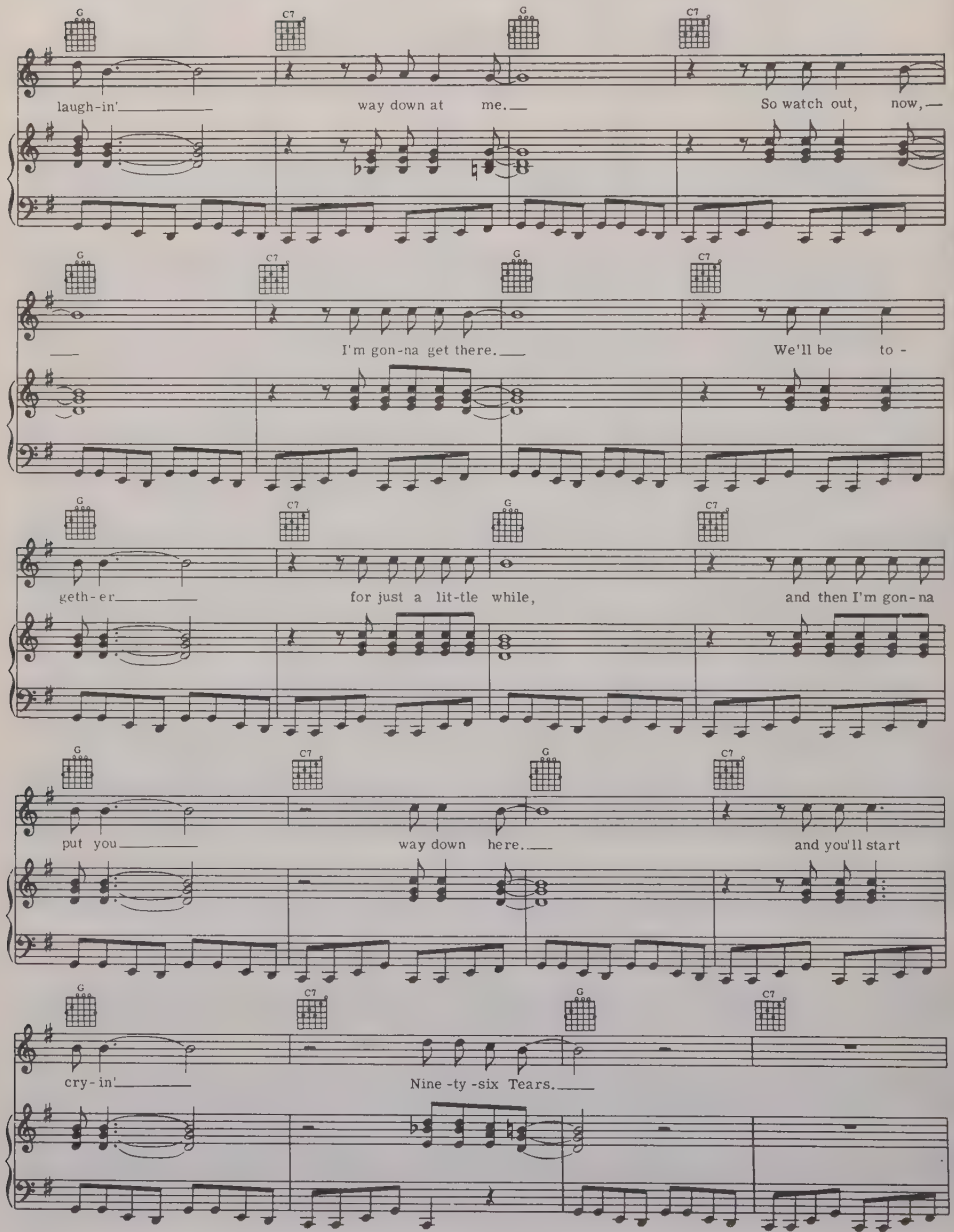
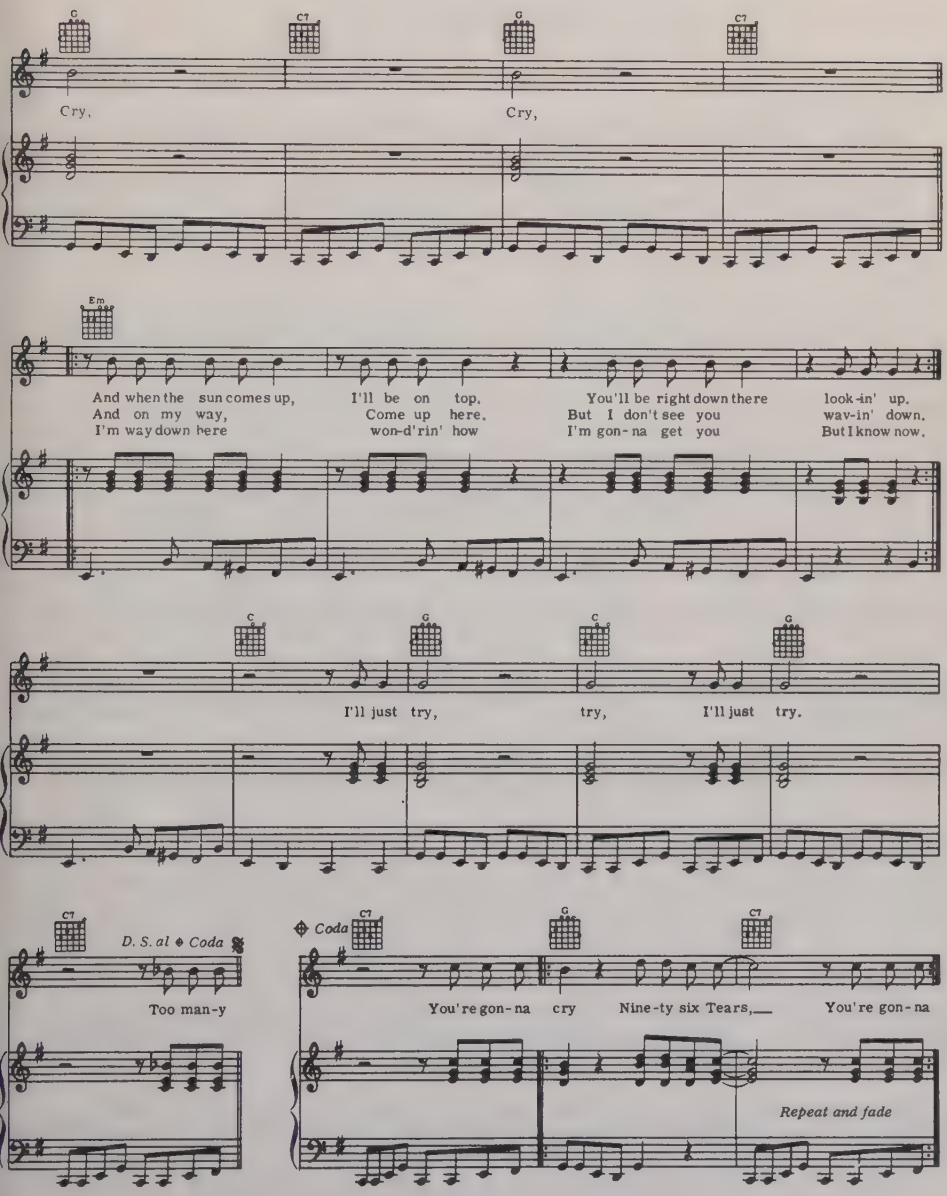
And then I'm gonna put you way down here.
And you'll start cryin' ninety-six tears. Cry. Cry.
And when the sun comes up, I'll be on top.
You'll be right down there lookin' up.
And on my way, Come up here.
But I don't see you wavin' down.


G C7 G C7
laugh-in' way down at me. So watch out, now,
G C7 G C7
I'm gon-na get there. We'll be to -
G C7 G C7
geth-er for just a lit-tle while, and then I'm gon-na
G C7 G C7
put you way down here. and you'll start
G C7 G C7
cry-in' Nine-ty-six Tears.

I'm way down here wond'rin' how
I'm gonna get you but I know now.
I'll just try, try, I'll just try.
Too many teardrops for one heart to be cryin'.
Too many teardrops for one heart to carry on.
You're gonna cry ninety-six tears.
You're gonna cry ninety-six tears.

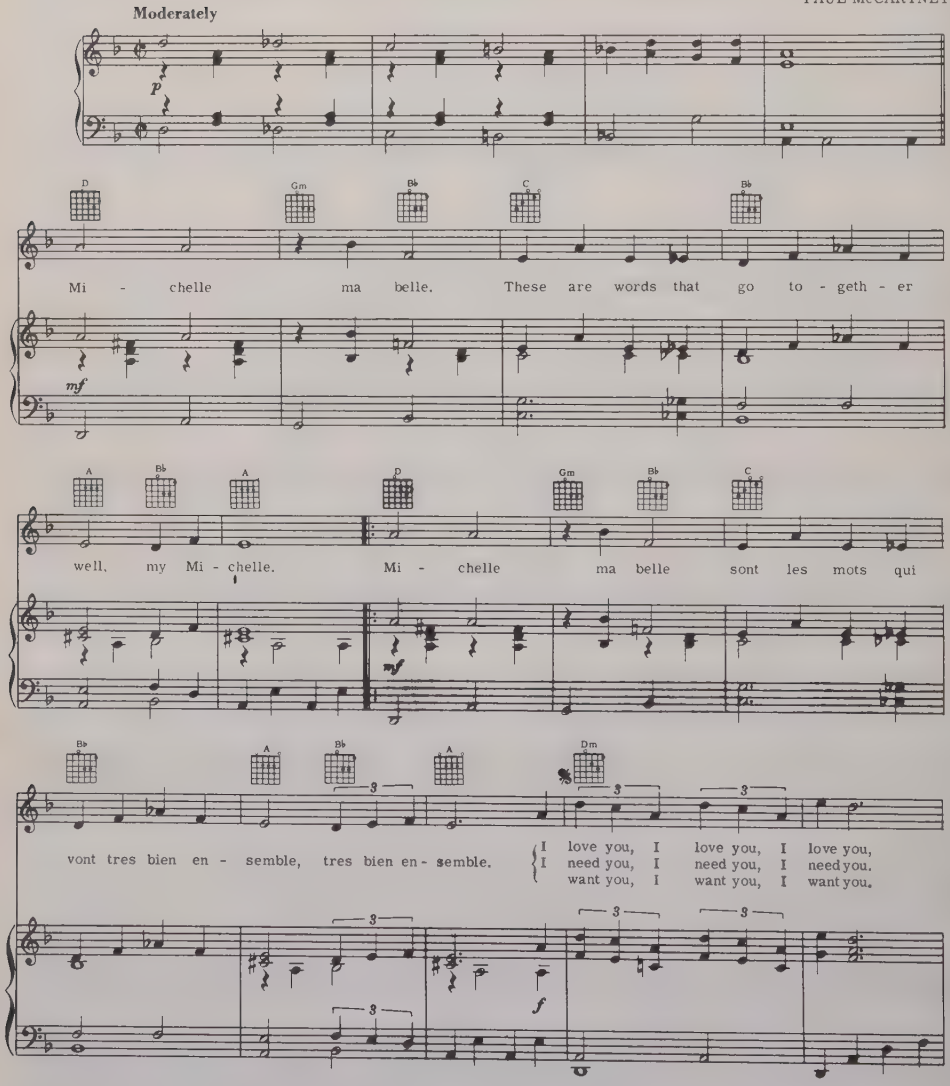


Michelle ma belle. These are words that go together well, my Michelle.
Michelle ma belle sont les mots qui vont tres bien ensemble, tres bien ensemble.
I love you, I love you, I love you, That's all I want to say. Until I find a way
I will say the only words I know that you'll understand.
Michelle ma belle sont les mots qui vont tres bien ensemble, tres bien ensemble.

Recorded by THE BEATLES

MICHELLE

By
JOHN LENNON and
PAUL McCARTNEY



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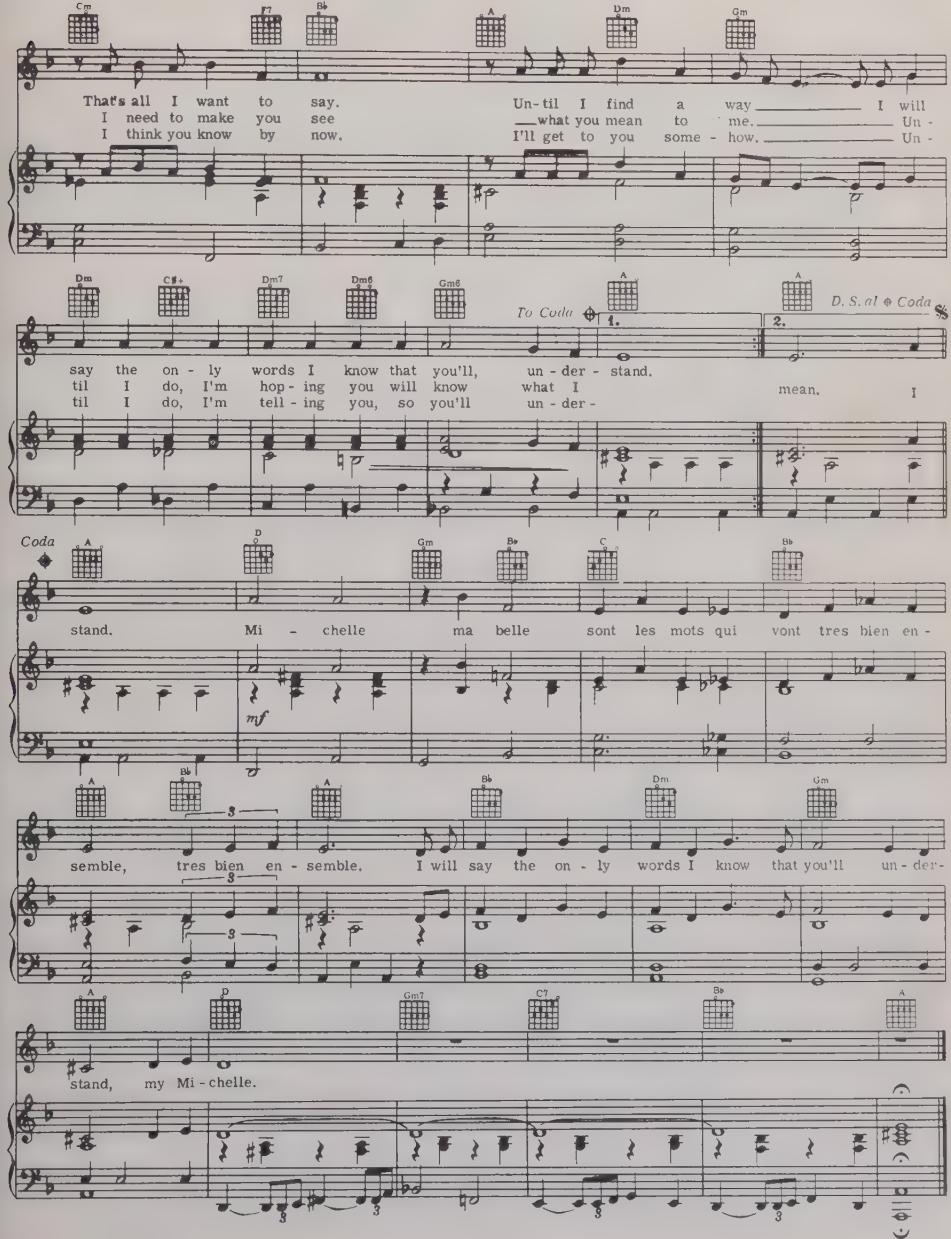
I need you, I need you, I need you. I need to make you see what you mean to me.
Until I do, I'm hoping you will know what I mean. I want you, I want you, I want you.
I think you know by now. I'll get to you somehow. Until I do, I'm telling you,
So you'll understand. Michelle ma belle sont les mots qui vont tres bien ensemble,
Tres bien ensemble. I will say the only words I know that you'll understand, my Michelle.


That's all I want to say.
I need to make you see
I think you know by now.
Un-til I find a way I will
what you mean to me. Un-
I'll get to you some-how. Un-
To Coda
D. S. al ⊕ Coda
say the on-ly words I know that you'll, un-der-stand.
til I do, I'm hop-ing you will know what I mean, I
til I do, I'm tell-ing you, so you'll un-der-
Coda
stand. Mi-chelle ma belle sont les mots qui vont tres bien en-
mf
semble, tres bien en-semble. I will say the on-ly words I know that you'll un-der-
stand, my Mi-chelle.

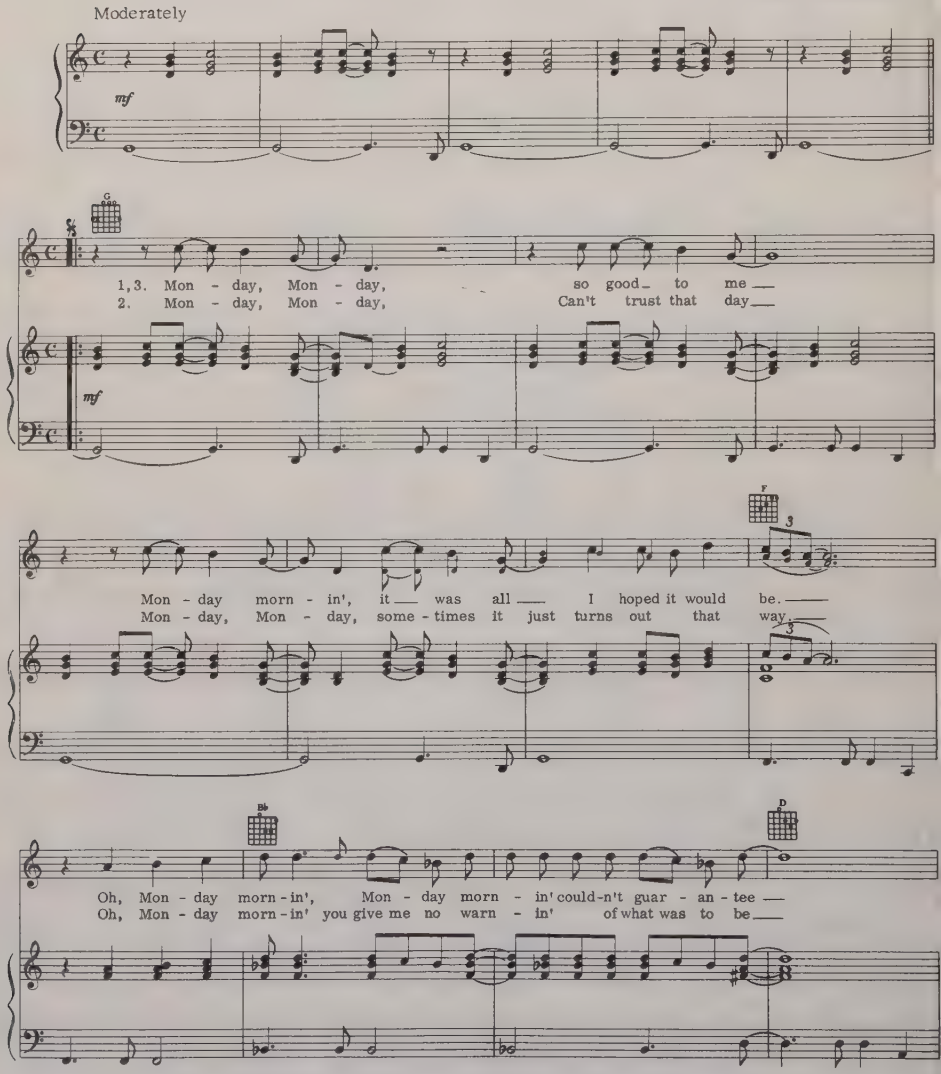
Monday, Monday, so good to me
Monday mornin', it was all I hoped it would be.
Oh, Monday mornin', Monday mornin'
Couldn't guarantee that Monday evenin'
You would still be here with me.
Monday, Monday, Can't trust that day

Monday, Monday, sometimes it
Just turns out that way.
Oh, Monday mornin' you give me no
Warnin' of what was to be
Oh, Monday, Monday how could you
Leave and not take me.

Recorded By THE MAMAS and THE PAPAS On Dunhill Records

MONDAY, MONDAY

Words and Music by
JOHN PHILLIPS


Moderately
mf
G
1,3. Mon - day, Mon - day, so good to me
2. Mon - day, Mon - day, Can't trust that day
mf
F
Mon - day morn - in', it was all I hoped it would be.
Mon - day, Mon - day, some - times it just turns out that way.
B♭
D
Oh, Mon - day morn - in', Mon - day morn - in' could-n't guar - an - tee
Oh, Mon - day morn - in' you give me no warn - in' of what was to be

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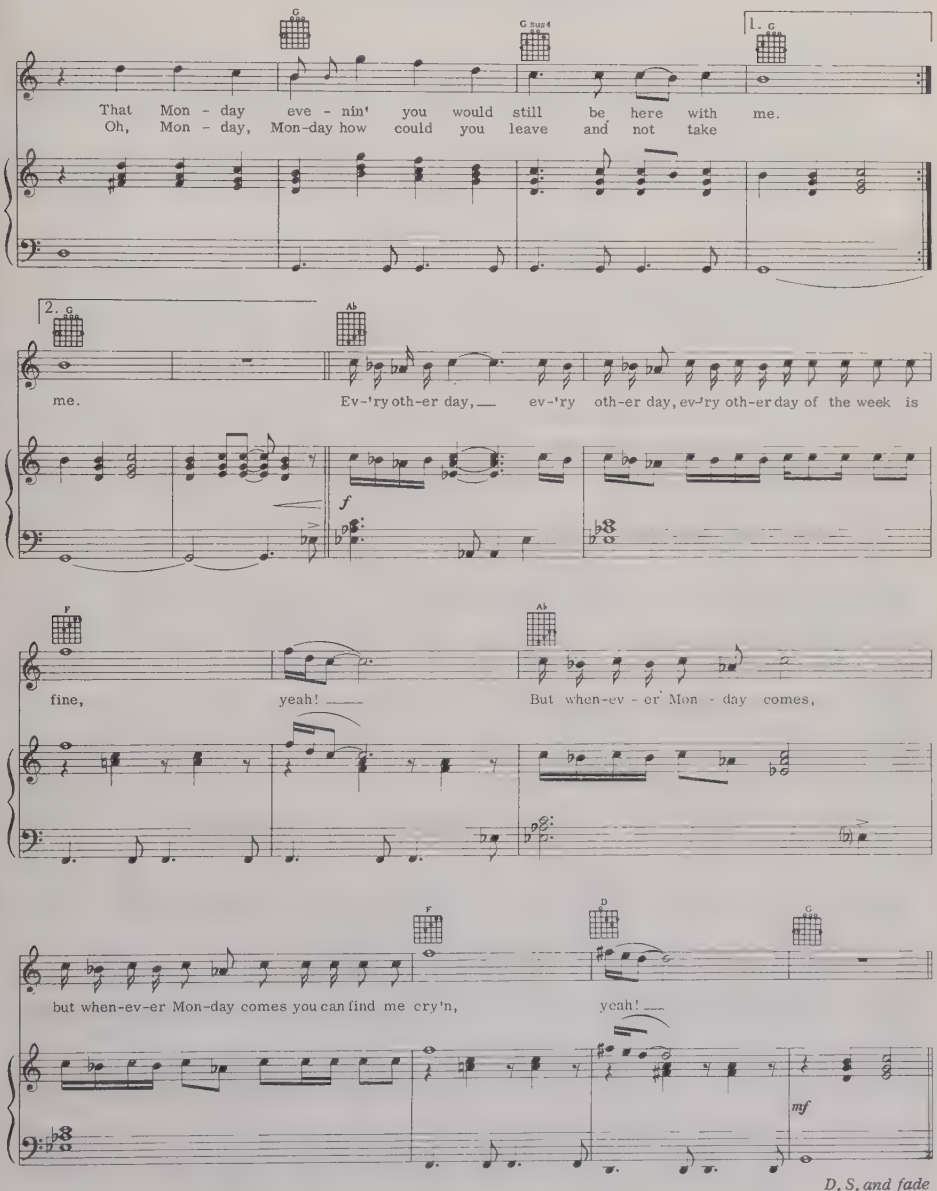
Ev'ry other day, ev'ry other day,
Ev'ry other day of the week is fine,
Yeah! But whenever Monday comes,
But whenever Monday comes you
Can find me cry'n, yeah!

Monday, Monday, so good to me
Monday mornin', it was all I hoped
It would be. Oh, Monday mornin',
Monday mornin' couldn't guarantee
That Monday evenin' you
Would still be here with me


G
G sus4
1. G
That Mon - day eve - nin' you would still be here with me.
Oh, Mon - day, Mon-day how could you leave and not take
2. G
Ab
me.
Ev-'ry oth-er day, ev-'ry oth-er day, ev-'ry oth-er day of the week is
f
F
Ab
fine, yeah!
But when-ev - er Mon - day comes,
F
D
G
but when-ev-er Mon-day comes you can find me cry'n, yeah!
mf
D. S. and fade

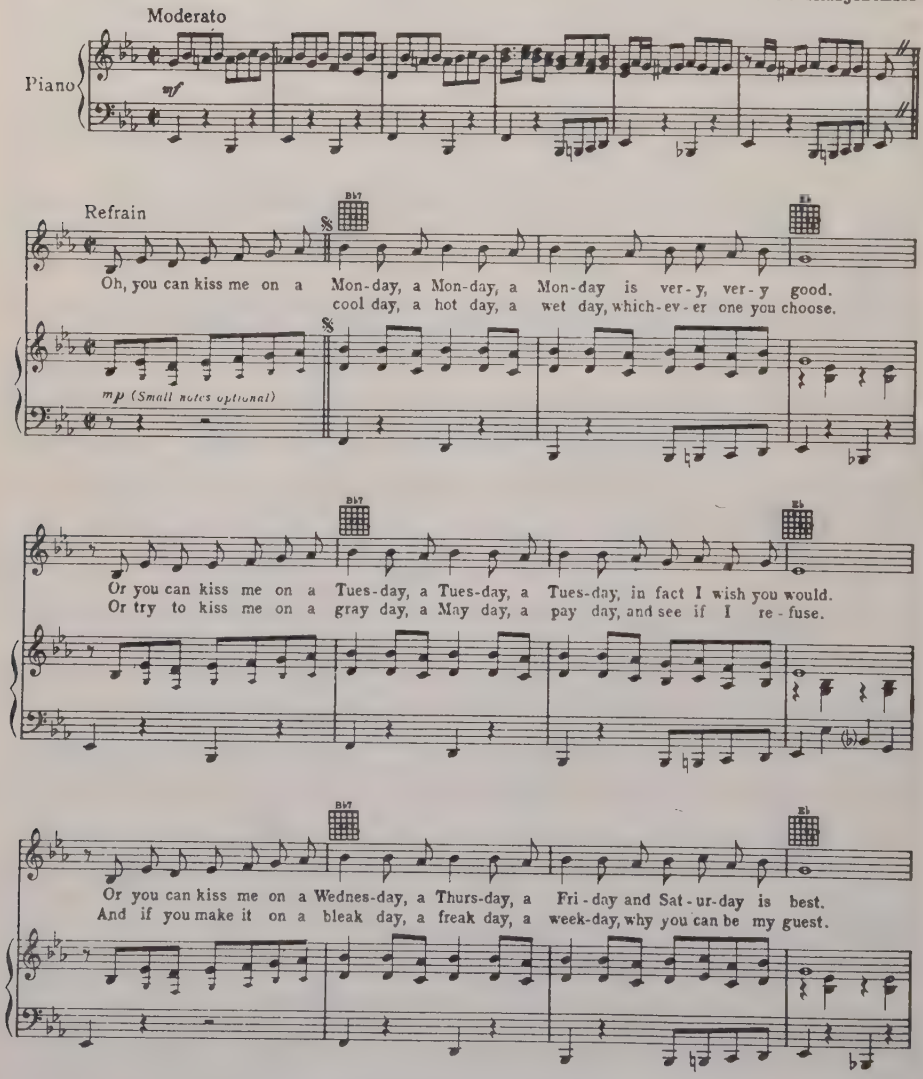
Oh, you can kiss me on a Monday, a Monday is very, very good.
Or you can kiss me on a Tuesday, a Tuesday, a Tuesday, in fact I wish you would.
Or you can kiss me on a Wednesday, a Thursday, a Friday and Saturday is best.
But never, never on a Sunday, a Sunday, a Sunday, 'Cause that's my day of rest.
Most any day you can be my guest, Any day you say, but my day of rest.

From Jules Dassin's Motion Picture "NEVER ON SUNDAY"

NEVER ON SUNDAY

Lyric by
BILLY TOWNE

Music by
MANOS HADJIDAKIS


Moderato
Piano
mf
Refrain
B♭7
E♭
Oh, you can kiss me on a Mon-day, a Mon-day, a Mon-day is ver-y, ver-y good.
cool day, a hot day, a wet day, which-ev-er one you choose.
mp (Small notes optional)
Or you can kiss me on a Tues-day, a Tues-day, a Tues-day, in fact I wish you would.
Or try to kiss me on a gray day, a May day, a pay day, and see if I re-fuse.
Or you can kiss me on a Wednes-day, a Thurs-day, a Fri-day and Sat-ur-day is best.
And if you make it on a bleak day, a freak day, a week-day, why you can be my guest.

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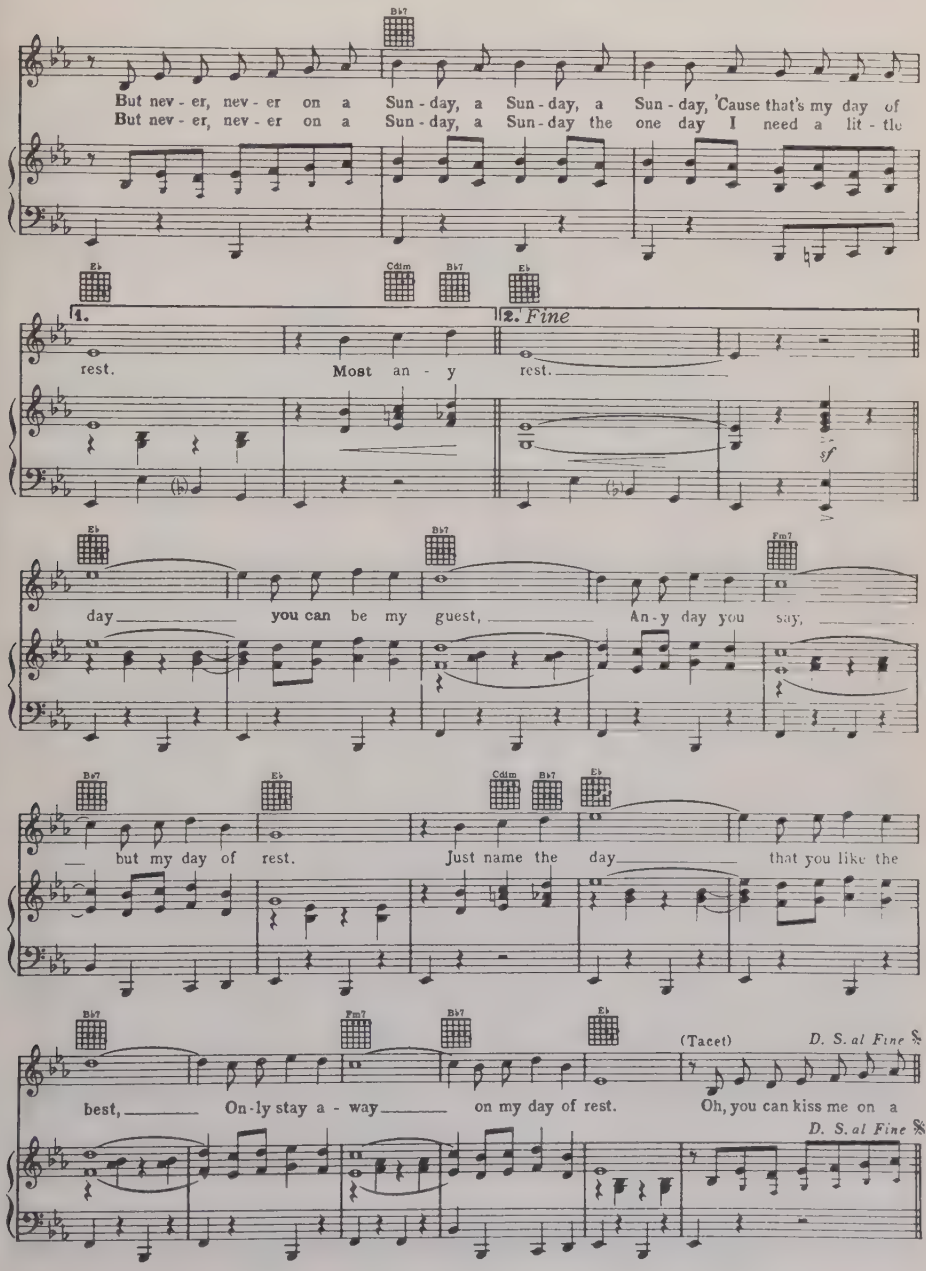
Just name the day that you like the best, only stay away on my day of rest.
Oh, you can kiss me on a cool day, a hot day, a wet day, whichever one you choose.
Or try to kiss me on a gray day, a May day, a pay day, and see if I refuse.
And if you make it on a bleak day, a freak day, a weekday, why you can be my guest.
But never, never on a Sunday, a Sunday the one day I need a little rest.

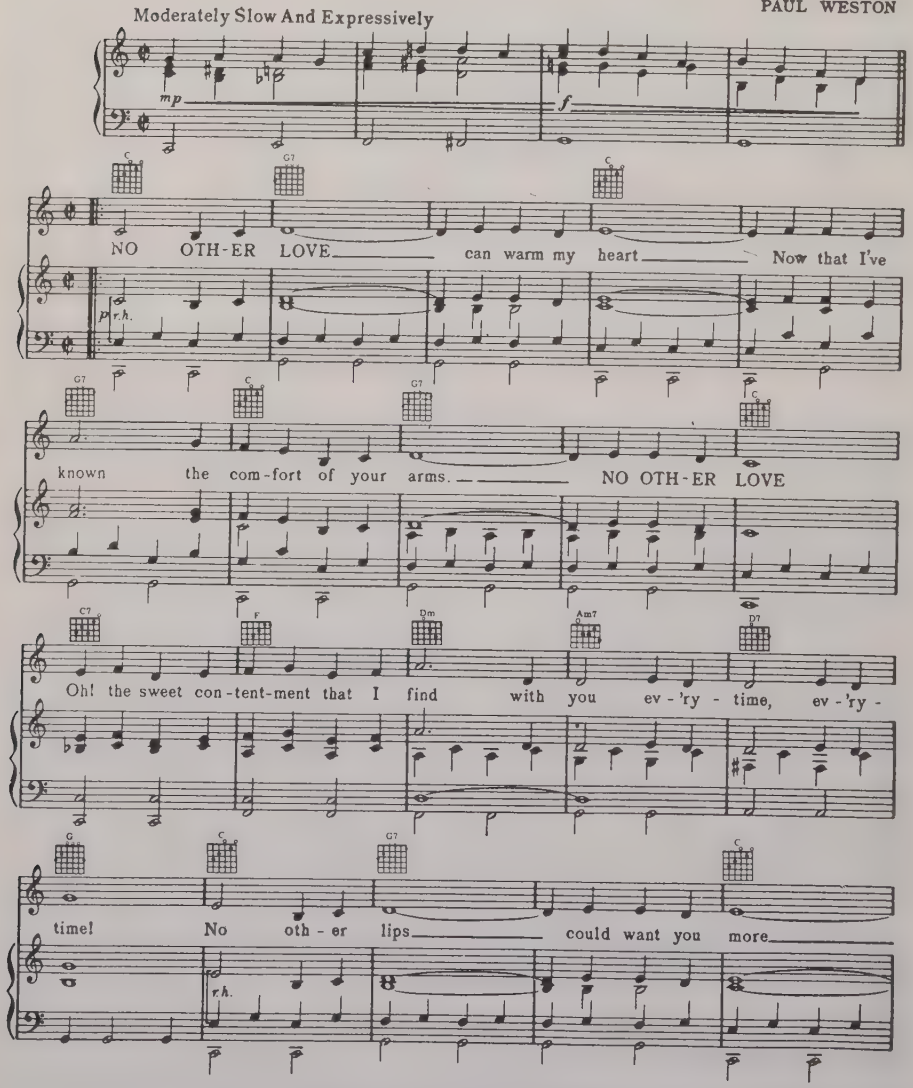

But nev - er, nev - er on a Sun - day, a Sun - day, a Sun - day, 'Cause that's my day of
But nev - er, nev - er on a Sun - day, a Sun - day the one day I need a lit - tle
1.
2. Fine
rest.
Most an - y rest.
day you can be my guest, An - y day you say,
but my day of rest. Just name the day that you like the
best, On - ly stay a - way on my day of rest. Oh, you can kiss me on a
(Tacet)
D. S. al Fine
D. S. al Fine

No other love can warm my heart
Now that I've known the comfort of your arms.
No other love Oh! the sweet contentment that
I find with you ev'rytime, ev'rytime!
No other lips could want you more
For I was born to glory in your kiss.
Forever yours. I was blessed with love
To love you 'til the stars burn out above you
'Til the moon is but a silver shell.
No other love let no other love

NO OTHER LOVE

(Adapted From Chopin's Etude In E Major)

By BOB RUSSELL
PAUL WESTON



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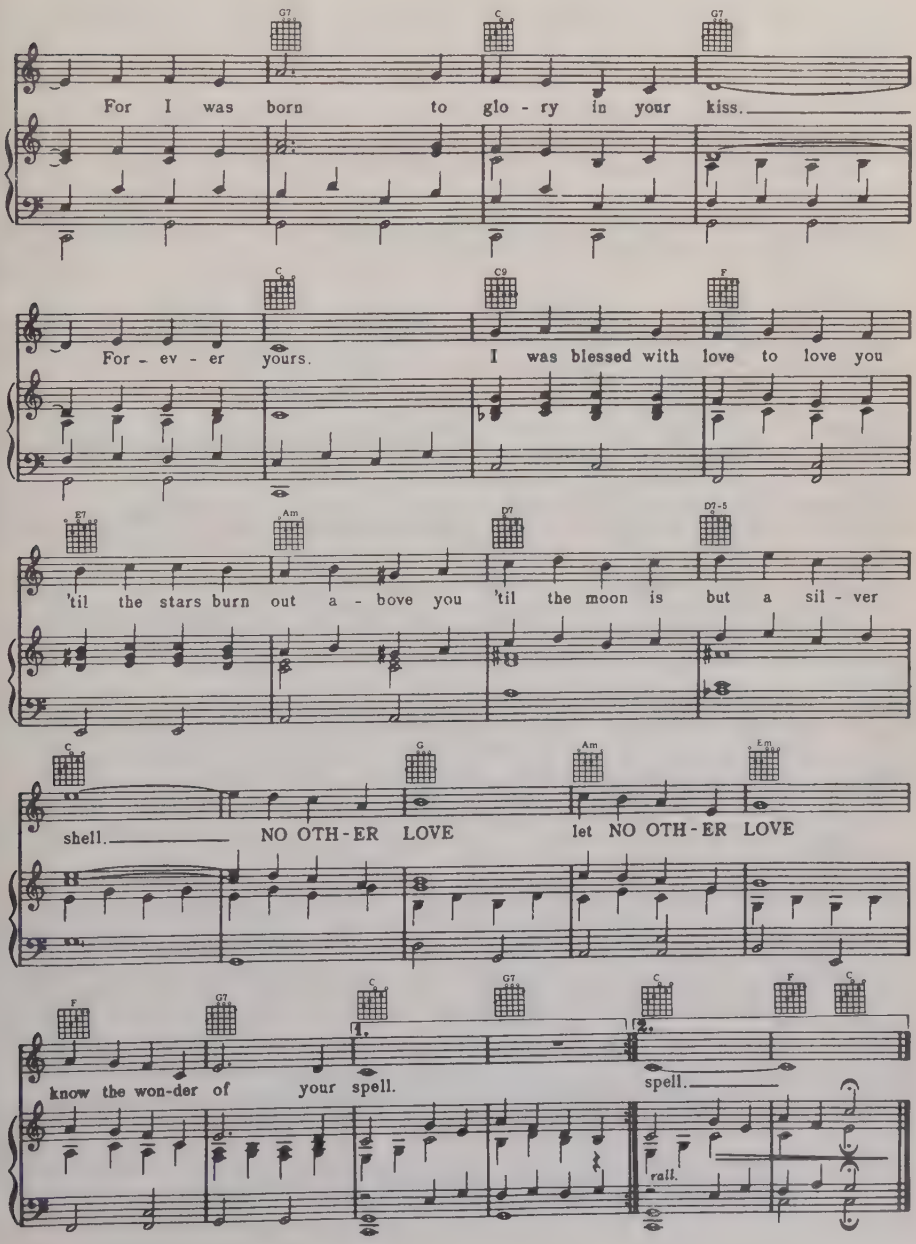
Know the wonder of your spell.
No other love can warm my heart
Now that I've known the comfort of your arms.
No other love Oh! the sweet contentment that
I find with you ev'rytime, ev'rytime!
No other lips could want you more

For I was born to glory in your kiss.
Forever yours. I was blessed with love
To love you 'til the stars burn out above you
'Til the moon is but a silver shell.
No other love let no other love
Know the wonder of your spell.



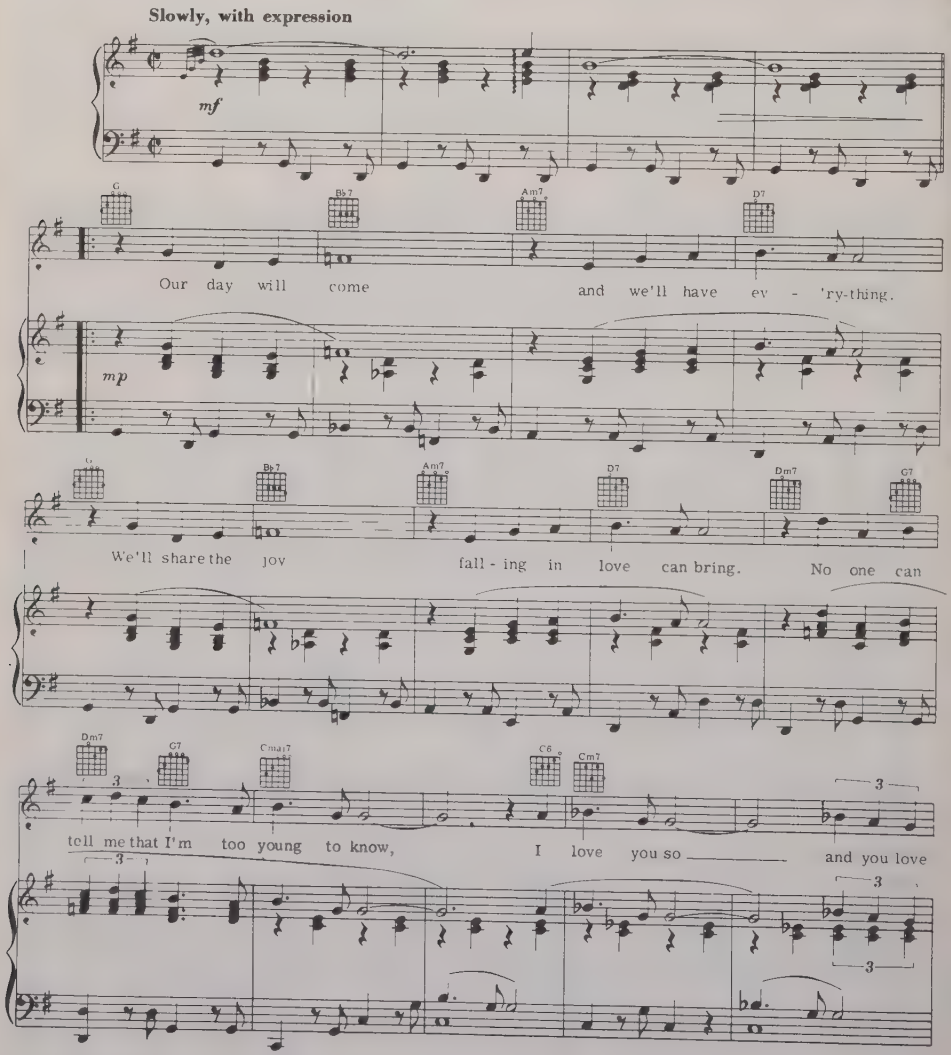
Our day will come and we'll have ev'rything.
We'll share the joy falling in love can bring.
No one can tell me that I'm too young to know,
I love you so and you love me.

Our day will come if we just wait a while.
No tears for us, think love and wear a smile.
Our dreams have magic because we'll
Always stay in love this way, Our day will come.

OUR DAY WILL COME

Words by
BOB HILLIARD

Music by
MORT GARSON



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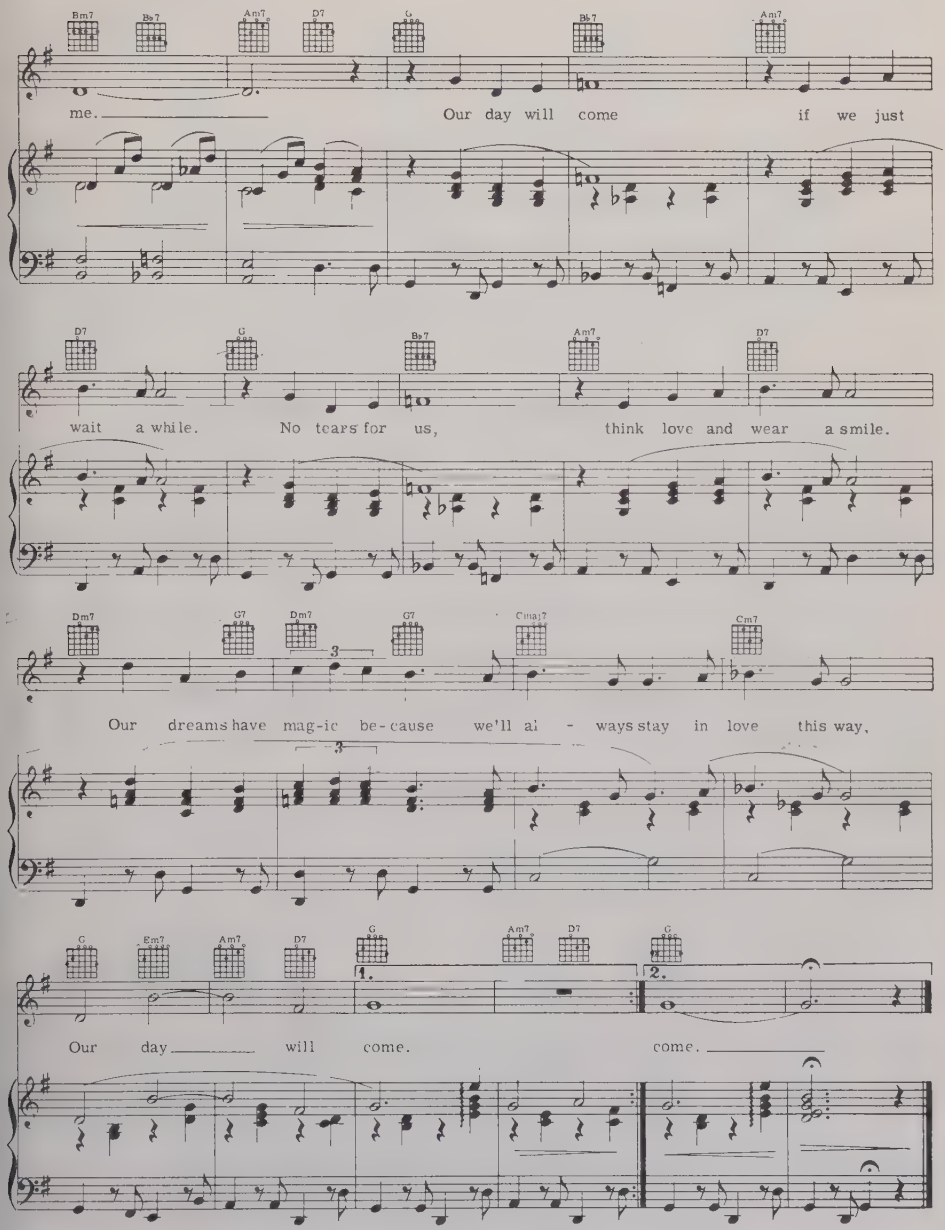
Our day will come and we'll have ev'rything.
We'll share the joy falling in love can bring.
No one can tell me that I'm too young to know,
I love you so and you love me.

Our day will come if we just wait a while.
No tears for us, think love and wear a smile.
Our dreams have magic because we'll
Always stay in love this way, Our day will come.


Bm7 Bb7 Am7 D7 G Bb7 Am7
me. Our day will come if we just
D7 G Bb7 Am7 D7
wait a while. No tears for us, think love and wear a smile.
Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7 Cmaj7 Cm7
Our dreams have mag-ic be-cause we'll al - ways stay in love this way,
C Em7 Am7 D7 G Am7 D7 G
1. 2.
Our day will come. come.

Please love me forever,
Don't forget me ever.
Listen to my plea,
Please don't stop loving me.
You're in my dreams nightly,
Don't take my love lightly.
Begging on my knees,
Please don't stop loving me.

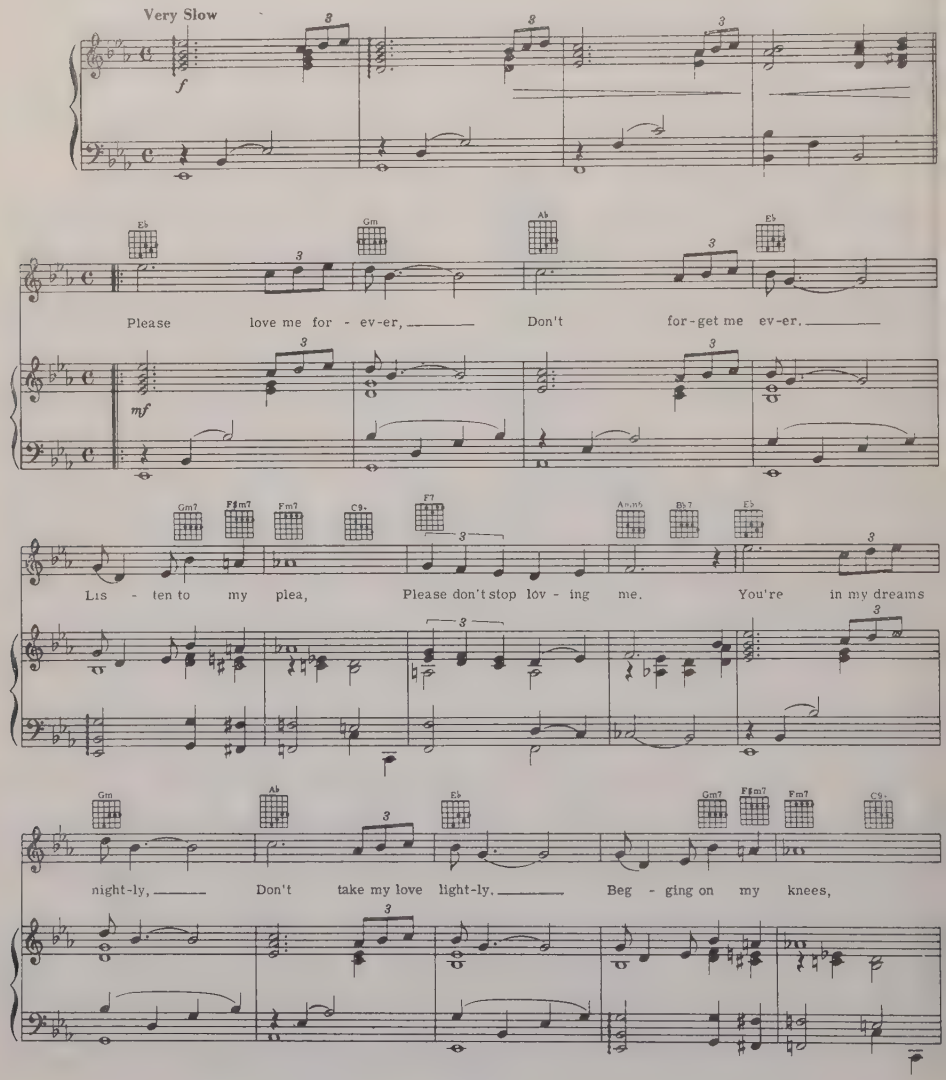
Oh, when I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord your love I'll keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I'll come back for you,
That's no mistake.
Oh, I'll love you forever,
Can't forget you ever.
Our love was meant to be.

Recorded By BOBBY VINTON On Epic Records

PLEASE LOVE ME FOREVER

Lyric by
OLLIE BLANCHARD

Music by
JOHNNY MALONE


Very Slow
f
Please love me for - ev-er, Don't for-get me ev-er.
mf
Lis - ten to my plea, Please don't stop lov - ing me. You're in my dreams
night-ly, Don't take my love light-ly. Beg - ging on my knees,

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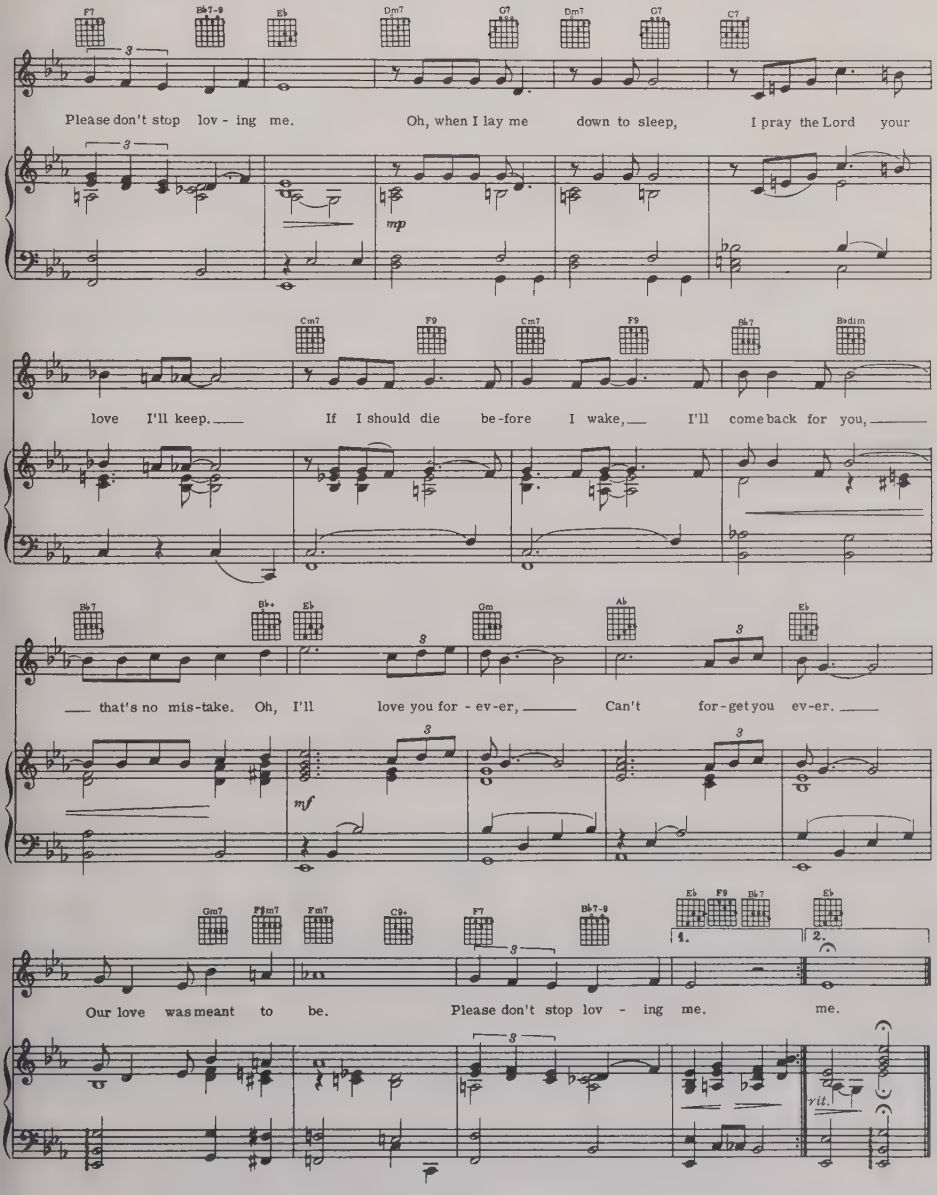
Please don't stop loving me.
Please love me forever,
Don't forget me ever.
Listen to my plea,
Please don't stop loving me.
You're in my dreams nightly,
Don't take my love lightly.
Begging on my knees,
Please don't stop loving me.

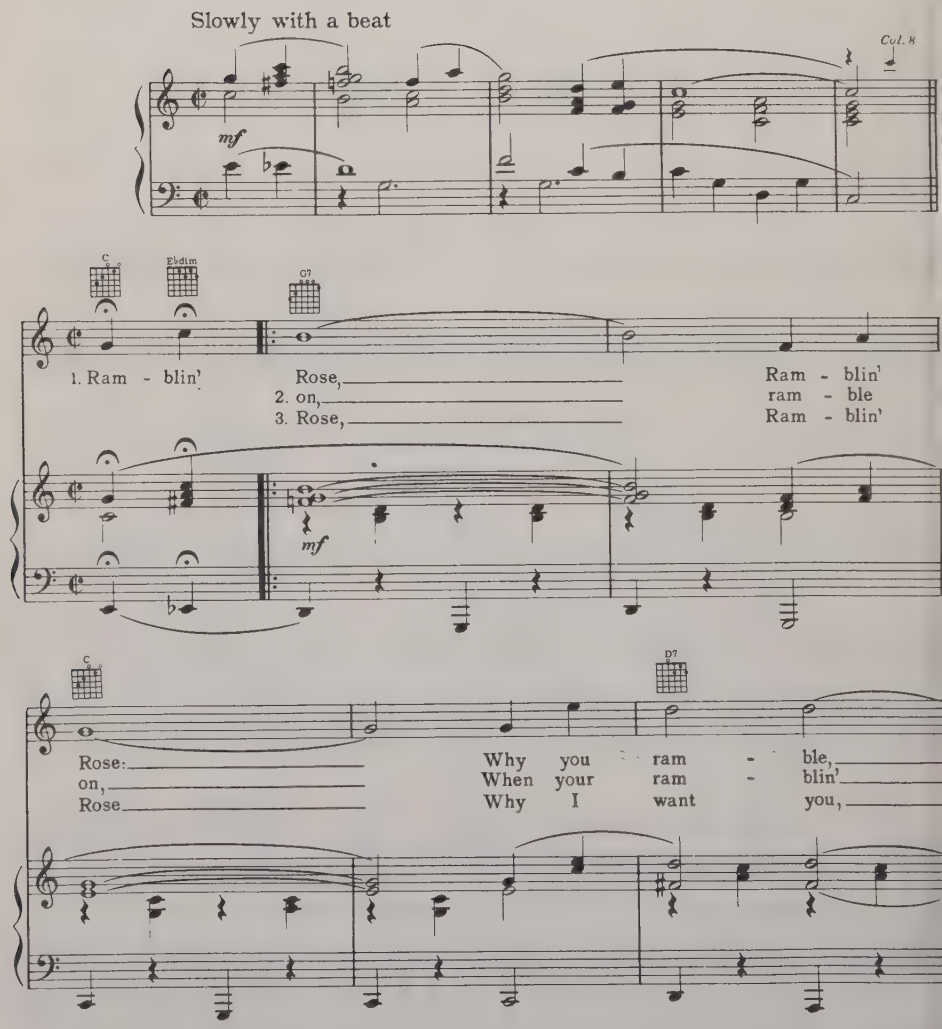
Oh, when I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord your love I'll keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I'll come back for you,
That's no mistake.
Oh, I'll love you forever.
Can't forget you ever.
Our love was meant to be.
Please don't stop loving me.


F7 B♭7-9 E♭ Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7 C7
Please don't stop lov - ing me. Oh, when I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord your
mp
Cm7 F9 Cm7 F9 A♭7 B♭dim
love I'll keep. If I should die be-fore I wake, I'll come back for you,
B♭7 B♭+ E♭ Gm A♭ E♭
that's no mis-take. Oh, I'll love you for - ev-er, Can't for-get you ev-er.
mf
Gm7 F♯m7 Fm7 C9+ F7 B♭7-9 E♭ F9 B♭7 E♭
1. 2.
Our love was meant to be. Please don't stop lov - ing me. me.
rit.

Ramblin' rose, ramblin' rose:
Why you ramble, no one knows
Wild and windblown
That's how you've grown,
Who can cling to a ramblin' rose?
Ramble on, ramble on,
When your ramblin' days are gone

RAMBLIN' ROSE

By: NOEL SHERMAN
and JOE SHERMAN



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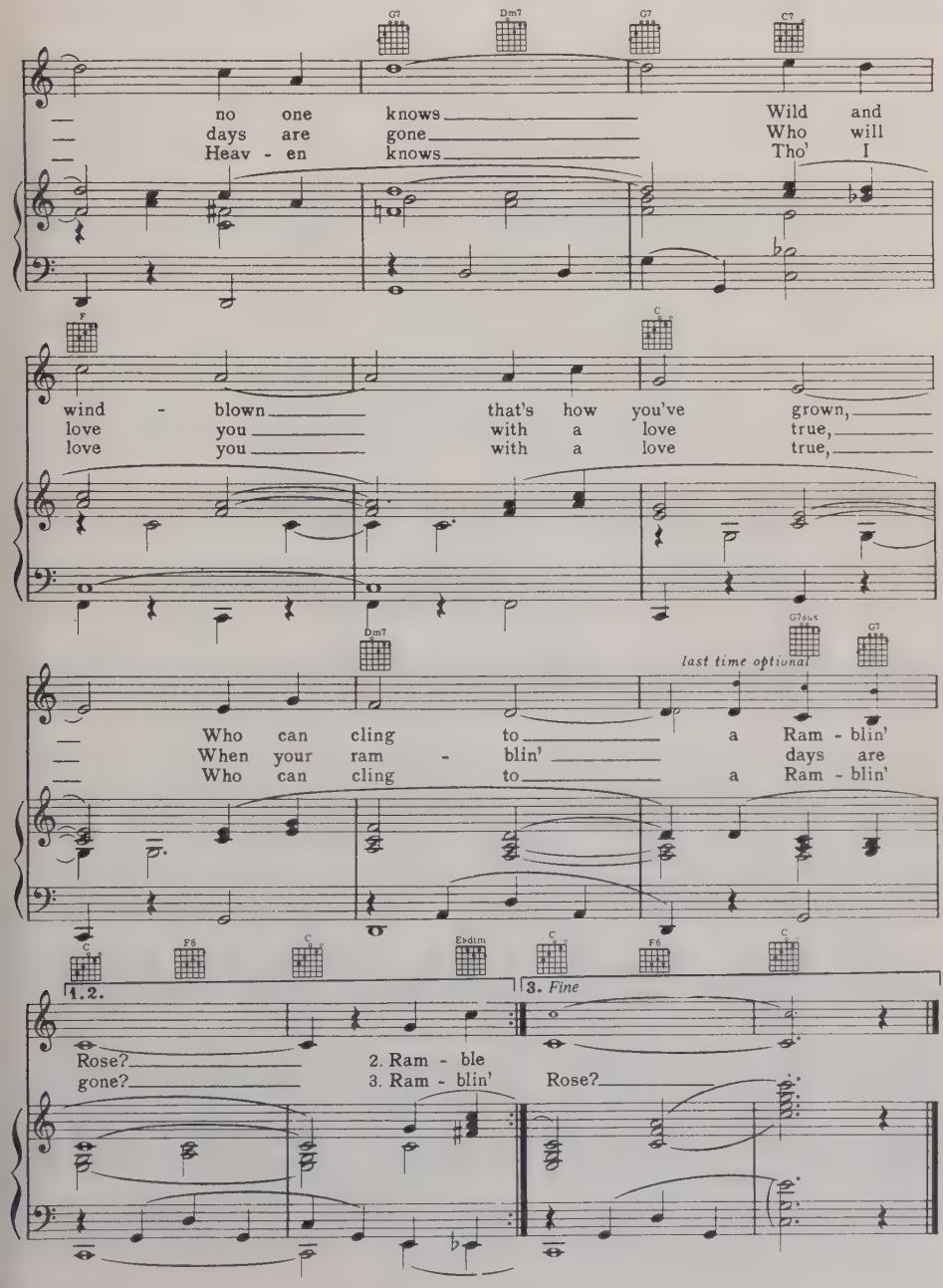
Who will love you
With a love true,
When your ramblin' days are gone?
Ramblin' rose, ramblin' rose
Why I want you, heaven knows
Tho' I love you with a love true,
Who can cling to a ramblin' rose?

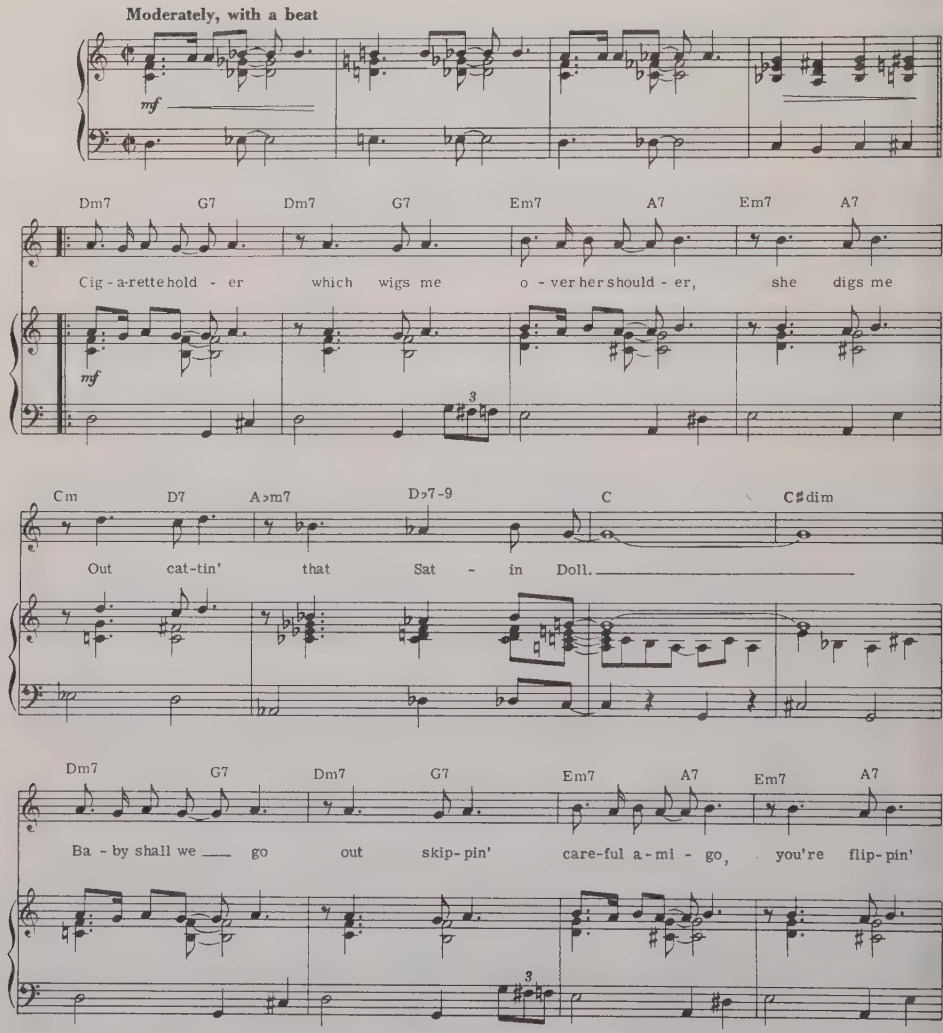


Cigarette holder which wigs me
Over her shoulder, she digs me
Out cattin' that Satin Doll.
Baby shall we go out skippin'
Careful amigo, you're flippin'
Speaks Latin that Satin Doll.

She's nobody's fool,
So I'm playing it cool as can be,
I'll give it a whirl,
But I ain't for no girl catching me.
Switch-e-rooney
Telephone numbers well you know,

SATIN DOLL

by
JOHNNY MERCER
BILLY STRAYHORN
and DUKE ELLINGTON


Moderately, with a beat
mf
Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7 Em7 A7 Em7 A7
Cig-a-rette hold-er which wigs me o-ver her shoul-der, she digs me
mf
3
Cm D7 A♭m7 D♭7-9 C C♯dim
Out cat-tin' that Sat-in Doll.
Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7 Em7 A7 Em7 A7
Ba-by shall we go out skip-pin' care-ful a-mi-go, you're flip-pin'
3

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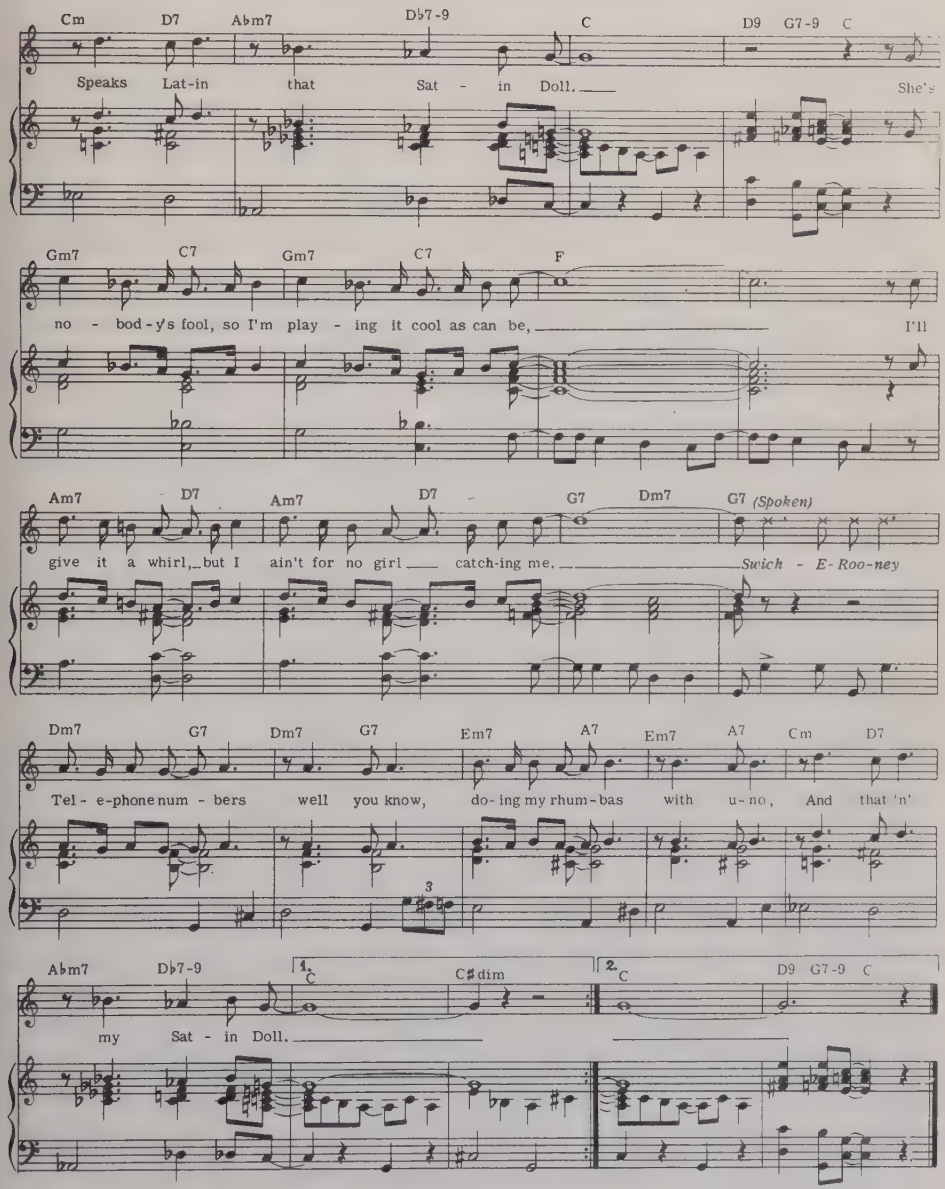
Doing my rhumbas with uno,
And that 'n' my Satin Doll.
Cigarette holder which wigs me
Over the shoulder, she digs me
Out cattin' that Satin Doll.
She's nobody's fool.

So I'm playing it cool as can be,
I'll give it a whirl,
But I ain't for no girl catching me.
Swich-e-roo-ney
Telephone numbers well you know,
Doing my rhumbas with uno
And that 'n' my Satin Doll.


Cm D7 A♭m7 D♭7-9 C D9 G7-9 C
Speaks Lat-in that Sat - in Doll.
She's
Gm7 C7 Gm7 C7 F
no - bod-y's fool, so I'm play - ing it cool as can be,
I'll
Am7 D7 Am7 D7 G7 Dm7 G7 (Spoken)
give it a whirl, but I ain't for no girl catch-ing me.
Swich - E-Roo-ney
Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7 Em7 A7 Em7 A7 Cm D7
Tel - e-phone num - bers well you know, do- ing my rhum-bas with u-no, And that 'n'
A♭m7 D♭7-9 1. C C♯dim 2. C D9 G7-9 C
my Sat - in Doll.

I'll be alone each and ev'ry night.
While you're away, don't forget to write.
See you in September,
See you when the summer's thru.

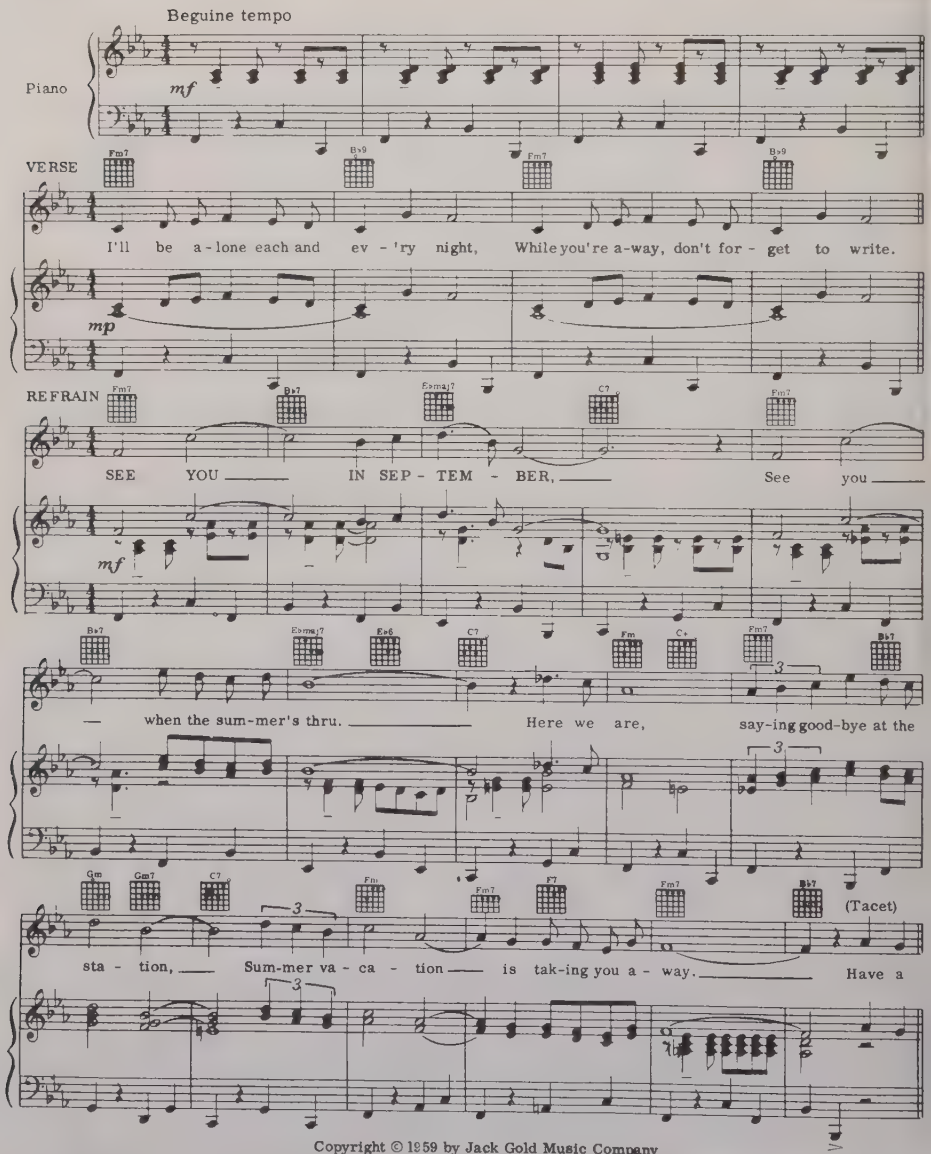
Here we are, saying goodbye at the station,
Summer vacation is taking you away.
Have a good time, but remember
There is danger in the summer moon above.

Recorded by THE HAPPENINGS on B. T. Puppy Records

SEE YOU IN SEPTEMBER

Lyric by
SID WAYNE

Music by
SHERMAN EDWARDS



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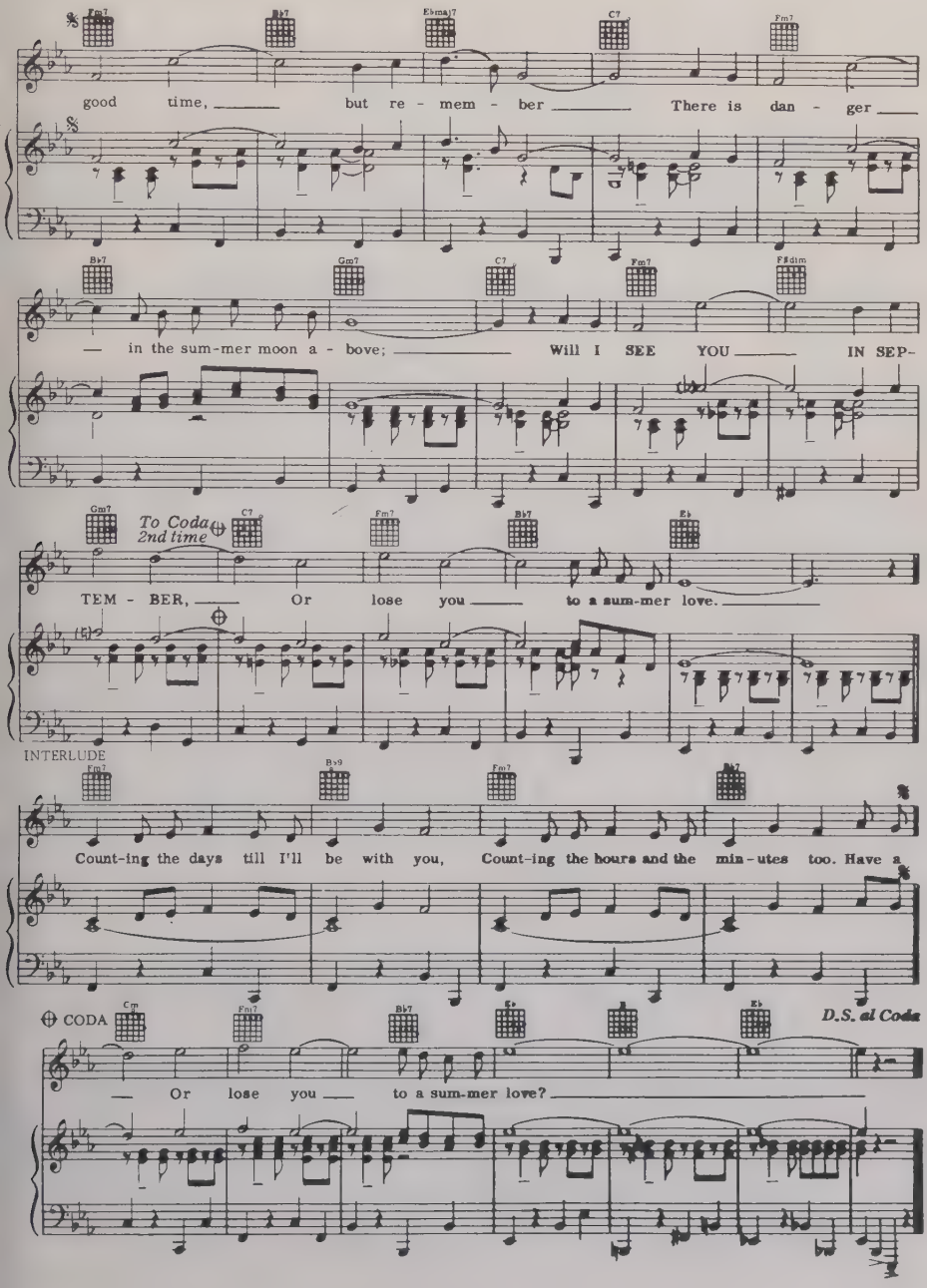
Will I see you in September
Or lose you to a summer love.
Counting the days till I'll be with you,
Counting the hours and the minutes too.

Have a good time, but remember
There is danger in the summer moon above;
Will I see you in September
Or lose you to a summer love?



So tell me, babe, what's new?
And how's the scene with you?
Gee it's good to see you babe!
Yeah, I need you so!

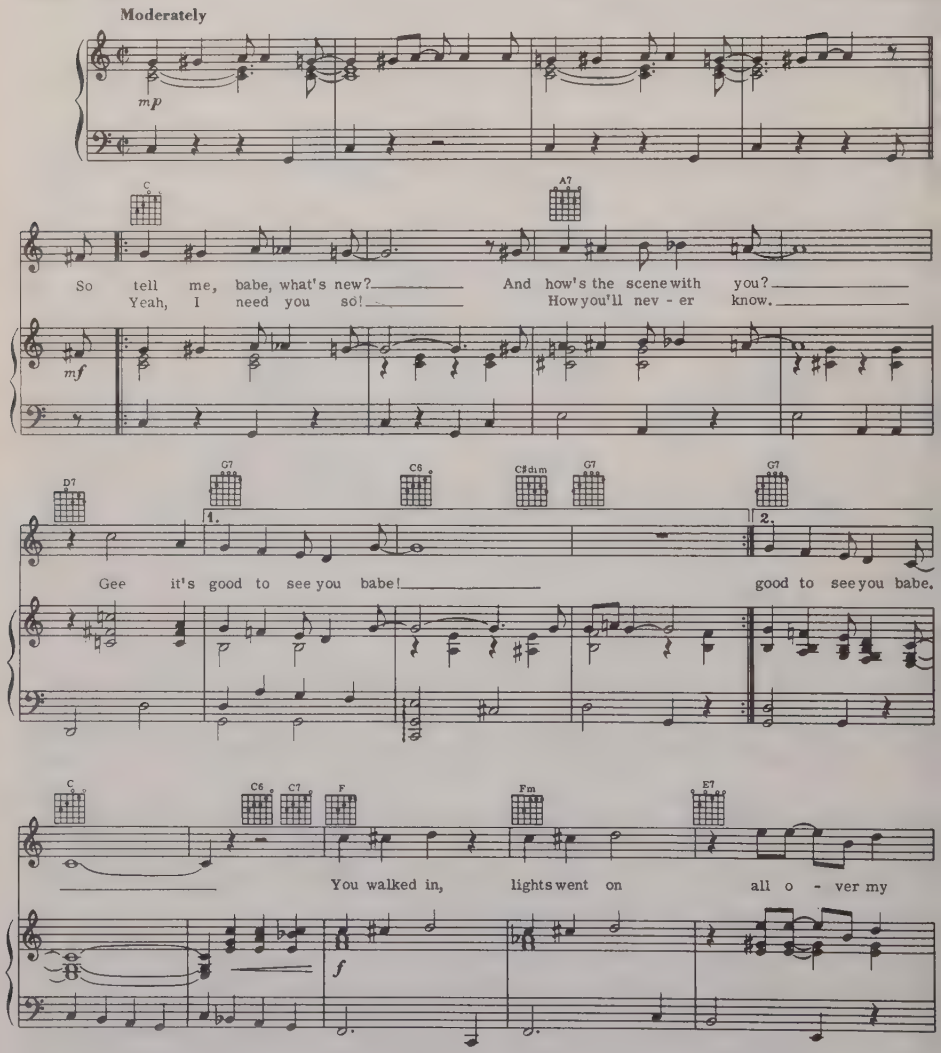
How you'll never know.
Gee it's good to see you babe.
You walked in, lights went on
All over my face. You lit up the place

Recorded By PEGGY LEE On Capitol Records

SO WHAT'S NEW?

Lyric by
PEGGY LEE

Music by
JOHN PISANO



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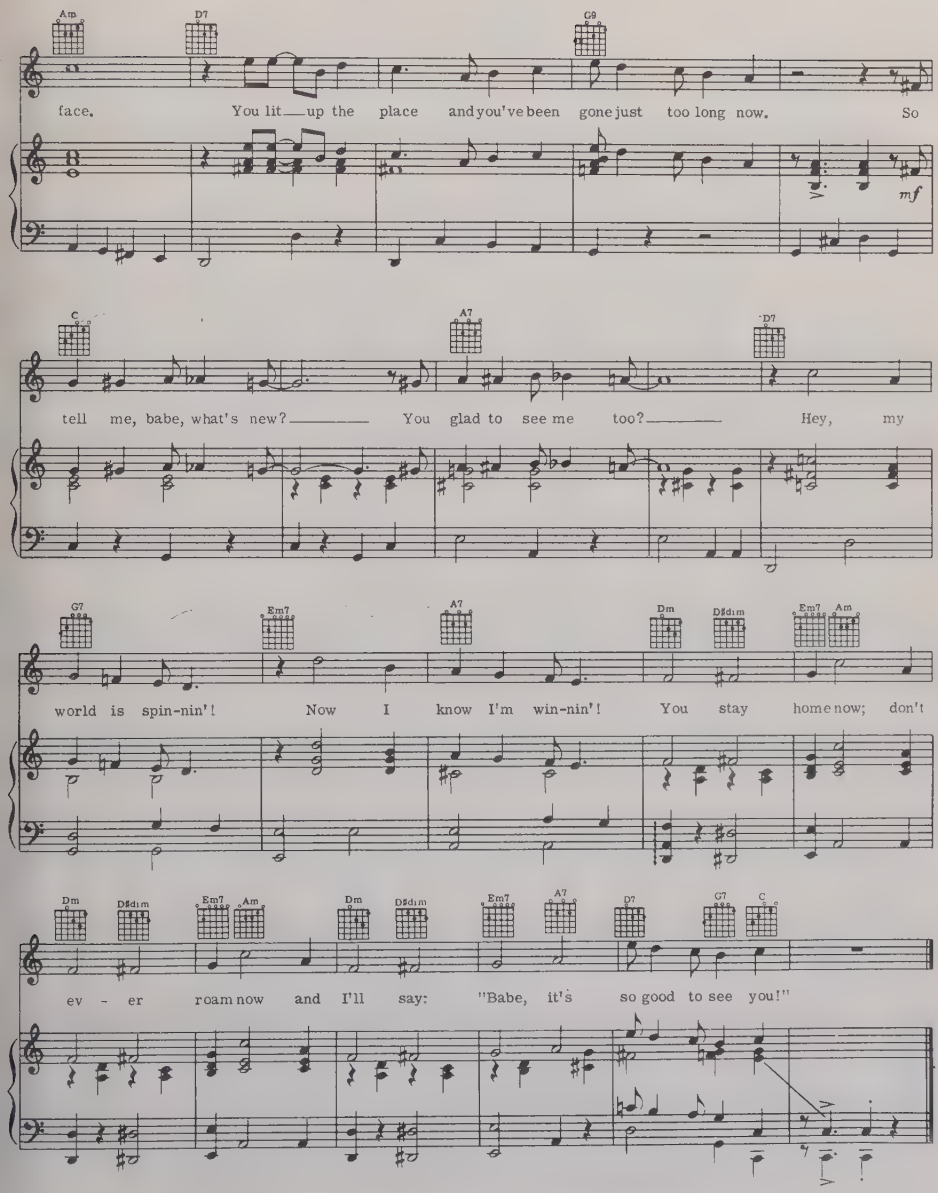
And you've been gone just too long now.
So tell me, babe, what's new?
You glad to see me too?
Hey, my world is spinnin'!

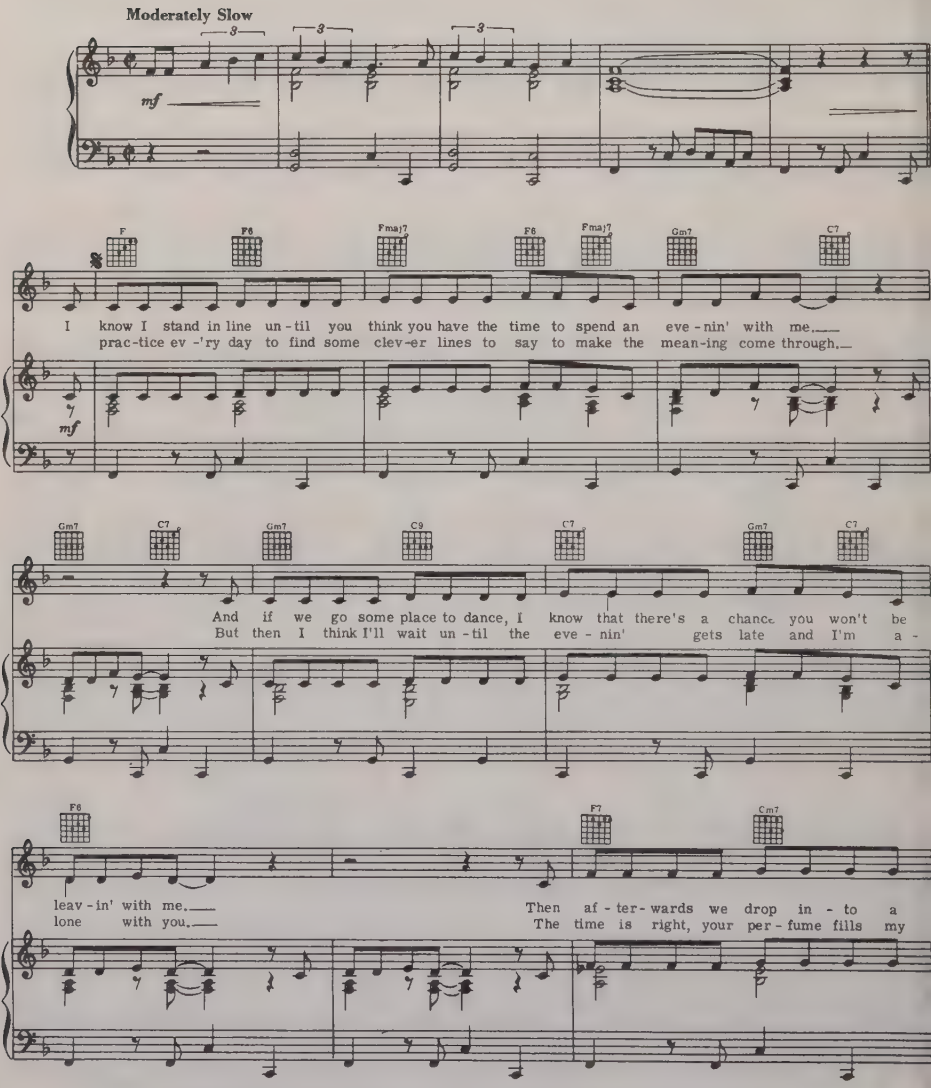
Now I know I'm winnin'!
You stay home now; don't
Ever roam now and I'll say:
"Babe, it's so good to see you!"



I know I stand in line until you think you have the time to spend an evenin' with me.
And if we go some place to dance, I know that there's a chance you won't be leavin' with me.
Then afterwards we drop into a quiet little place and have a drink or two.
And then I go and spoil it all by sayin' somethin' stupid, like "I love you".
I can see it in your eyes that you despise the same old lines you heard the night before.

SOMETHIN' STUPID

Words and Music by
C. CARSON PARKS


Moderately Slow
mf
F
F6
Fmaj7
F6
Fmaj7
Gm7
C7
I know I stand in line un - til you think you have the time to spend an eve - nin' with me.
prac-tice ev -'ry day to find some clev-er lines to say to make the mean-ing come through.
mf
Gm7
C7
Gm7
C9
C7
Gm7
C7
And if we go some place to dance, I know that there's a chance you won't be
But then I think I'll wait un - til the eve - nin' gets late and I'm a -
F6
F7
Cm7
leav - in' with me.
lone with you.
Then af - ter - wards we drop in - to a
The time is right, your per - fume fills my

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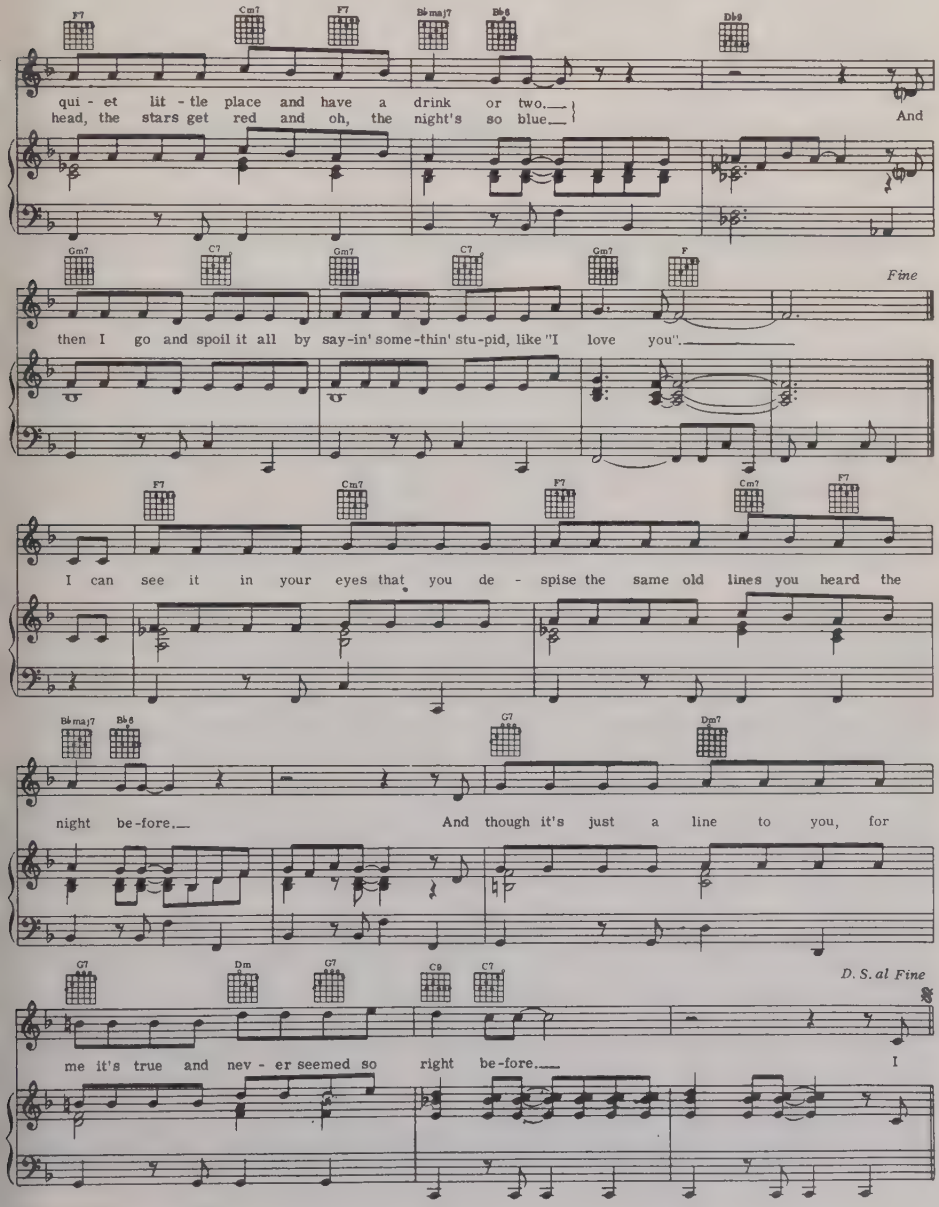
And though it's just a line to you, for me it's true and never seemed so right before.
I practice ev'ry day to find some clever lines to say to make the meaning come through.
But then I think I'll wait until the evenin' gets late and I'm alone with you.
The time is right, your perfume fills my head, the stars get red and oh, the night's so blue.
And then I go and spoil it all by sayin' somethin' stupid, like "I love you".


F7 Cm7 F7 B♭maj7 B♭6 D♭9
qui - et lit - tle place and have a drink or two.
head, the stars get red and oh, the night's so blue.
And
Gm7 C7 Gm7 C7 Gm7 F
Fine
then I go and spoil it all by say-in' some-thin' stu-pid, like "I love you".
F7 Cm7 F7 Cm7 F7
I can see it in your eyes that you de - spise the same old lines you heard the
B♭maj7 B♭6 G7 Dm7
night be-fore.
And though it's just a line to you, for
G7 Dm G7 C9 C7
D. S. al Fine
me it's true and nev - er seemed so right be-fore.
I

Whenever we kiss, I worry and wonder
Your lips may be near, but where is your heart?
It's always like this, I worry and wonder
You're close to me here, but where is your heart?

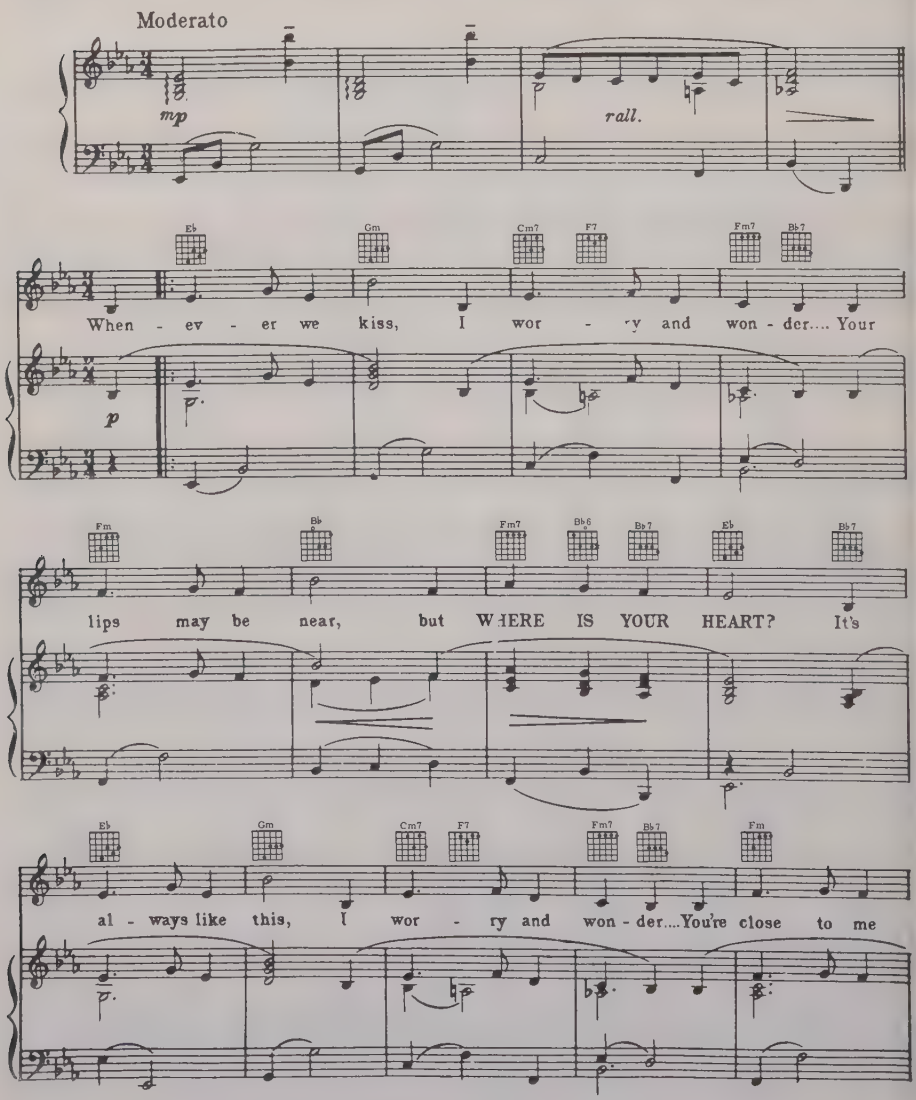
It's a sad thing to realize that you've a heart
That never melts. When we kiss, do you close your
Eyes, pretending that I'm someone else?
You must break the spell, this cloud that I'm under.

THE SONG FROM MOULIN ROUGE

(Where Is Your Heart)

Lyric by
WILLIAM ENGVICK

Music by
GEORGES AURIC



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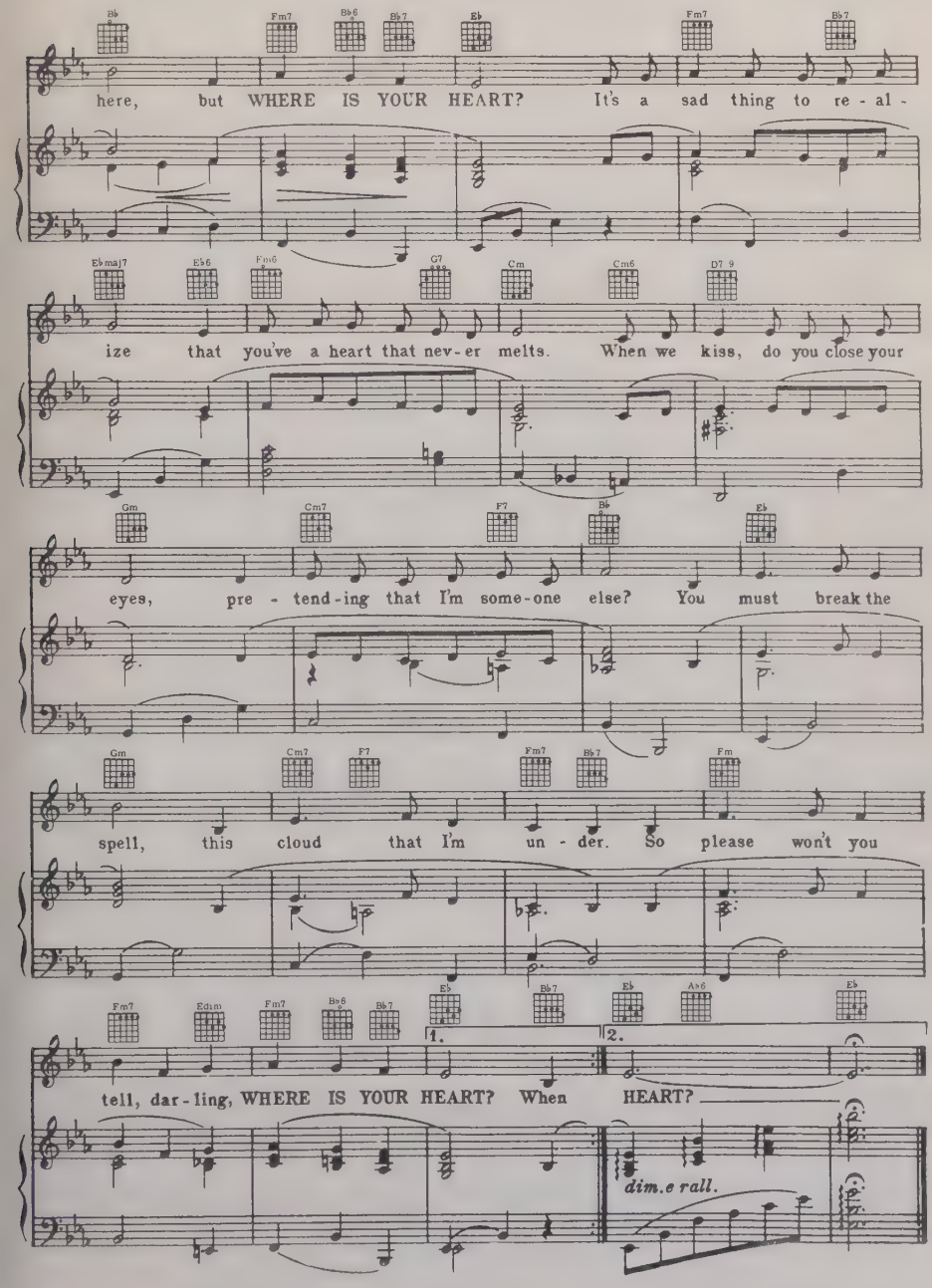
So please won't you tell, darling, where is your heart?
Whenever we kiss, I worry and wonder
Your lips may be near, but where is your heart?
It's always like this, I worry and wonder
You're close to me here, but where is your heart?

It's a sad thing to realize that you've a heart
That never melts. When we kiss, do you close your
Eyes, pretending that I'm someone else?
You must break the spell, this cloud that I'm under.
So please won't you tell, darling, where is your heart?


here, but WHERE IS YOUR HEART? It's a sad thing to re - al -
ize that you've a heart that nev-er melts. When we kiss, do you close your
eyes, pre - tend-ing that I'm some-one else? You must break the
spell, this cloud that I'm un - der. So please won't you
tell, dar-ling, WHERE IS YOUR HEART? When HEART?
1.
2.
dim. e rall.

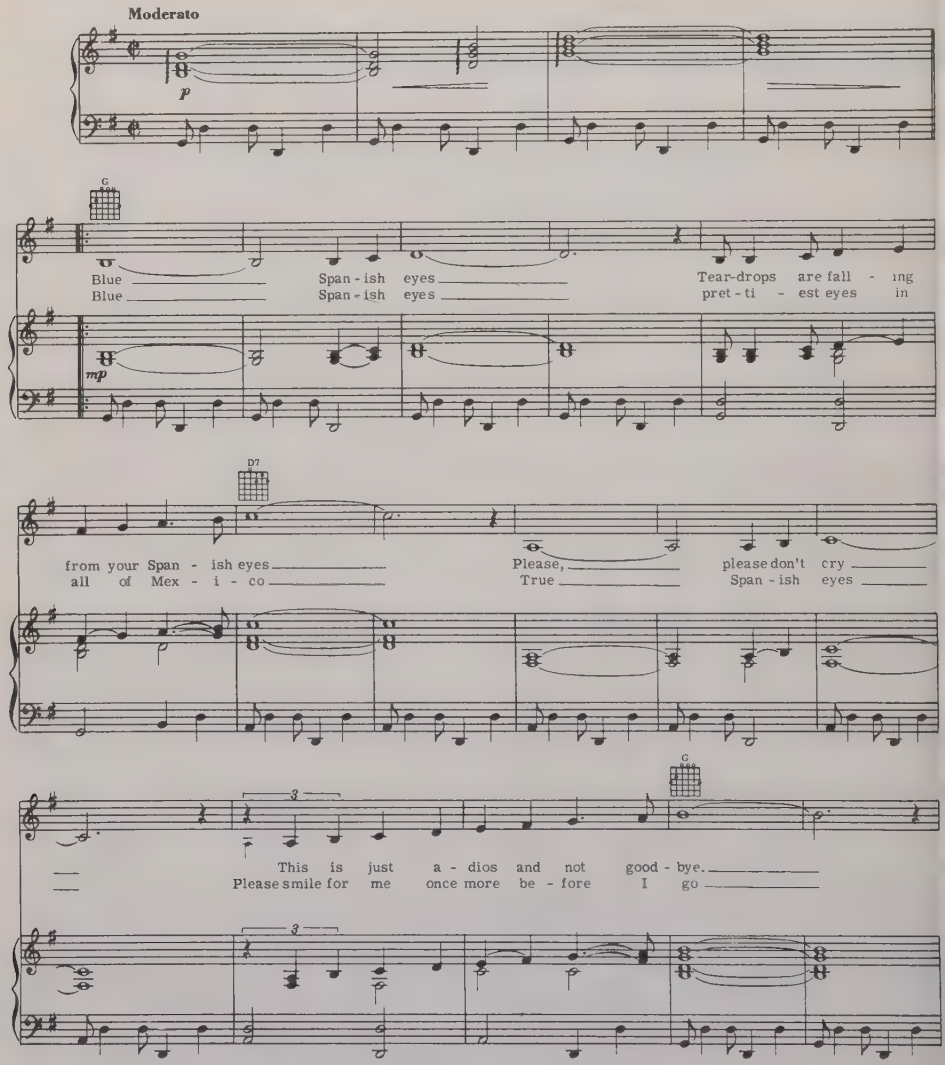
Blue Spanish eyes teardrops are falling
From your Spanish eyes. Please, please don't cry
This is just adios and not goodbye.
Soon I'll return bringing you all the love
Your heart can hold. Please say "Si, si"
Say you and your Spanish eyes will wait for me.

Recorded By AL MARTINO On Capitol Records

SPANISH EYES

Lyric by
CHARLES SINGLETON
and EDDIE SNYDER

Music by
BERT KAEMPFERT


Moderato
p
C
Blue Span - ish eyes Tear-drops are fall - ing
Blue Span - ish eyes pret - ti - est eyes in
mp
D7
from your Span - ish eyes Please, please don't cry
all of Mex - i - co True Span - ish eyes
G
3
This is just a - dios and not good - bye.
Please smile for me once more be - fore I go
3

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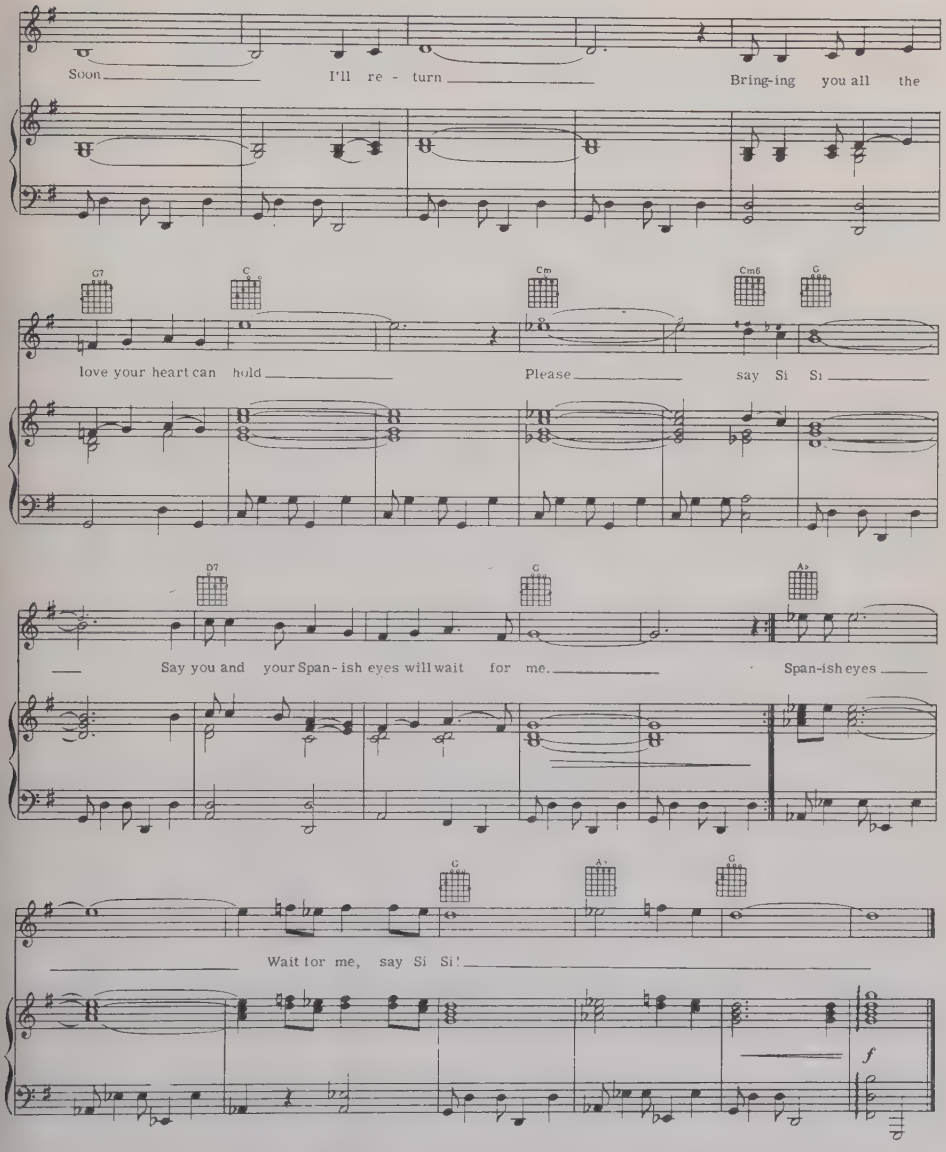
Blue Spanish eyes prettiest eyes in
All of Mexico True Spanish eyes
Please smile for me once more before I go.
Soon I'll return bringing you all the love
Your heart can hold. Please say "Si, si"
Say you and your Spanish eyes will wait for me.
Spanish eyes wait for me, say "Si, si!"


Soon I'll re - turn Bring-ing you all the
G7 C Cm Cm6 G
love your heart can hold Please say Si Si
D7 G A♭
Say you and your Span-ish eyes will wait for me. Span-ish eyes
G A♭ G
Wait for me, say Si Si!
f

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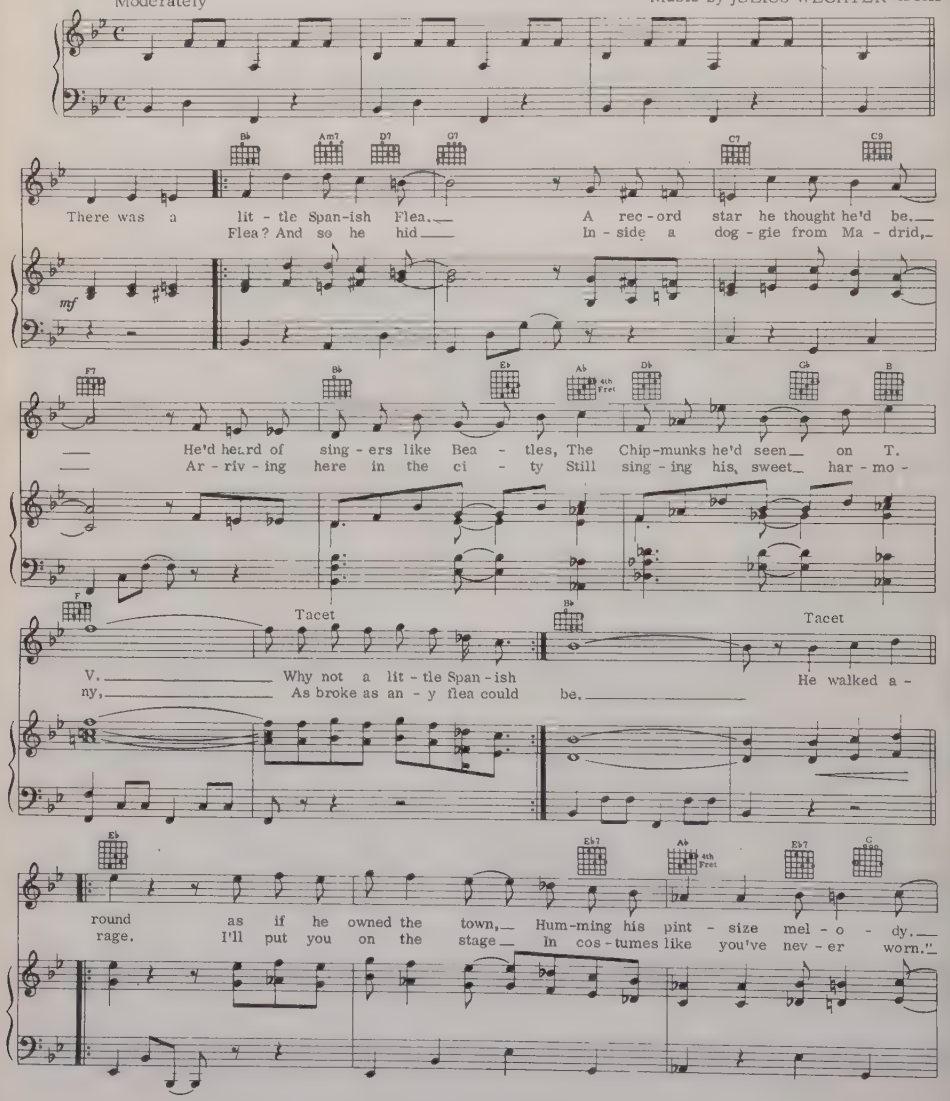
ROBINSON, ILLINOIS

There was a little Spanish Flea.
A record star he thought he'd be.
He'd heard of singers like Beatles,
The Chipmunks he'd seen on T.V.
Why not a little Spanish Flea?
And so he hid inside a
Doggie from Madrid,
Arriving here in the city

Still singing his sweet harmony,
As broke as any flea could be.
He walked around as if
He owned the town,
Humming his pintsize melody.
With his guitar he knew he'd
Be a star And in his old home
Town how proud they'd be!

SPANISH FLEA

Lyric by CISSY WECHTER ASCAP
Music by JULIUS WECHTER ASCAP


Moderately
There was a lit - tle Span-ish Flea. A rec - ord star he thought he'd be.
Flea? And so he hid In - side a dog - gie from Ma - drid,
mf
He'd heard of sing - ers like Bea - tles, The Chip-munks he'd seen on T.
Ar - riv - ing here in the ci - ty Still sing - ing his sweet har - mo -
Tacet
Tacet
V. Why not a lit - tle Span - ish
ny, As broke as an - y flea could be.
He walked a -
round as if he owned the town, Hum-ming his pint - size mel - o - dy.
rage. I'll put you on the stage In cos - tumes like you've nev - er worn."

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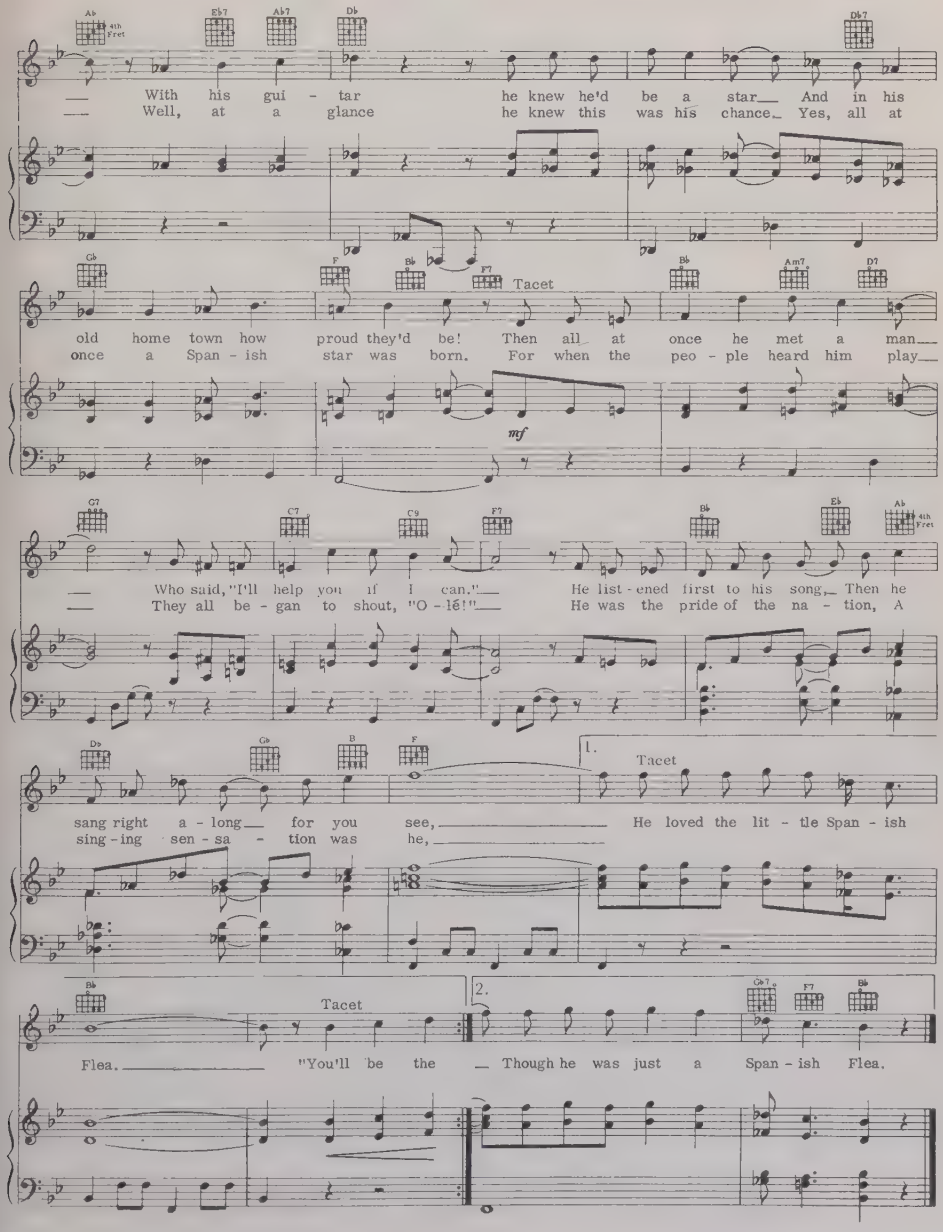
Then all at once he met a man
Who said, "I'll help you if I can".
He listened first to his song,
Then he sang right along for you see,
He loved the little Spanish Flea.
"You'll be the rage.
I'll put you on the stage
In costumes like you've never worn."

Well, at a glance he knew
This was his chance. Yes, all at
Once a Spanish star was born.
For when the people heard him play
They all began to shout, "Ole!"
He was the pride of the nation,
A singing sensation was he,
Though he was just a Spanish Flea.


With his gui - tar he knew he'd be a star And in his
Well, at a glance he knew this was his chance Yes, all at
old home town how proud they'd be! Then all at once he met a man
once a Span - ish star was born. For when the peo - ple heard him play
Tacet
mf
Who said, "I'll help you if I can." He list - ened first to his song, Then he
They all be - gan to shout, "O - lé!" He was the pride of the na - tion, A
sang right a - long for you see, He loved the lit - tle Span - ish
sing - ing sen - sa - tion was he,
1.
Tacet
2.
Flea. "You'll be the Though he was just a Span - ish Flea.

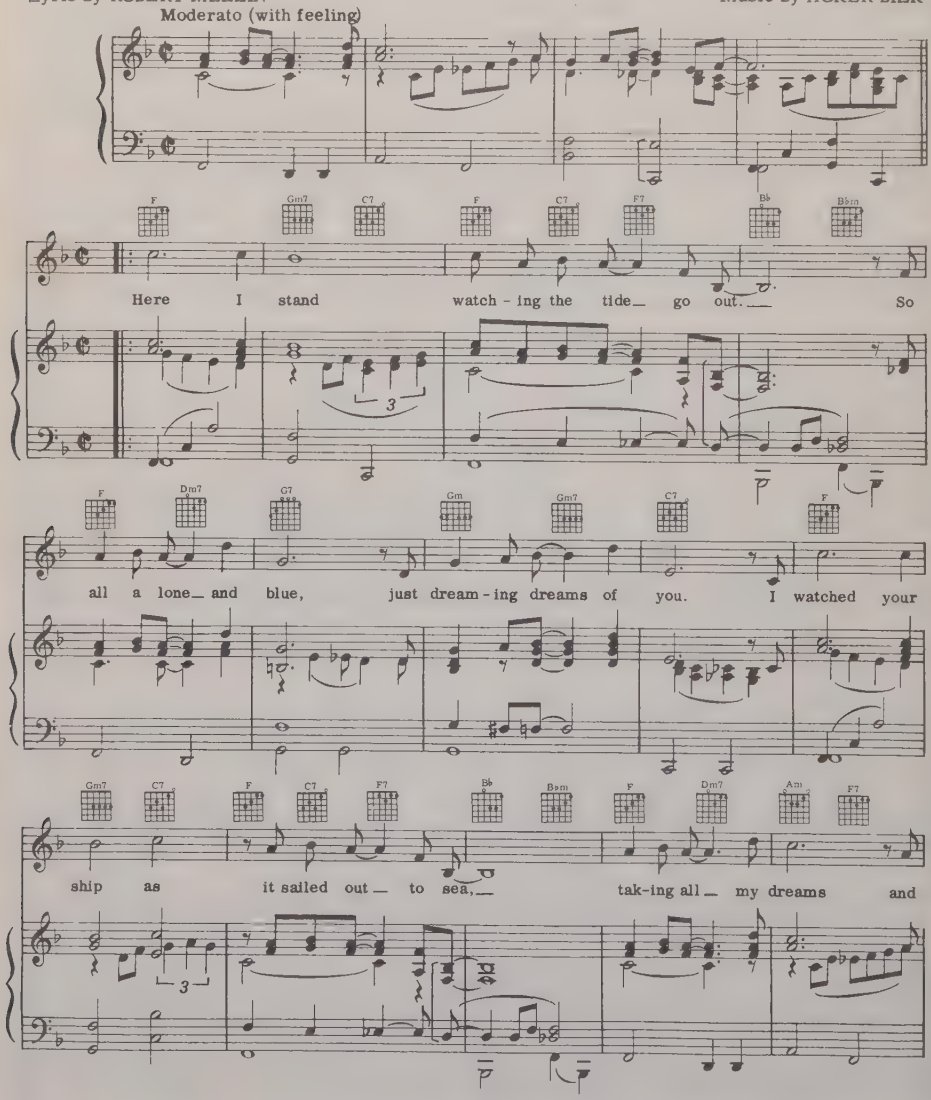
Here I stand watching the tide go out.
So all alone and blue, just dreaming dreams of you.
I watched your ship as it sailed out to sea,
Taking all my dreams and taking all of me.

The sighing of waves, the wailing of the wind.
The tears in my eyes burn pleading "My love, return".
Why oh why must I go on like this?
Shall I just be a lonely stranger on the shore?

STRANGER ON THE SHORE

Lyric by ROBERT MELLIN

Music by ACKER BILK


Moderato (with feeling)
F Gm7 C7 F C7 F7 B♭ B♭m
Here I stand watch - ing the tide_ go out. So
F Dm7 G7 Gm Gm7 C7 F
all a lone_ and blue, just dream - ing dreams of you. I watched your
Gm7 C7 F C7 F7 B♭ B♭m F Dm7 Am F7
ship as it sailed out_ to sea, tak-ing all_ my dreams and

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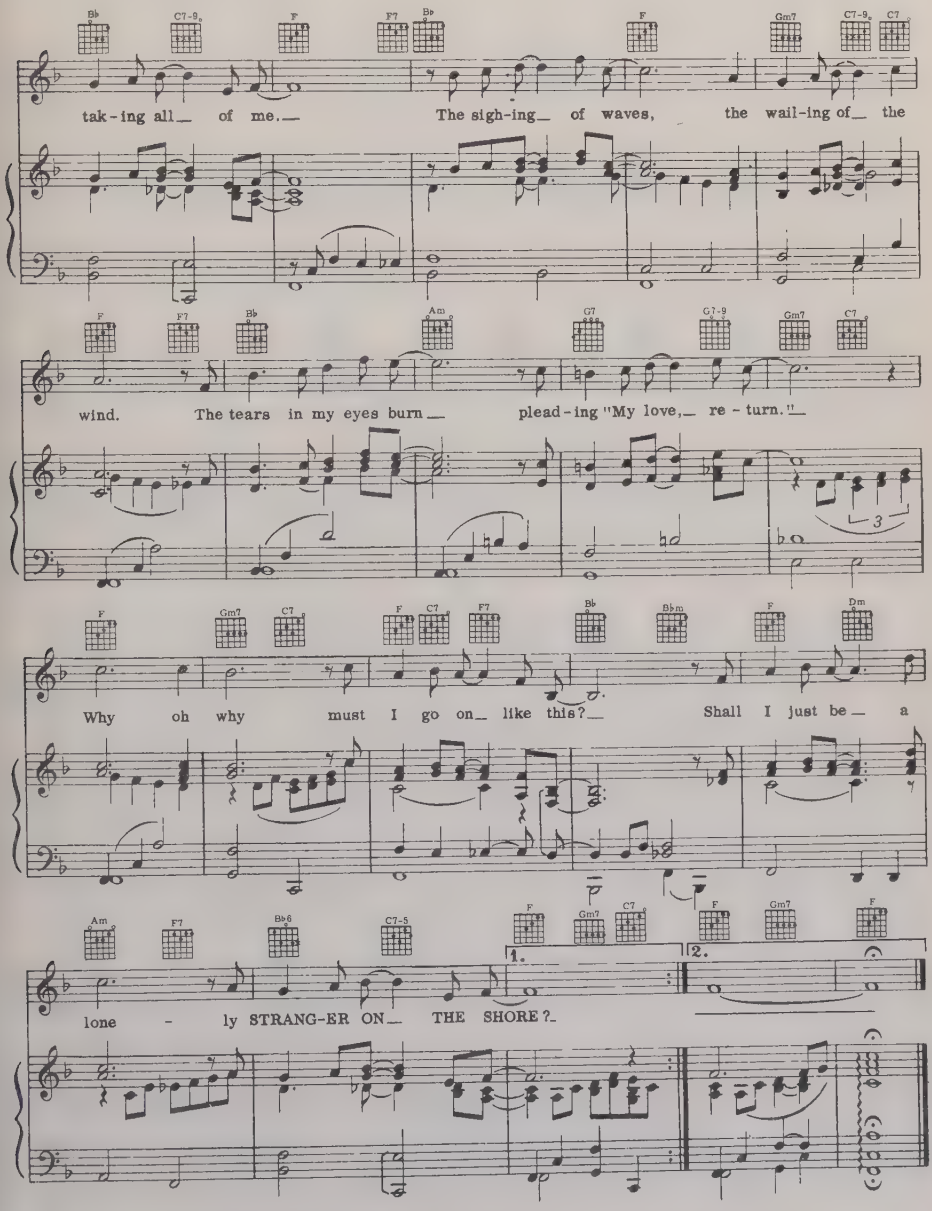
Here I stand watching the tide go out.
So all alone and blue, just dreaming dreams of you.
I watched your ship as it sailed out to sea,
Taking all my dreams and taking all of me.

The sighing of waves, the wailing of the wind.
The tears in me eyes burn pleading "My love, return".
Why oh why must I go on like this?
Shall I just be a lonely stranger on the shore.

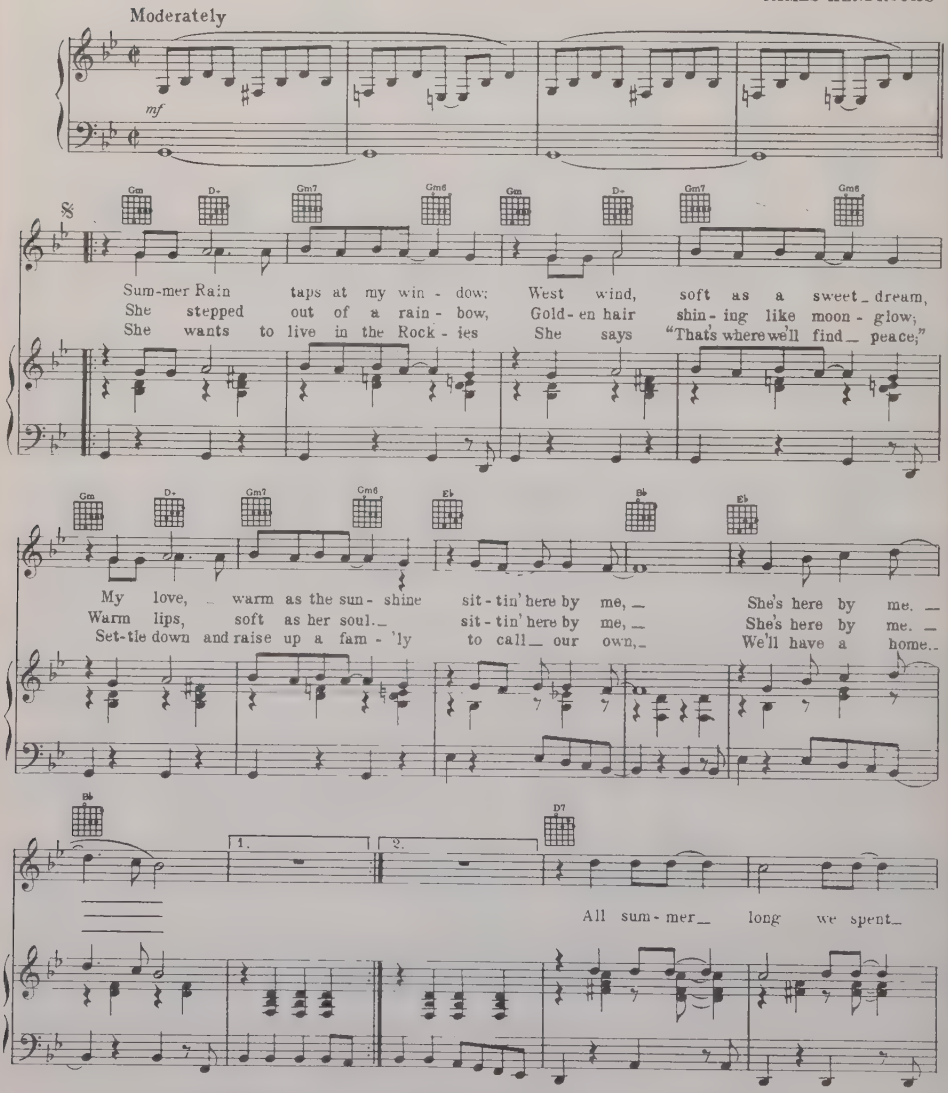

Bb C7-9 F F7 Bb F Gm7 C7-9 C7
tak-ing all of me. The sigh-ing of waves, the wail-ing of the
F F7 Bb Am G7 G7-9 Gm7 C7
wind. The tears in my eyes burn plead-ing "My love, re-turn."
F Gm7 C7 F C7 F7 Bb Bbm F Dm
Why oh why must I go on like this? Shall I just be a
Am F7 Bb6 C7-5 F Gm7 C7 F Gm7 F
lone-ly STRANG-ER ON THE SHORE?
1. 2.

Summer rain taps at my window;
West wind, soft as a sweet dream;
My love, warm as the sunshine
Sittin' here by me, She's here by me.
She stepped out of a rainbow,
Golden hair shining like moonglow;
Warm lips, soft as her soul.

Sittin' here by me, She's here by me.
All summer long we spent
Dancing in the sand.
And the juke box kept on playing
"Sergeant Pepper's Lonely
Hearts Club Band".
We sailed into the sunset,

SUMMER RAIN

Words and Music by
JAMES HENDRICKS


Moderately
mf
Gm D+ Gm7 Gm6 Gm D+ Gm7 Gm6
Sum-mer Rain taps at my win - dow; West wind, soft as a sweet dream,
She stepped out of a rain - bow, Gold-en hair shin - ing like moon - glow;
She wants to live in the Rock - ies She says "That's where we'll find peace;"
Gm D+ Gm7 Gm6 E♭ B♭ E♭
My love, warm as the sun - shine sit - tin' here by me, She's here by me.
Warm lips, soft as her soul. sit - tin' here by me, She's here by me.
Set-tle down and raise up a fam - 'ly to call our own, We'll have a home.
B♭ D7
1. 2.
All sum - mer long we spent

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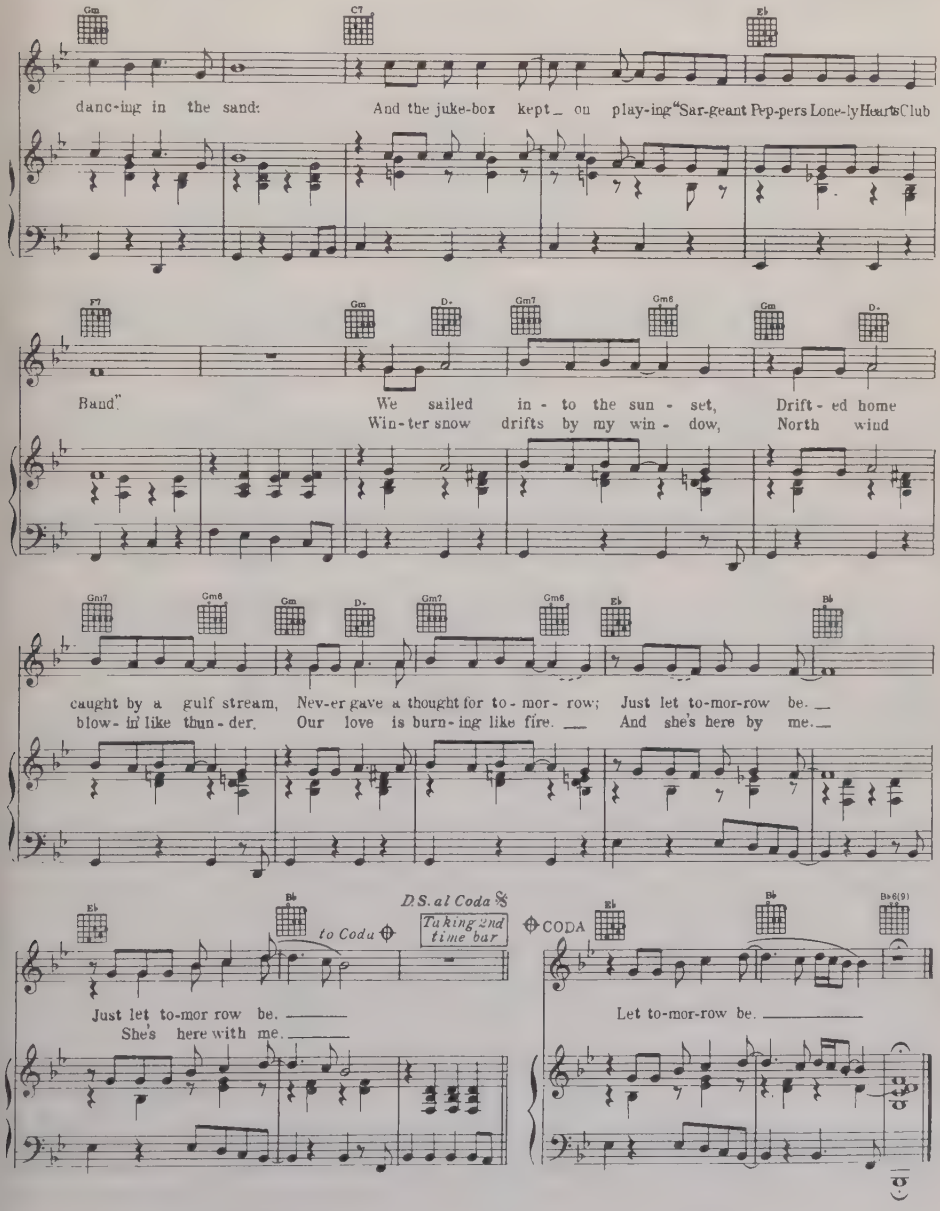
Drifted home caught by a gulf stream.
Never gave a thought for tomorrow;
Just let tomorrow be.
Just let tomorrow be.
She wants to live in the Rockies
She says "That's where we'll find peace;"
Settle down and raise up a fam'ly
To call our own, We'll have a home.

All summer long we spent
Dancing in the sand.
And the juke box kept on playing
"Sergeant Pepper's Lonely
Hearts Club Band."
Winter snow drifts by my window,
North wind blowin' like thunder.
Our love is burning like fire.
And she's here by me. Let tomorrow be.



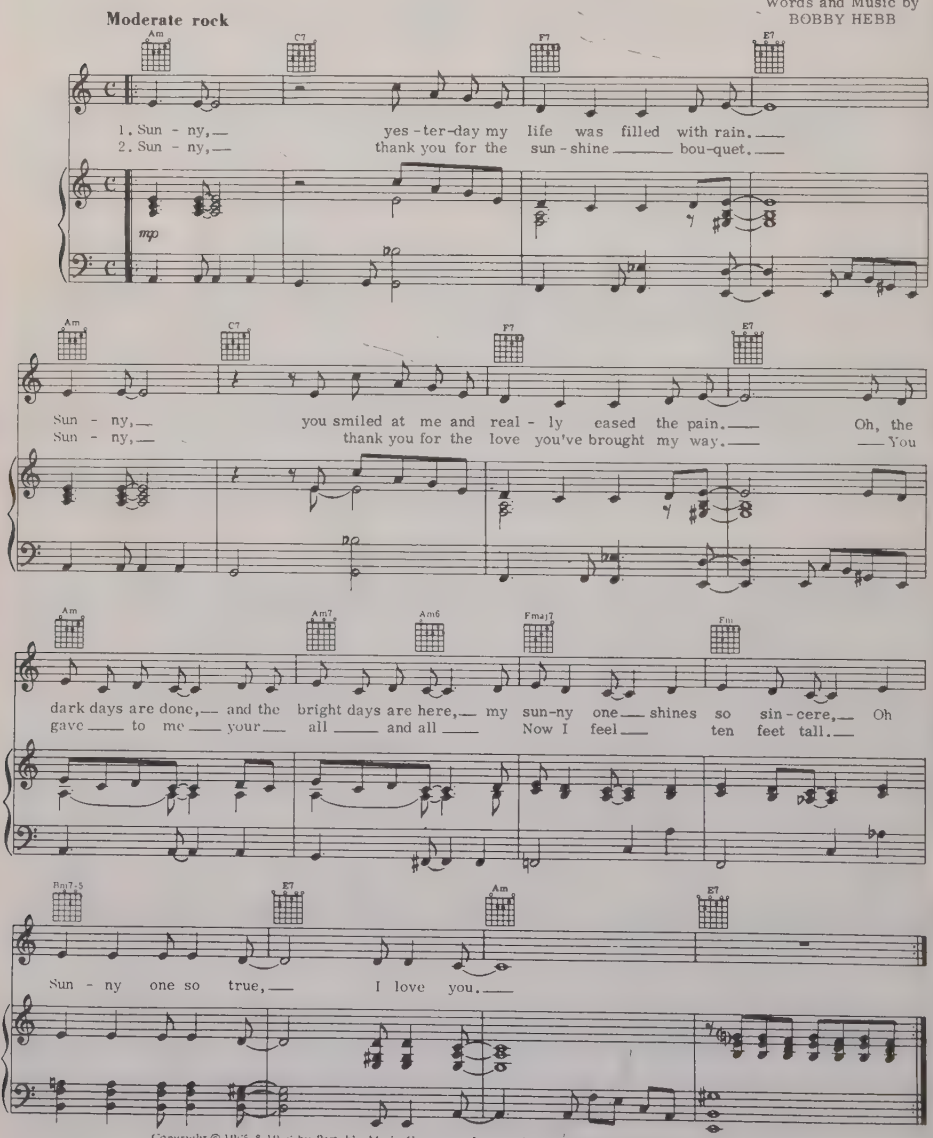
Sunny, yesterday my life
Was filled with rain.
Sunny, you smiled at me and
Really eased the pain.
Oh, the dark days are done,
And the bright days are here,
My sunny one shines so sincere,
Oh Sunny one so true, I love you.

Sunny, thank you for
The sunshine bouquet.
Sunny, thank you for
The love you've brought my way.
You gave to me
Your all and all
Now I feel ten feet tall.
Sunny one so true, I love you.

Recorded by BOBBY HEBB On Philips Records

SUNNY

Words and Music by
BOBBY HEBB


Moderate rock
Am
C7
F7
E7
1. Sun - ny, yes - ter - day my life was filled with rain.
2. Sun - ny, thank you for the sun - shine bou - quet.
mp
Sun - ny, you smiled at me and real - ly eased the pain. Oh, the
Sun - ny, thank you for the love you've brought my way. You
Am7
Am6
Fmaj7
Fm
dark days are done, and the bright days are here, my sun-ny one shines so sin - cere, Oh
gave to me your all and all Now I feel ten feet tall.
Bm7-5
Sun - ny one so true, I love you.

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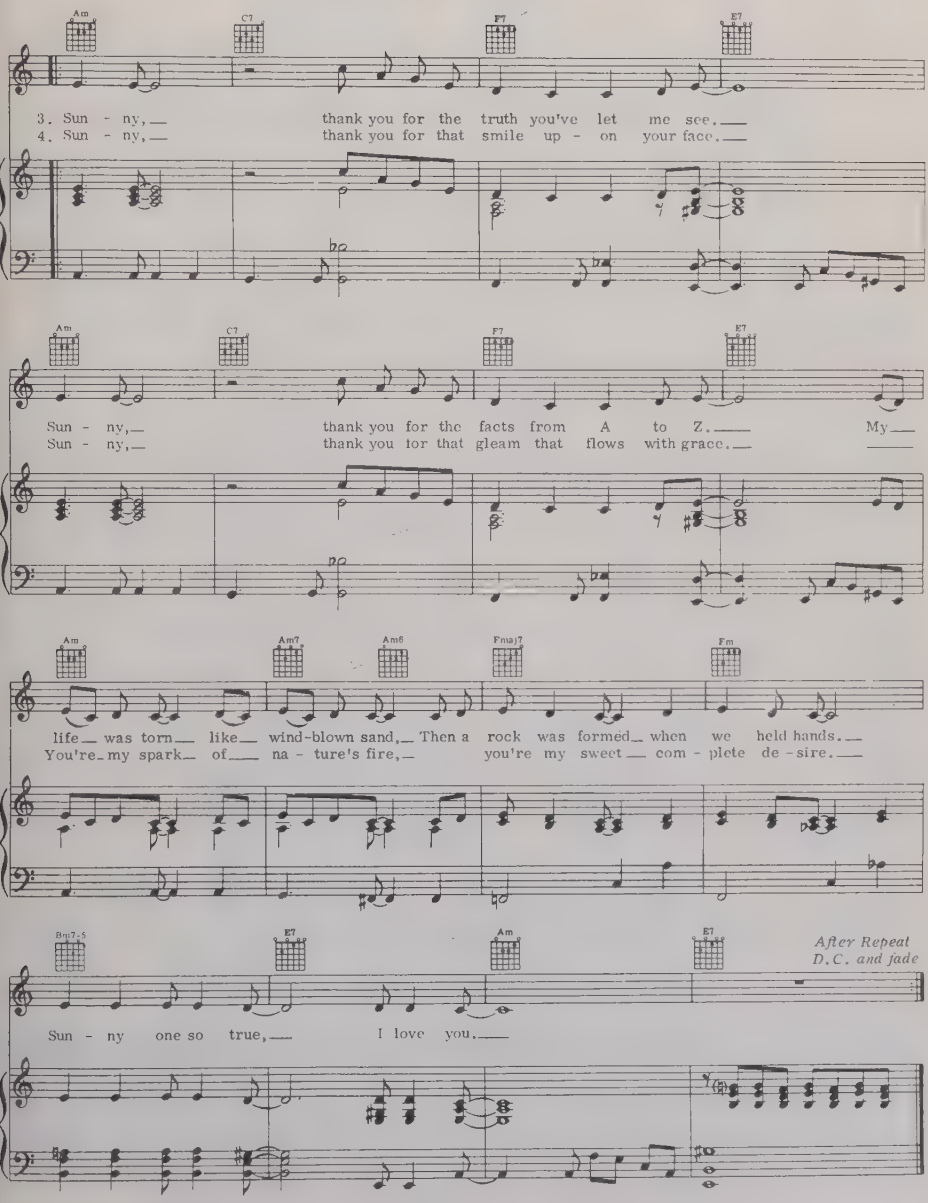
Sunny, thank you for
The truth you've let me see.
Sunny, thank you for
The facts from A to Z.
My life was torn
Like windblown sand.
Then a rock was formed
When we held hands.

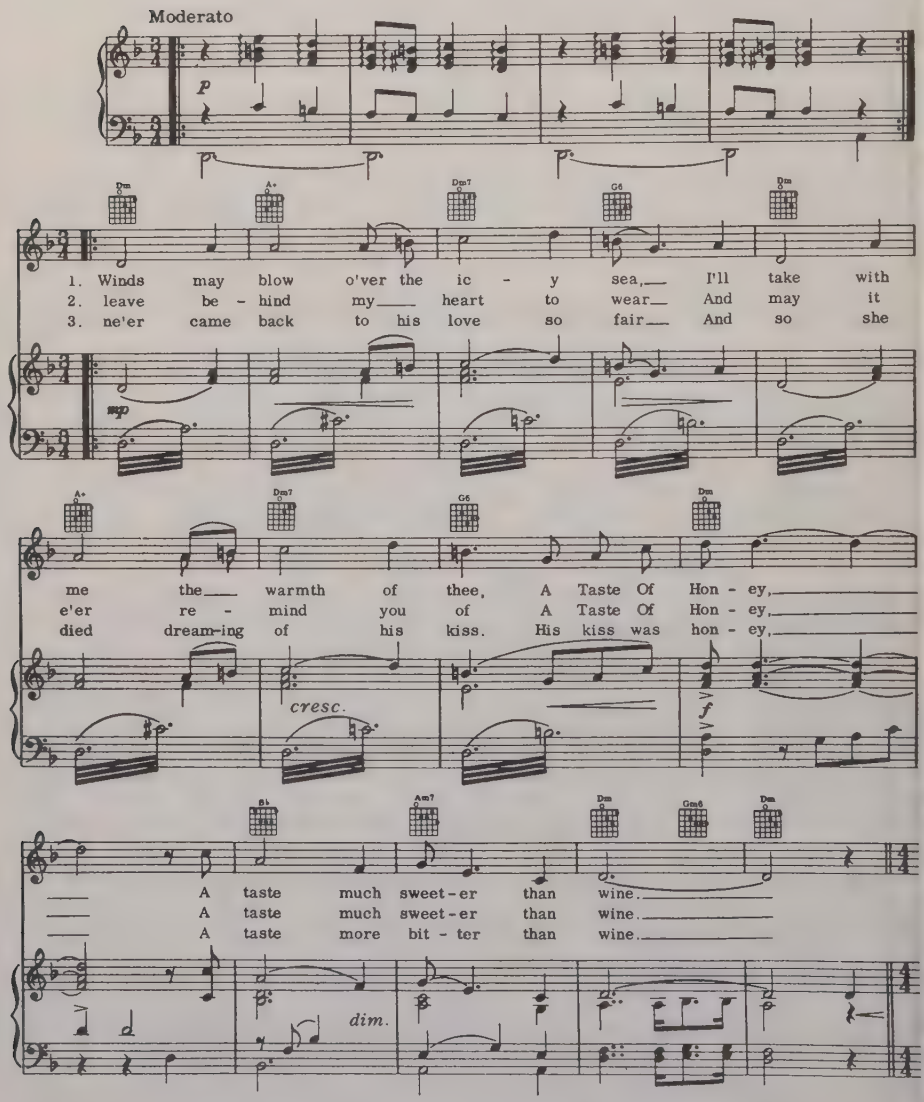
Sunny one so true, I love you.
Sunny, thank you for
That smile upon your face.
Sunny, thank you for that
Gleam that flows with grace.
You're my spark of nature's fire,
You're my sweet complete desire.
Sunny one so true, I love you.


Am
C7
F7
E7
3. Sun - ny, thank you for the truth you've let me see.
4. Sun - ny, thank you for that smile up - on your face.
Am
C7
F7
E7
Sun - ny, thank you for the facts from A to Z. My
Sun - ny, thank you for that gleam that flows with grace.
Am
Am7
Am6
Fmaj7
Fm
life was torn like wind-blown sand, Then a rock was formed when we held hands.
You're my spark of na - ture's fire, you're my sweet com - plete de - sire.
Bm7-5
E7
Am
E7
After Repeat D.C. and fade
Sun - ny one so true, I love you.

Winds may blow o'ver the icy sea,
I'll take with me the warmth of thee,
A taste of honey,
A taste much sweeter than wine.
I will return, I'll return,
I'll come back for the honey and you.
I'll leave behind my heart to wear
And may it e'er remind you of
A taste of honey,
A taste much sweeter than wine.

A TASTE OF HONEY

By
RIC MARLOW
and BOBBY SCOTT



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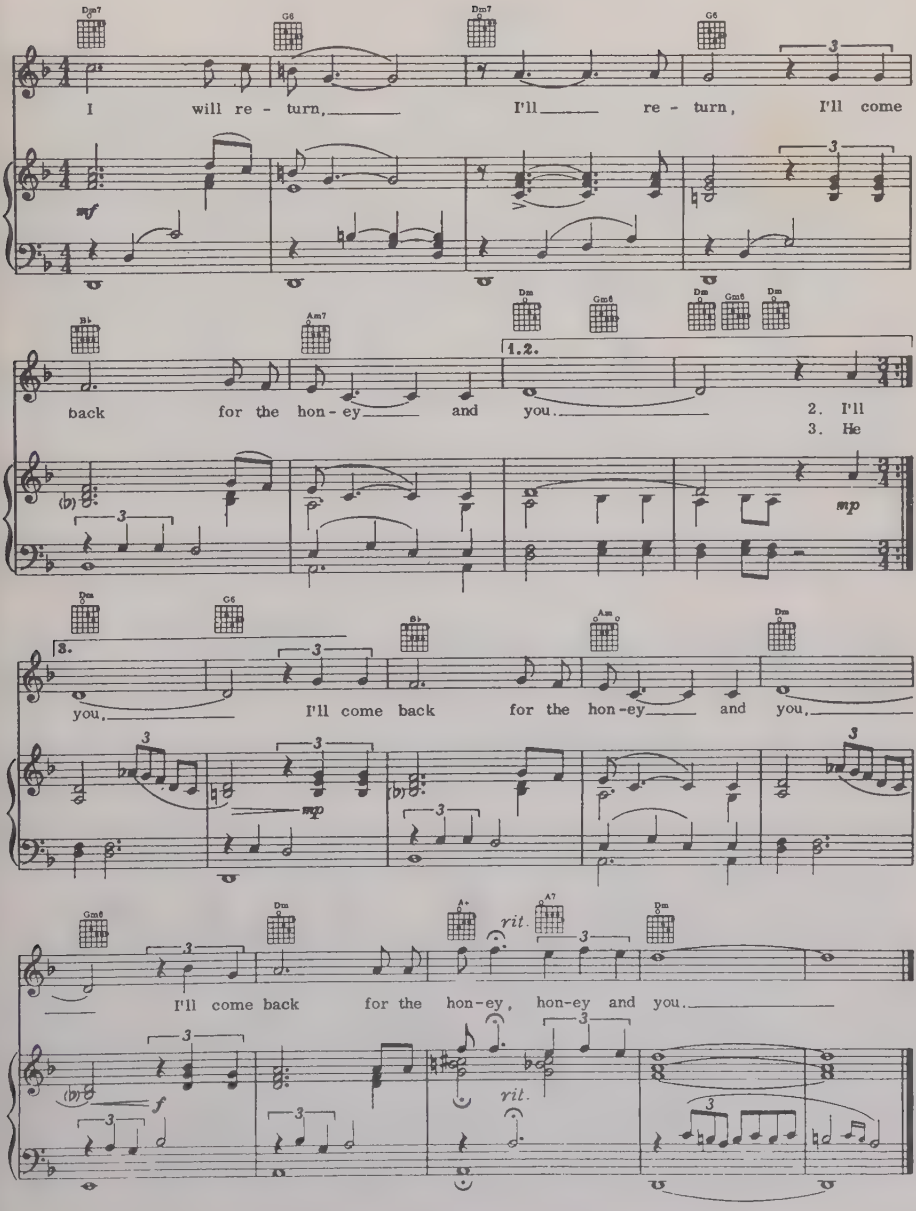
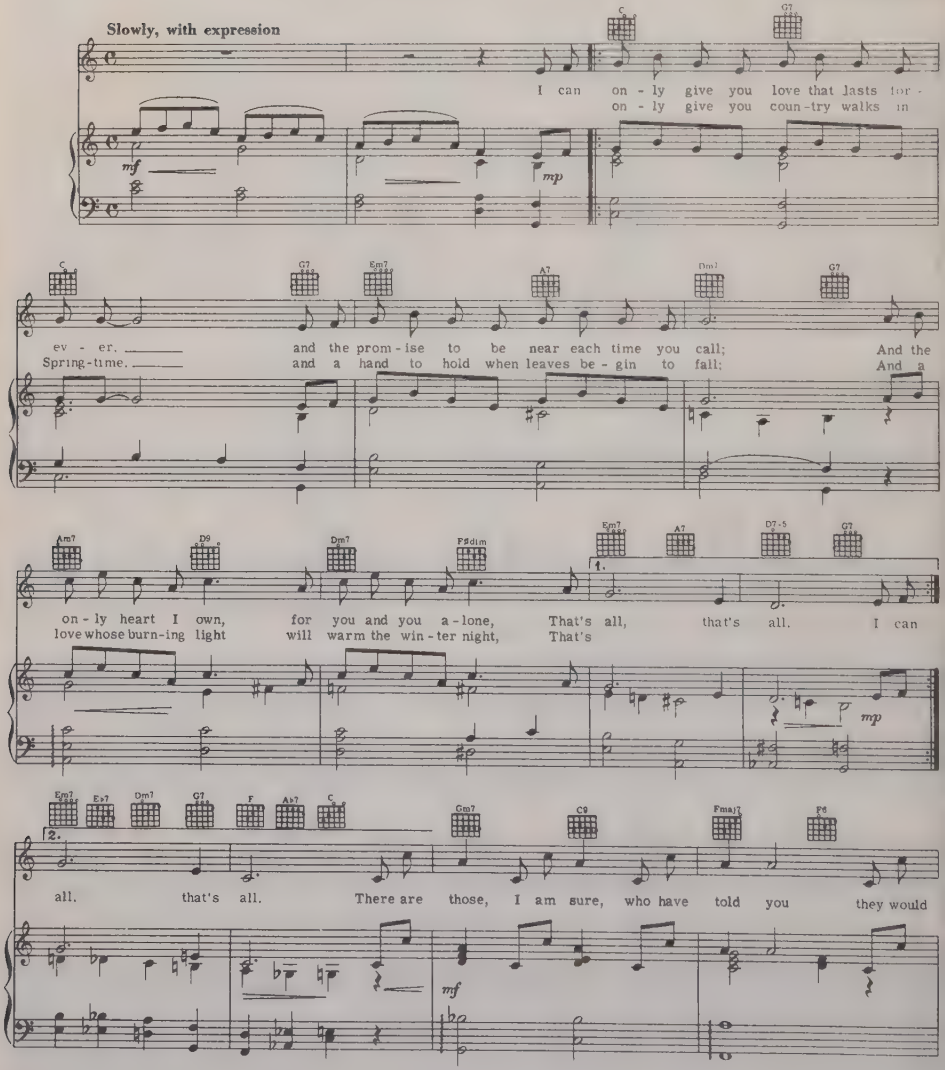
I will return, I'll return,
I'll come back for the honey and you.
He ne'er came back to his love so fair
And so she died dreaming of his kiss.
His kiss was honey,
A taste more bitter than wine.
I will return, I'll return,
I'll come back for the honey and you.
I'll come back for the honey and you,
I'll come back for the honey, honey and you.



I can only give you love that lasts forever,
And the promise to be near each time you call;
And the only heart I own, for you and you alone,
That's all, that's all.
I can only give you country walks in Springtime,
And a hand to hold when leaves begin to fall;
And a love whose burning light will warm the winter night,
That's all, that's all.

THAT'S ALL

By
ALAN BRANDT
and BOB HAYMES



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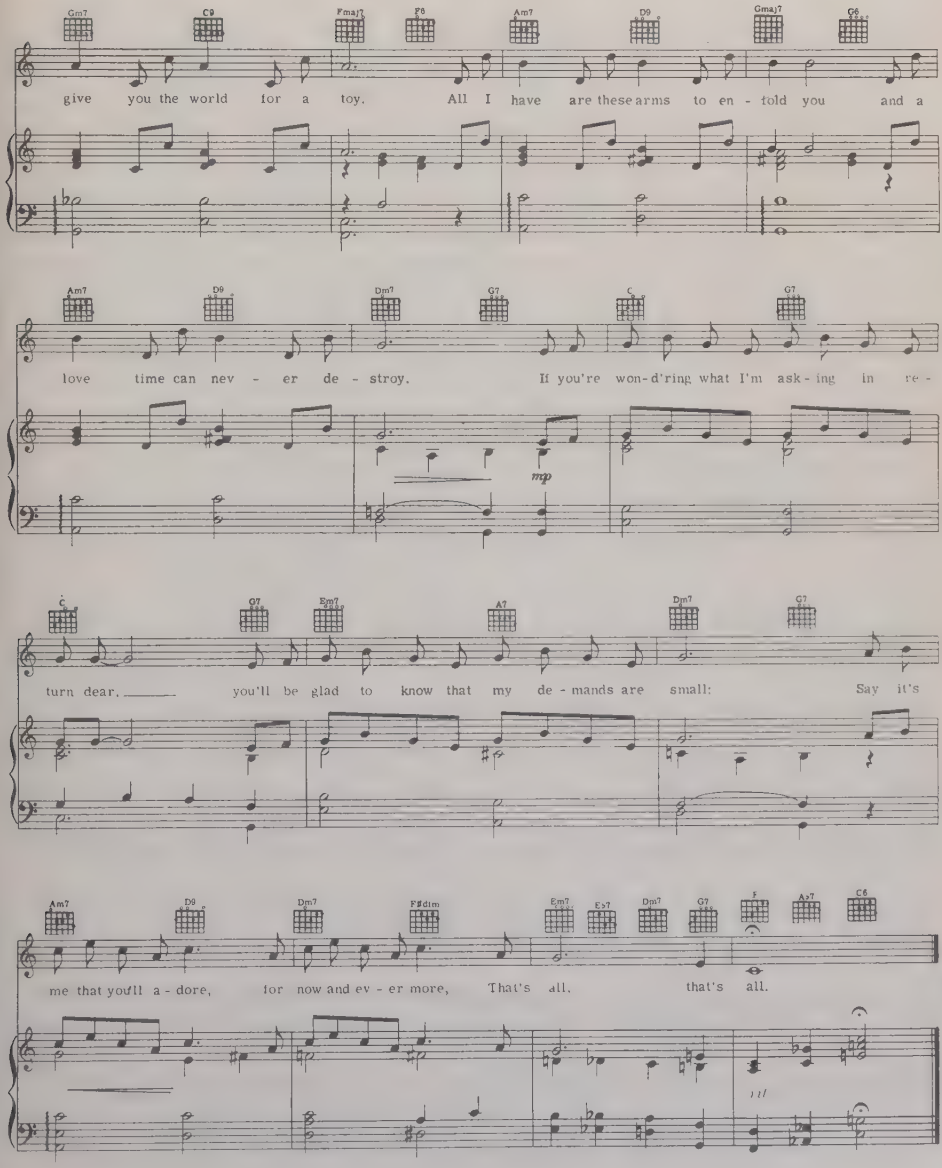
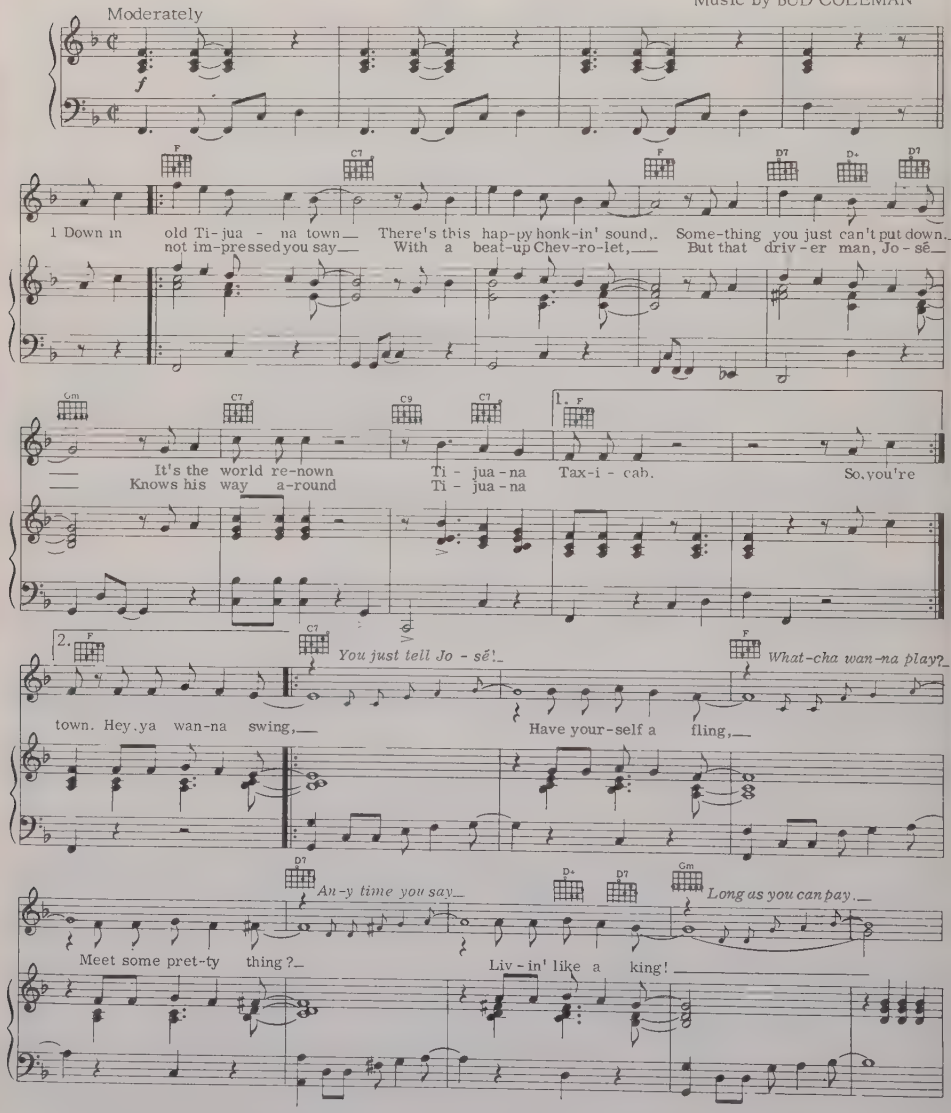
There are those, I am sure, who have told you
They would give you the world for a toy.
All I have are these arms to enfold you
And a love time can never destroy.
If you're wond'ring what I'm asking in return dear,
You'll be glad to know that my demands are small:
Say it's me that you'll adore, for now and ever more,
That's all, that's all.


Gm7 C9 Fmaj7 F6 Am7 D9 Gmaj7 C6
give you the world for a toy. All I have are these arms to en - told you and a
Am7 D9 Dm7 G7 C G7
love time can nev - er de - stroy. If you're won-d'ring what I'm ask - ing in re -
mp
C G7 Em7 A7 Dm7 G7
turn dear. you'll be glad to know that my de - mands are small: Say it's
Am7 D9 Dm7 F#dim Em7 Ey7 Dm7 G7 F Ay7 C6
me that you'll a - dore, for now and ev - er more, That's all. that's all.
fff

Down in old Tijuana town
There's this happy honkin' sound,
Something you just can't put down.
It's the world renown Tijuana Taxicab.
So, you're not impressed you say
With a beat up Chevrolet,
But that driver man, Jose
Knows his way around Tijuana town.
Hey, ya wanna swing, You just tell Jose!
Have yourself a fling, What-cha wanna play?
Meet some pretty thing? Any time you say
Livin' like a king! Long as you can pay.
Picture post cards 'n' hot tequila,
French perfume, man, from Venezuela,

TIJUANA TAXI

Lyric by JOHNNY FLAMINGO
Music by BUD COLEMAN



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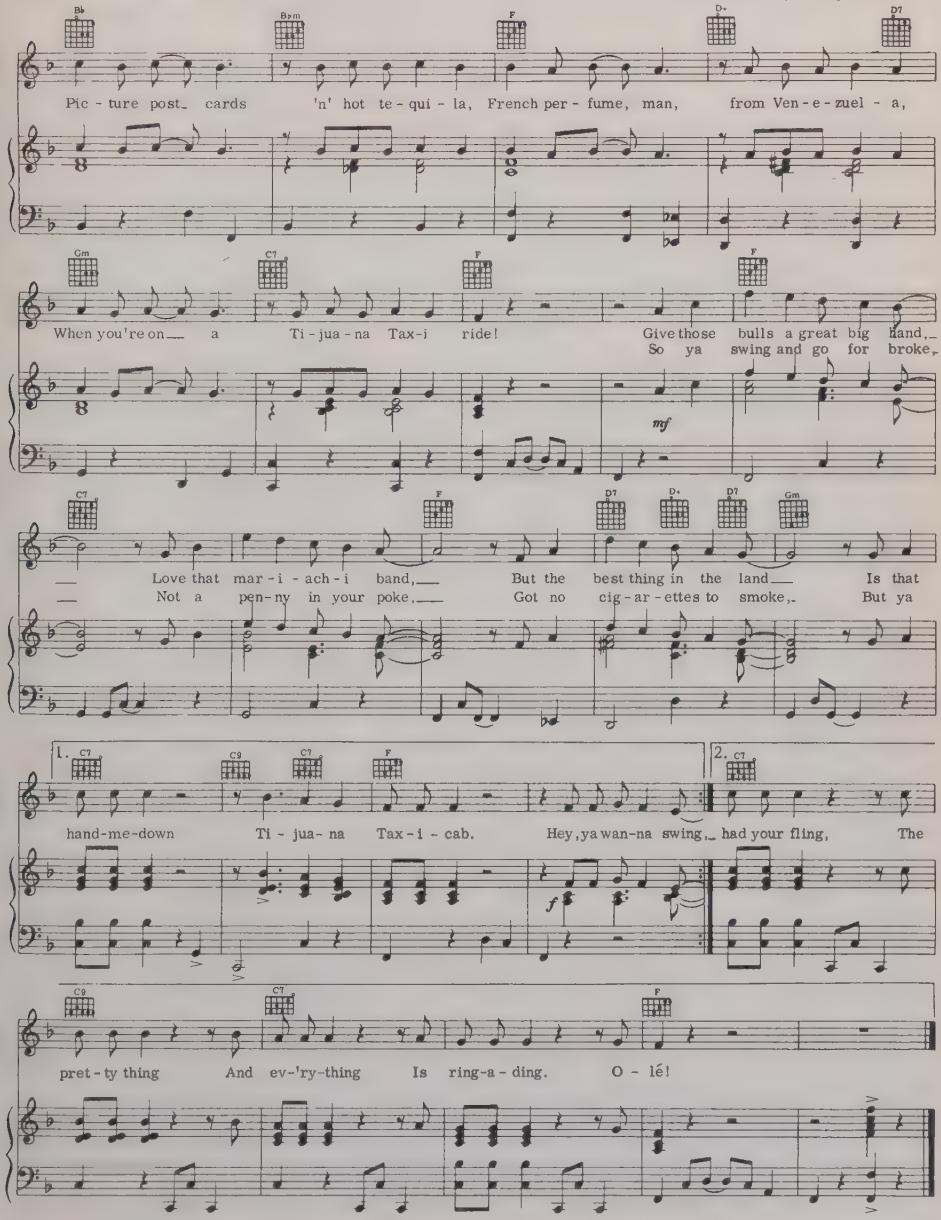
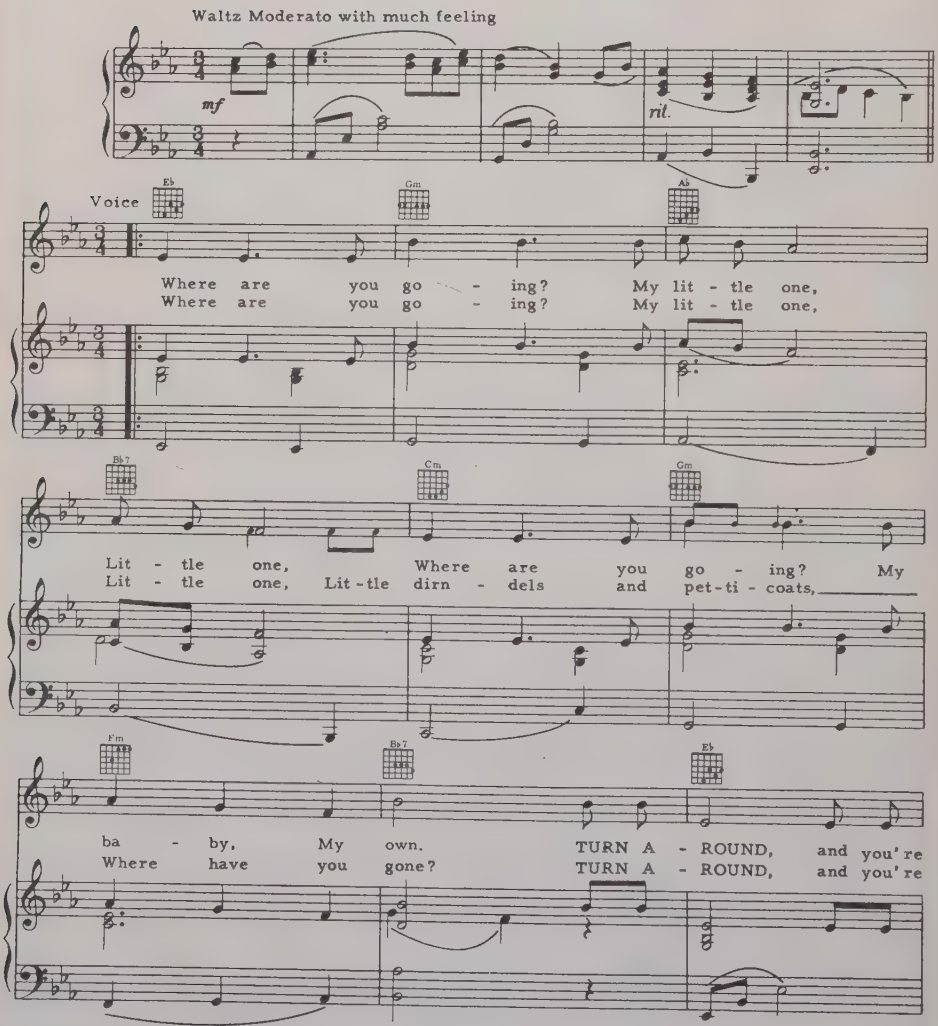
When you're on a Tijuana Taxi ride!
Give those bulls a great big hand,
Love that mariachi band,
But the beat thing in the land
Is that hand-me-down Tijuana Taxicab.
Hay, ya wanna swing, You just tell Jose!
Have yourself a fling, Whatcha wanna play?
Meet some pretty thing? Any time you say
Livin' like a king! Long as you can pay.
Picture post cards 'n' hot tequila,
French perfume, man, from Venezuela,
When you're on a Tijuana Taxi ride!
So ya swing and go for broke,
Not a penny in your poke,
Got no cigarettes to smoke,
But ya had your fling, The pretty thing
And ev'rything Is ring-a-ding. Ole!


B♭
B♭m
F
D-
D7
Pic - ture post_ cards 'n' hot te - qui - la, French per - fume, man, from Ven - e - zuel - a,
Gm
C7
F
F
When you're on_ a Ti - jua - na Tax - i ride! Give those bulls a great big hand,_
So ya swing and go for broke,
mf
C7
F
D7
D+
D7
Gm
_ Love that mar - i - ach - i band,_ But the best thing in the land_ Is that
_ Not a pen - ny in your poke,_ Got no cig - ar - ettes to smoke,_ But ya
1.
C7
C9
C7
F
2.
C7
hand-me-down Ti - jua - na Tax - i - cab. Hey, ya wan-na swing,_ had your fling, The
f
C9
C7
F
pret - ty thing And ev - 'ry - thing Is ring-a - ding. O - lé!

Where are you going? My little one, little one,
Where are you going? My baby, my own.
Turn around, and you're two,
Turn around, and you're four
Turn around and you're a young girl,
Going out of the door. Turn around,
Turn around, turn around and you're a
Young girl, going out of the door.

TURN AROUND

By
MALVINA REYNOLDS, ALLEN GREENE
and HARRY BELAFONTE


Waltz Moderato with much feeling
mf
rit.
Voice
Eb
Gm
Ab
Where are you go - ing? My lit - tle one,
Where are you go - ing? My lit - tle one,
Bb7
Cm
Gm
Lit - tle one, Where are you go - ing? My
Lit - tle one, Lit - tle dirn - dels and pet-ti - coats,
Fm
Bb7
Eb
ba - by, My own. TURN A - ROUND, and you're
Where have you gone? TURN A - ROUND, and you're

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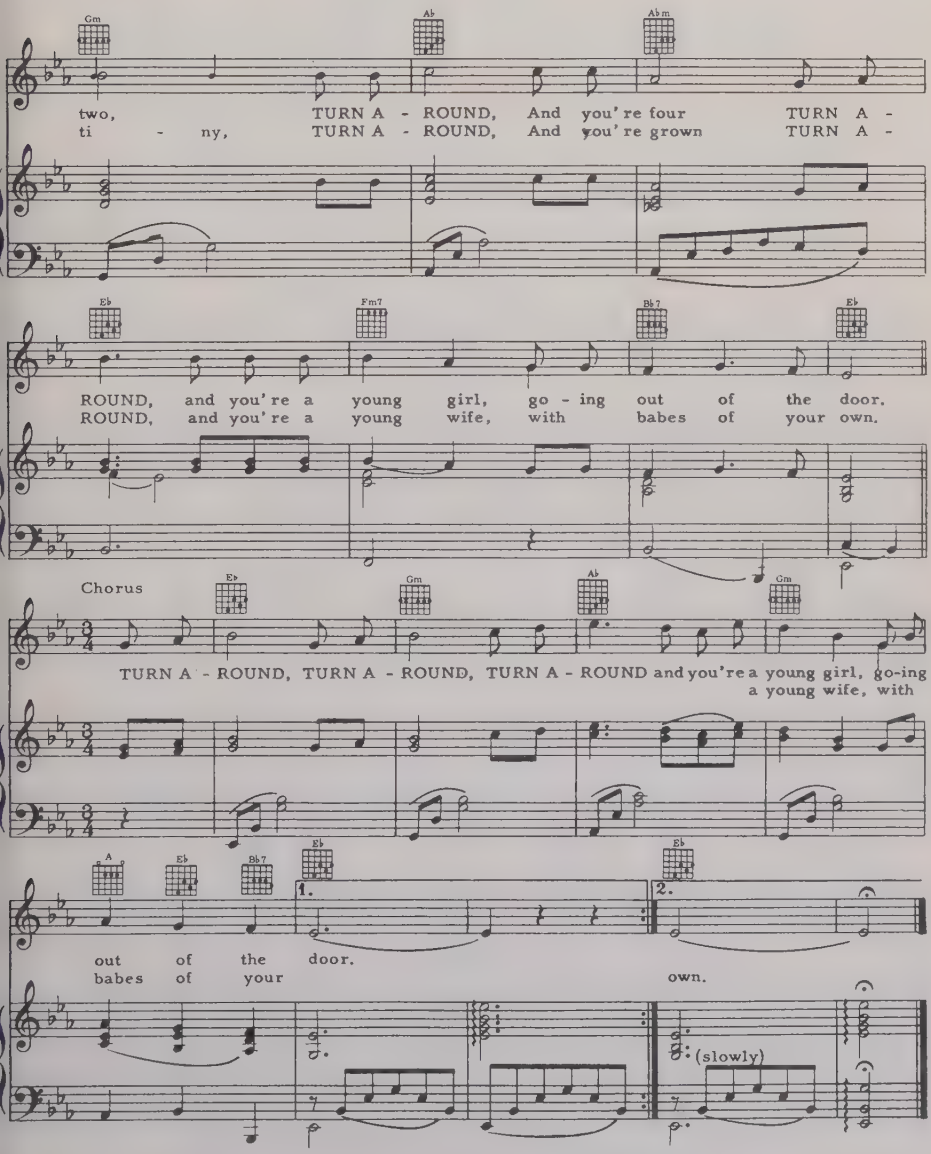
Where are you going? my little one, little one,
Little dirndels and petticoats, Where have you gone?
Turn around, and you're tiny,
Turn around, and you're grown
Turn around, and you're a young wife,
With babes of your own. Turn around,
Turn around, turn around and you're a
Young wife, with babes of your own.

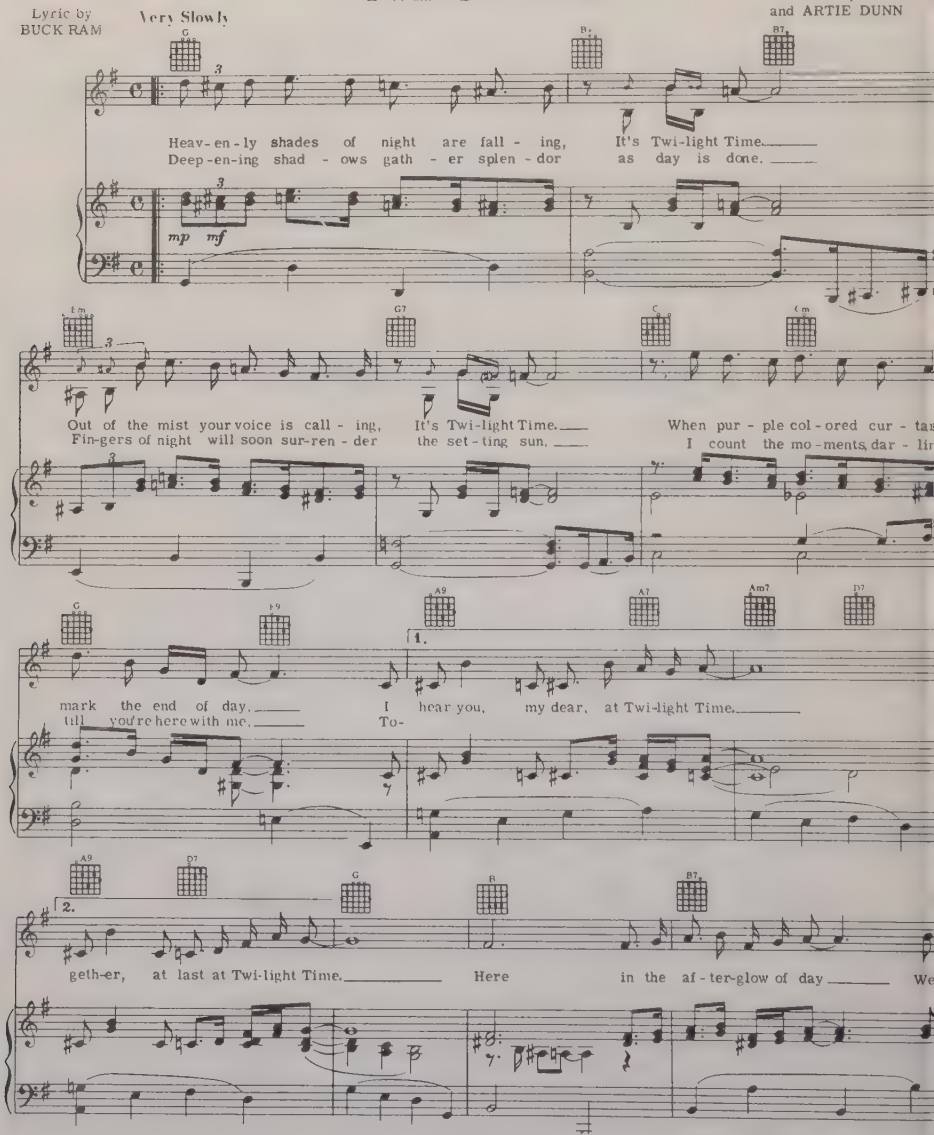


Heavenly shades of night are falling, it's twilight time.
Out of the mist your voice is calling, it's twilight time.
When purple colored curtains mark the end of day.
I hear you, my dear, at Twilight Time.
Deepening shadows gather splendor as day is done.
Fingers of night will soon surrender the setting sun.
I count the moments, darling till you're here with me,

TWILIGHT TIME

Lyric by
BUCK RAM

Music by
MORTY NEVINS, AL NEVI
and ARTIE DUNN


Very Slowly
Heav-en-ly shades of night are fall - ing, It's Twi-light Time.
Deep-en-ing shad - ows gath - er splen - dor as day is done.
mp mf
Out of the mist your voice is call - ing, It's Twi-light Time. When pur - ple col - ored cur - ta
Fin-gers of night will soon sur-ren - der the set - ting sun. I count the mo - ments, dar - lin
mark the end of day. I hear you, my dear, at Twi-light Time.
till you're here with me. To-
geth-er, at last at Twi-light Time. Here in the af - ter-glow of day We

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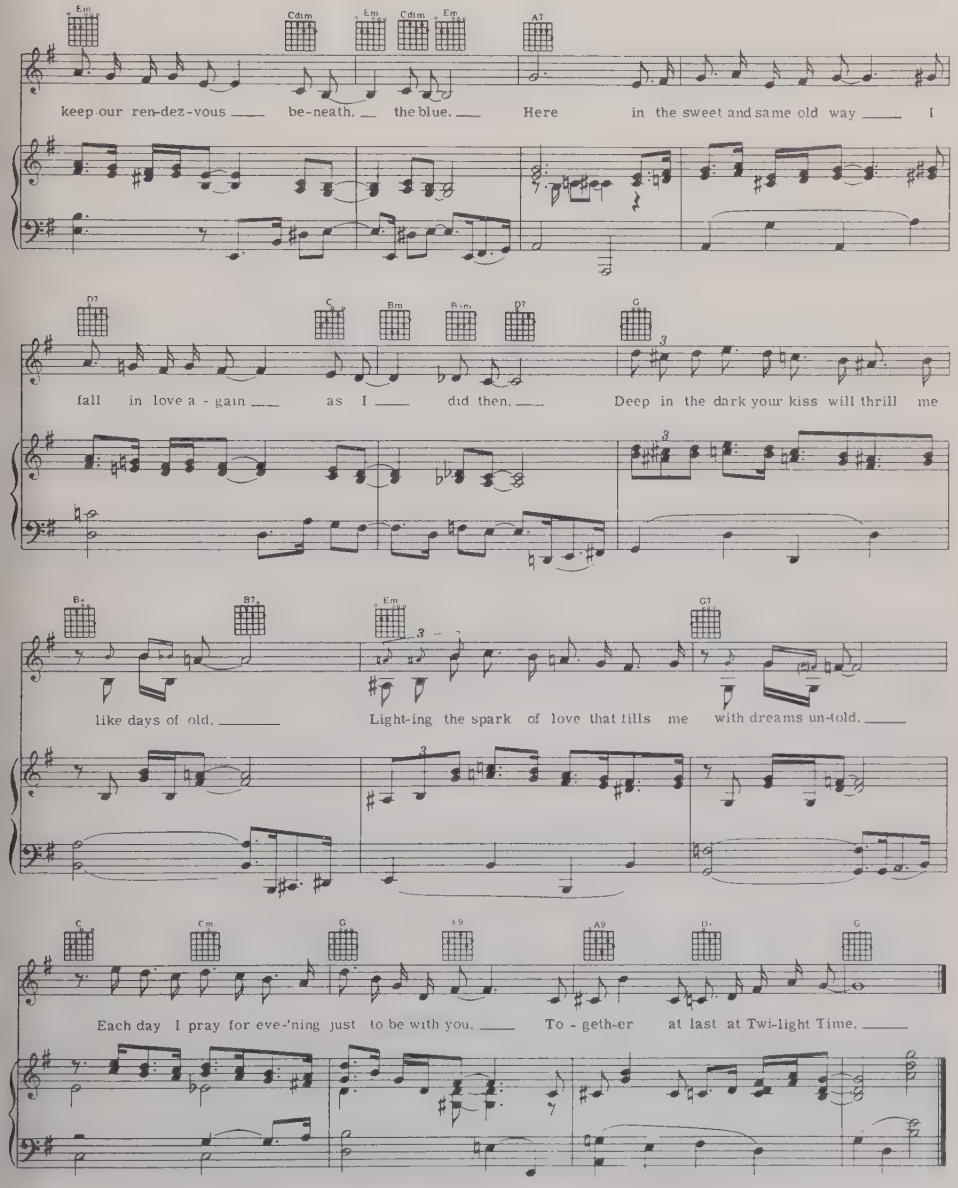
Together, at last at Twilight Time.
Here in the afterglow of day we keep our rendezvous
Beneath the blue. Here in the sweet and same old way
I fall in love again as I did then.
Deep in the dark your kiss will thrill me like days of old,
Lighting the spark of love that fills me with dreams untold.
Each day I pray for eve'ning just to be with you,
Together at last at Twilight Time.



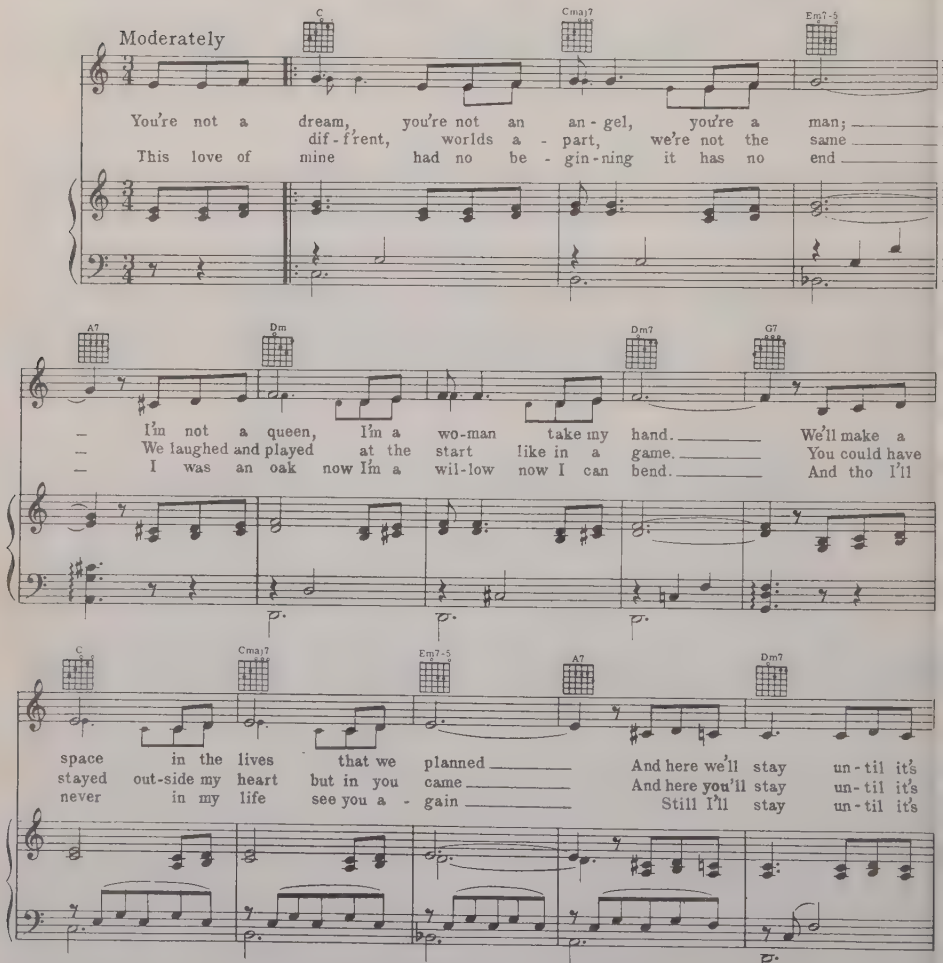
You're not a dream, you're not an angel,
You're a man; I'm not a queen, I'm a woman
Take my hand. We'll make a space in the lives
That we planned And here we'll stay
Until it's time for you to go.
Yes, we're diff'rent, worlds apart,

We're not the same we laughed and played
At the start like in a game. You could have stayed
Outside my heart but in you came
And here you'll stay until it's time for you to go.
Don't ask why, don't ask how.
Don't ask forever love me now!

Recorded By BUFFY SAINTE-MARIE On Vanguard Records

UNTIL IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO GO

By
BUFFY SAINTE-MARIE


Moderately
C
Cmaj7
Em7-5
You're not a dream, you're not an an-gel, you're a man;
dif-frent, worlds a-part, we're not the same
This love of mine had no be-gin-ning it has no end
A7
Dm
Dm7
G7
I'm not a queen, I'm a wo-man take my hand. We'll make a
We laughed and played at the start like in a game. You could have
I was an oak now I'm a wil-low now I can bend. And tho I'll
C
Cmaj7
Em7-5
A7
Dm7
space in the lives that we planned And here we'll stay un-til it's
stayed out-side my heart but in you came And here you'll stay un-til it's
never in my life see you a-gain Still I'll stay un-til it's

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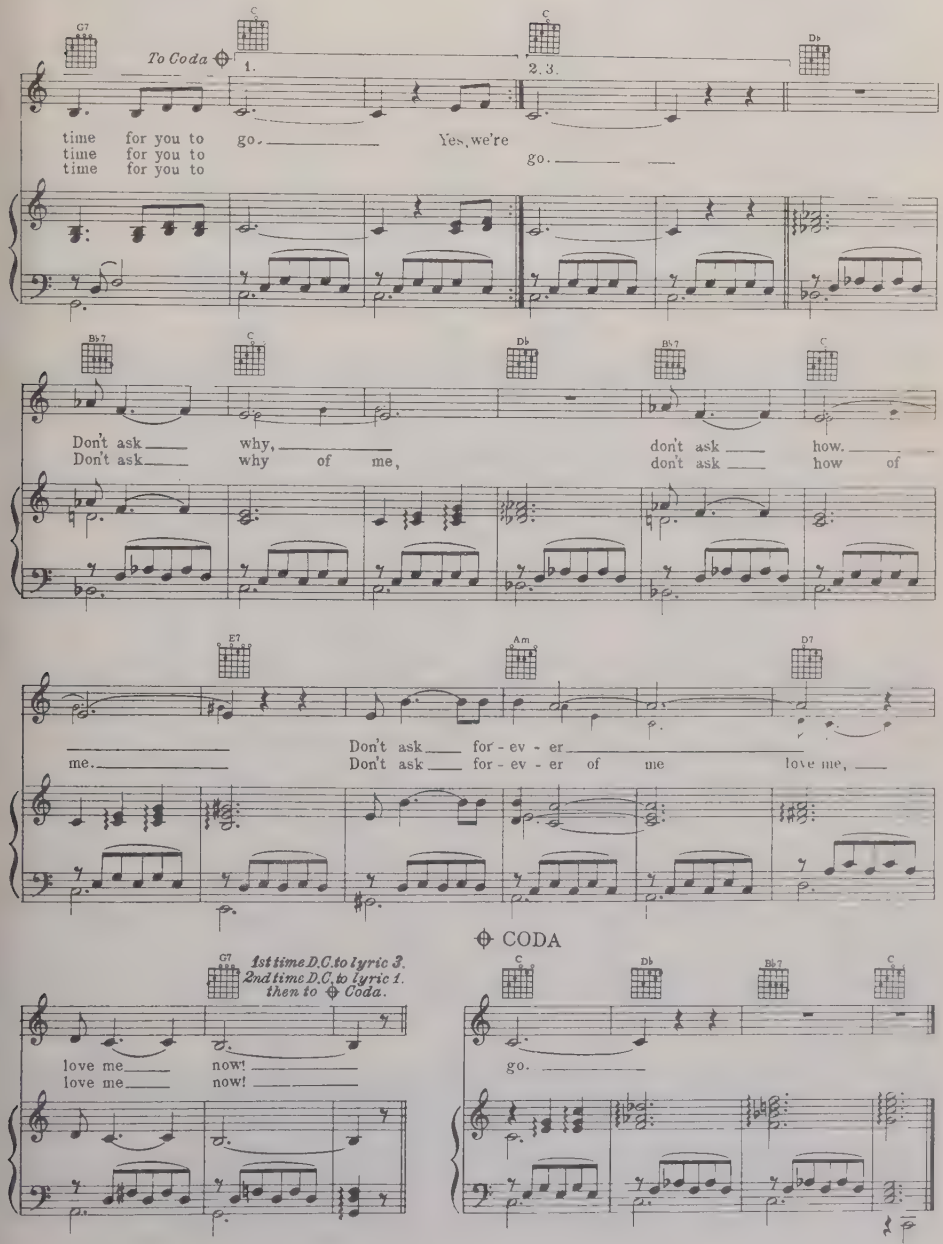
This love of mine had no beginning
It has no end I was an oak now I'm
A willow now I can bend.
And tho I'll never in my life see you again
Still I'll stay until it's time for you to go.
Don't ask why of me, don't ask how of me.

Don't ask forever of me love me, love me now!
You're not a dream, you're not an angel,
You're a man; I'm not a queen, I'm a woman
Take my hand. We'll make a space in the lives
That we planned and here we'll stay
Until it's time for you to go.

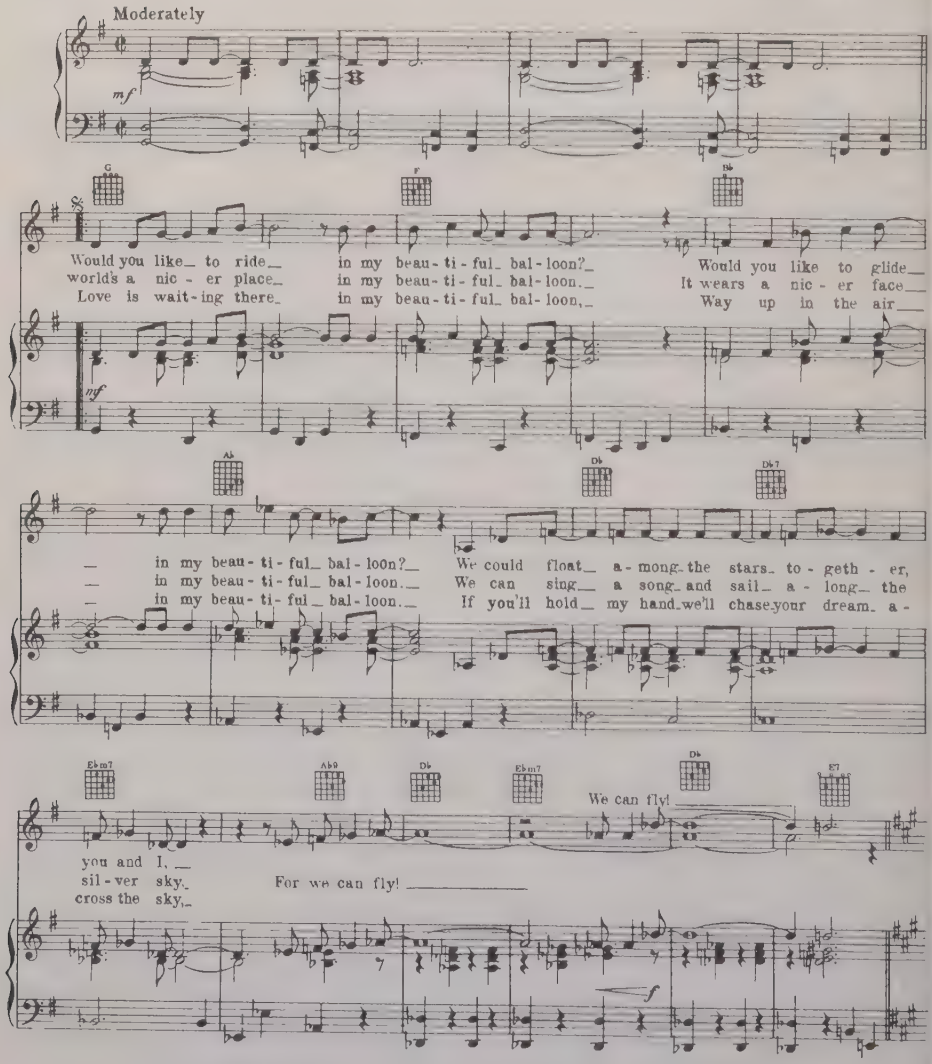


Would you like to ride
In my beautiful balloon?
Would you like to glide
In my beautiful balloon?
We could float among the
Stars together, you and I,
For we can fly! We can fly!
Up, up and away,
My beautiful, my

Beautiful balloon!
The world's a nicer place
In my beautiful balloon.
It wears a nicer face
In my beautiful balloon.
We can sing a song
And sail along the silver sky,
For we can fly! We can fly!
Up, up and away, my

UP, UP AND AWAY

By JIM WEBB



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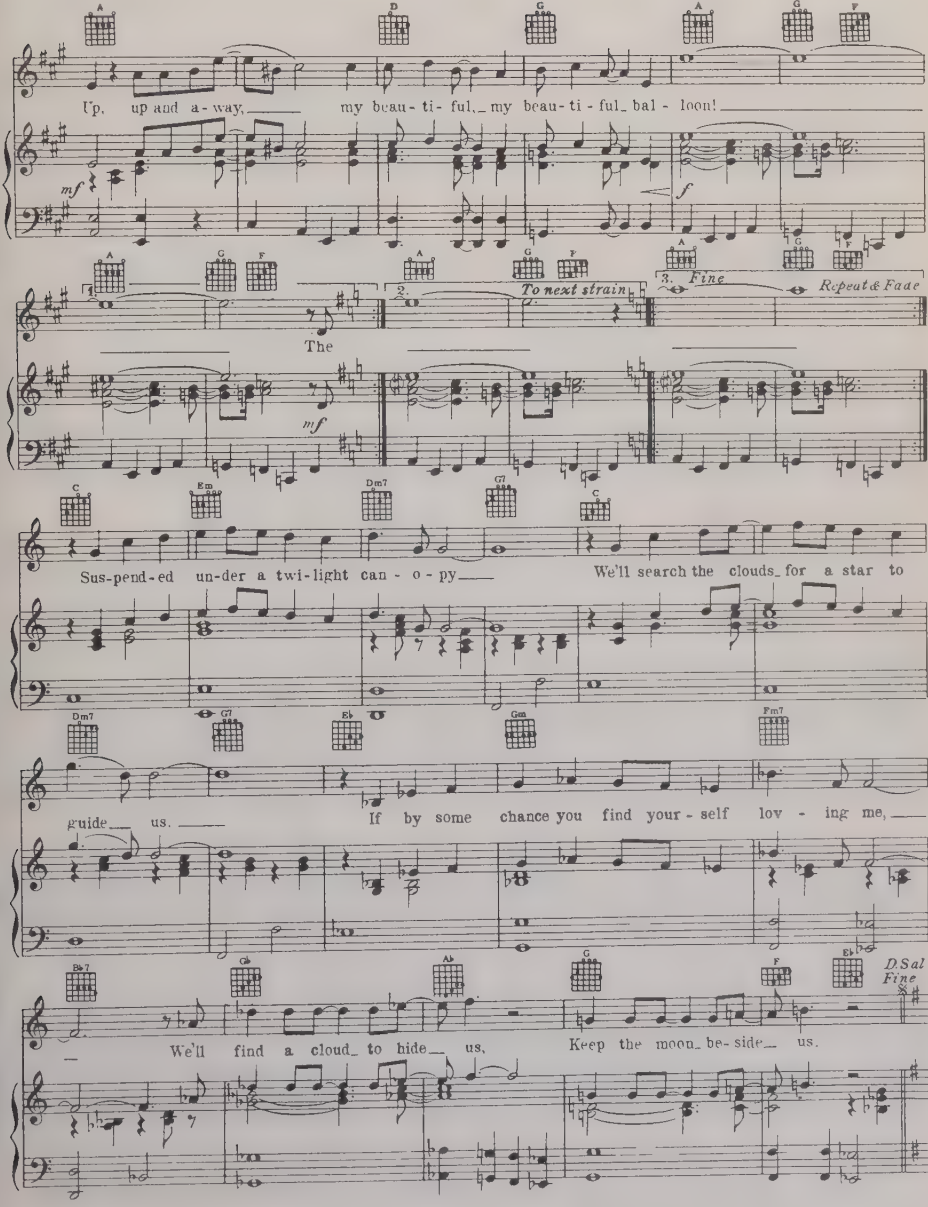
Beautiful, my
Beautiful balloon!
Suspended under a twilight canopy
We'll search the clouds for
A star to guide us.
If by some chance you
Find yourself loving me,
We'll find a cloud to hide us,
Keep the moon beside us.
Love is waiting there

In my beautiful balloon,
Way up in the air
In my beautiful balloon.
If you'll hold my hand
We'll chase your dream
Across the sky,
For we can fly! We can fly!
Up, up and away, my
Beautiful, my beautiful balloon.



When I was just a little girl I asked my mother,
"What will I be? Will I be pretty? Will I be rich?
Here's what she said to me:" "Que Será, Será,
Whatever will be will be: The future's not ours to see.
Que Será, Será! What will be will be!"

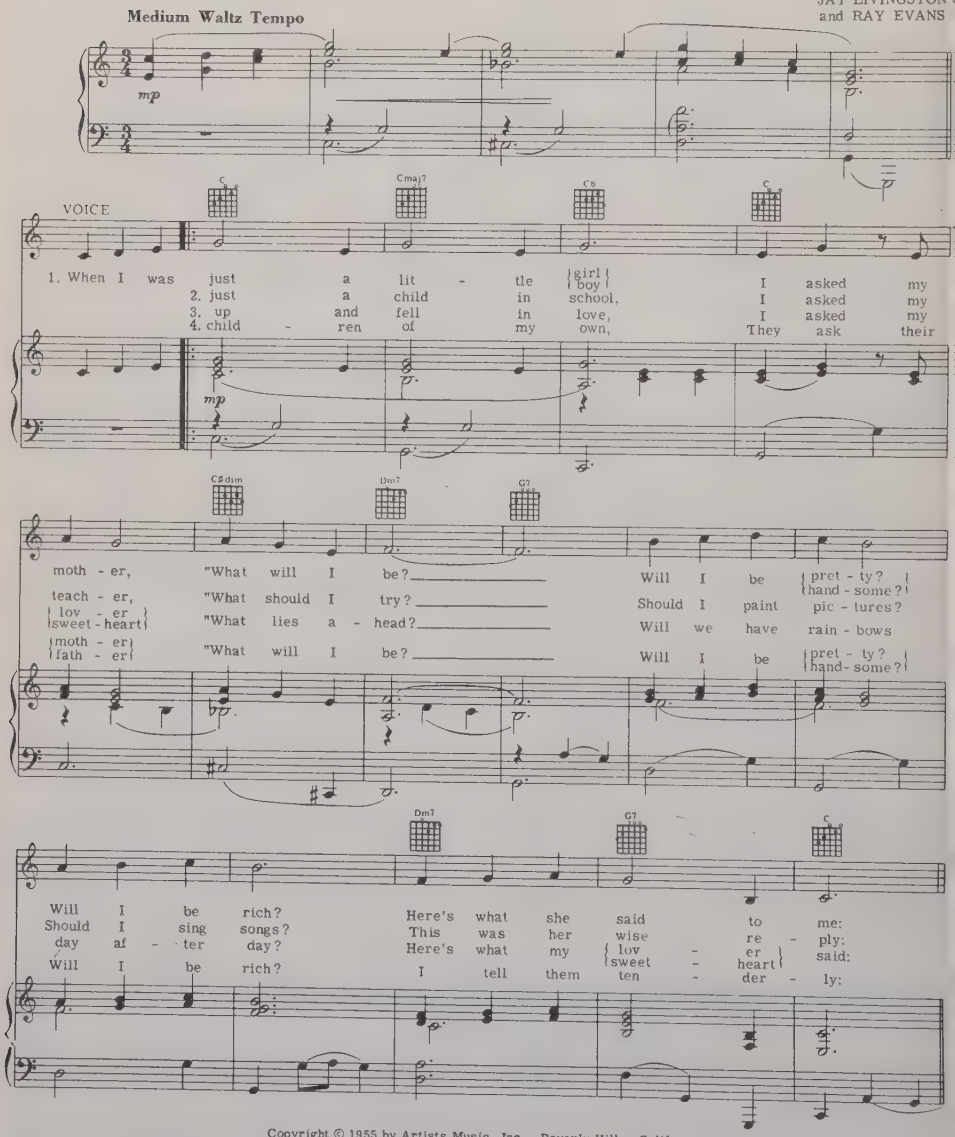
When I was just a child in school, I asked my teacher
"What should I try? Should I paint pictures?
Should I sing songs?" This was her wise reply:
"Que Será, Será, Whatever will be will be;
The future's not ours to see. Que Será, Será!

From Alfred Hitchcock's Film "THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH"

WHATEVER WILL BE, WILL BE

(Que, Será, Será)

By
JAY LIVINGSTON
and RAY EVANS


Medium Waltz Tempo
mp
VOICE
C
Cmaj7
Cb
C
1. When I was just a lit - tle girl
2. just a child in school,
3. up and fell in love,
4. child - ren of my own,
I asked my
I asked my
I asked my
They ask their
mp
C♯dim
Dm7
G7
moth - er, "What will I be?
teach - er, "What should I try?
lov - er / sweet - heart "What lies a - head?
moth - er / fath - er "What will I be?
Will I be pret - ty? / hand - some?
Should I paint pic - tures?
Will we have rain - bows
Will I be pret - ty? / hand- some?
Dm7
G7
C
Will I be rich?
Should I sing songs?
day af - ter day?
Will I be rich?
Here's what she said to me:
This was her wise re - ply:
Here's what my lov - er / sweet - heart said:
I tell them ten - der - ly:

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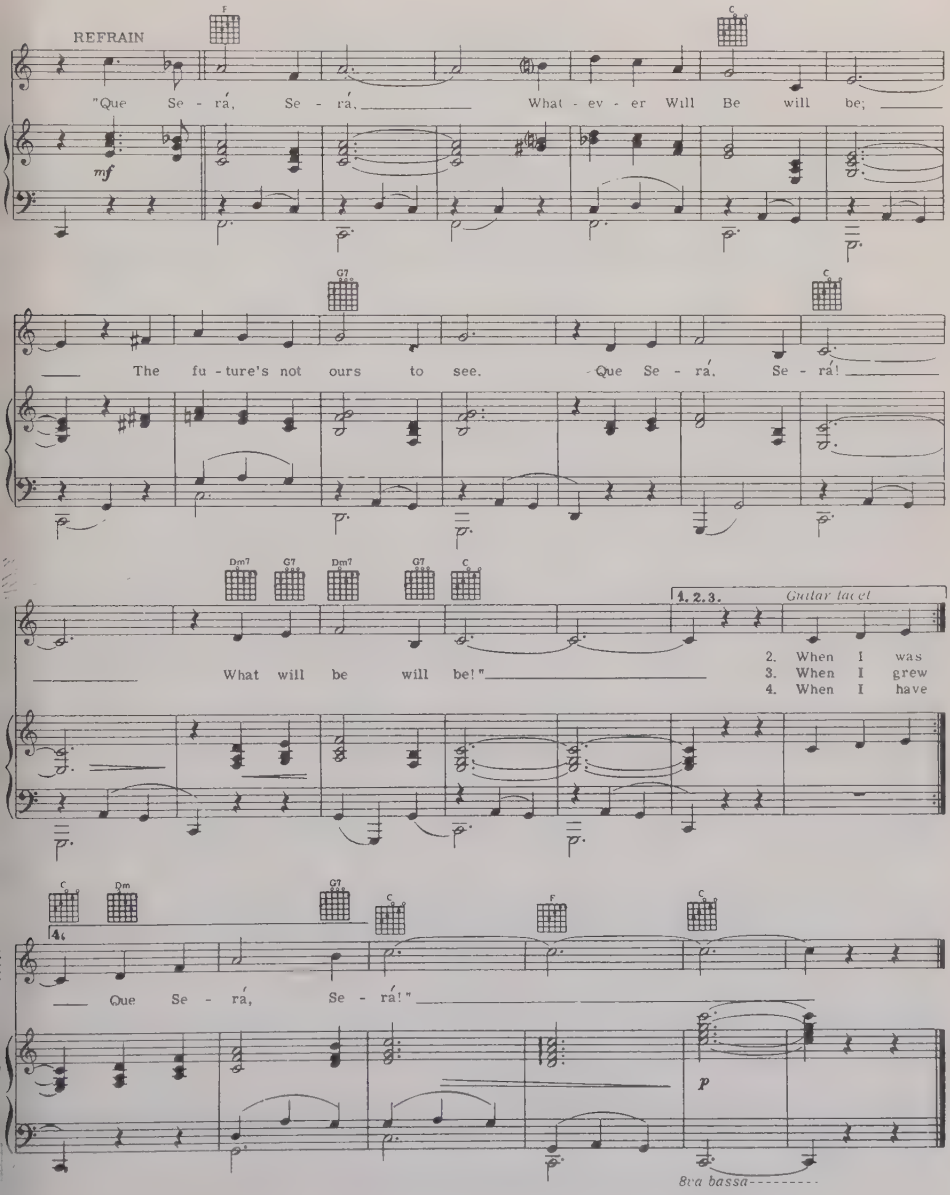
What will be will be!" When I grew up and fell in love,
I asked my lover "What lies ahead? Will we have rainbows
Day after day? Here's what my lover said:
"Que Será, Será, Whatever will be will be;
The future's not ours to see. Que será, será!"

What will be will be! When I have children of my own,
They ask their mother "What will I be?
Will I be pretty? Will I be rich?" I tell them tenderly:
"Que Será, Será, Whatever will be will be;
The future's not ours to see. Que Será, Será!
What will be will be! Que Será, Será!"

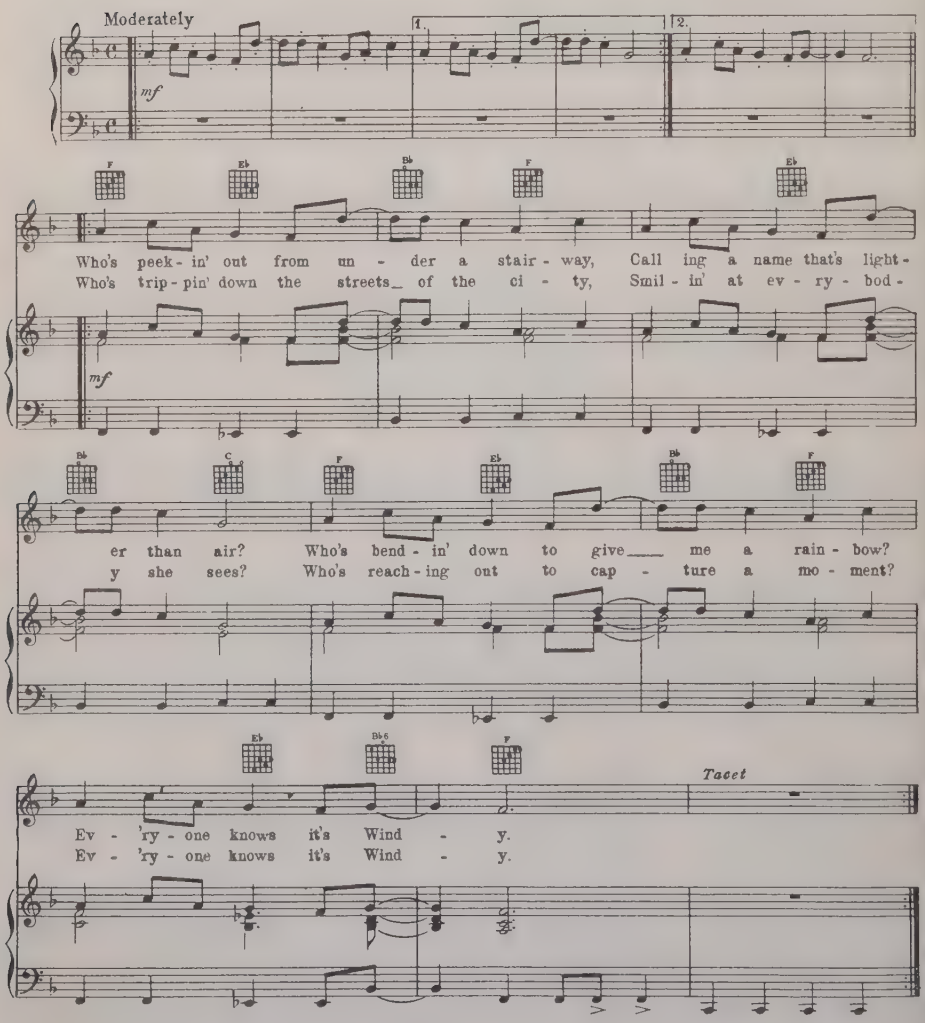


Who's peekin' out from under a stairway,
Calling a name that's lighter than air?
Who's bendin' down to give me a rainbow?
Ev'ryone knows it's Windy.
Who's trippin' down the streets of the city,
Smilin' at ev'rybody she sees?
Who's reaching out to capture a moment?
Ev'ryone knows it's Windy.
And Windy has stormy eyes
That flash at the sound of lies

Recorded by THE ASSOCIATION on Warner Brothers Records

WINDY

By RUTHANN FRIEDMAN


Moderately
mf
1.
2.
Who's peek - in' out from un - der a stair - way, Call ing a name that's light -
Who's trip - pin' down the streets of the ci - ty, Smil - in' at ev - ry - bod -
er than air? Who's bend - in' down to give me a rain - bow?
y she sees? Who's reach - ing out to cap - ture a mo - ment?
Tacet
Ev - 'ry - one knows it's Wind - y.
Ev - 'ry - one knows it's Wind - y.

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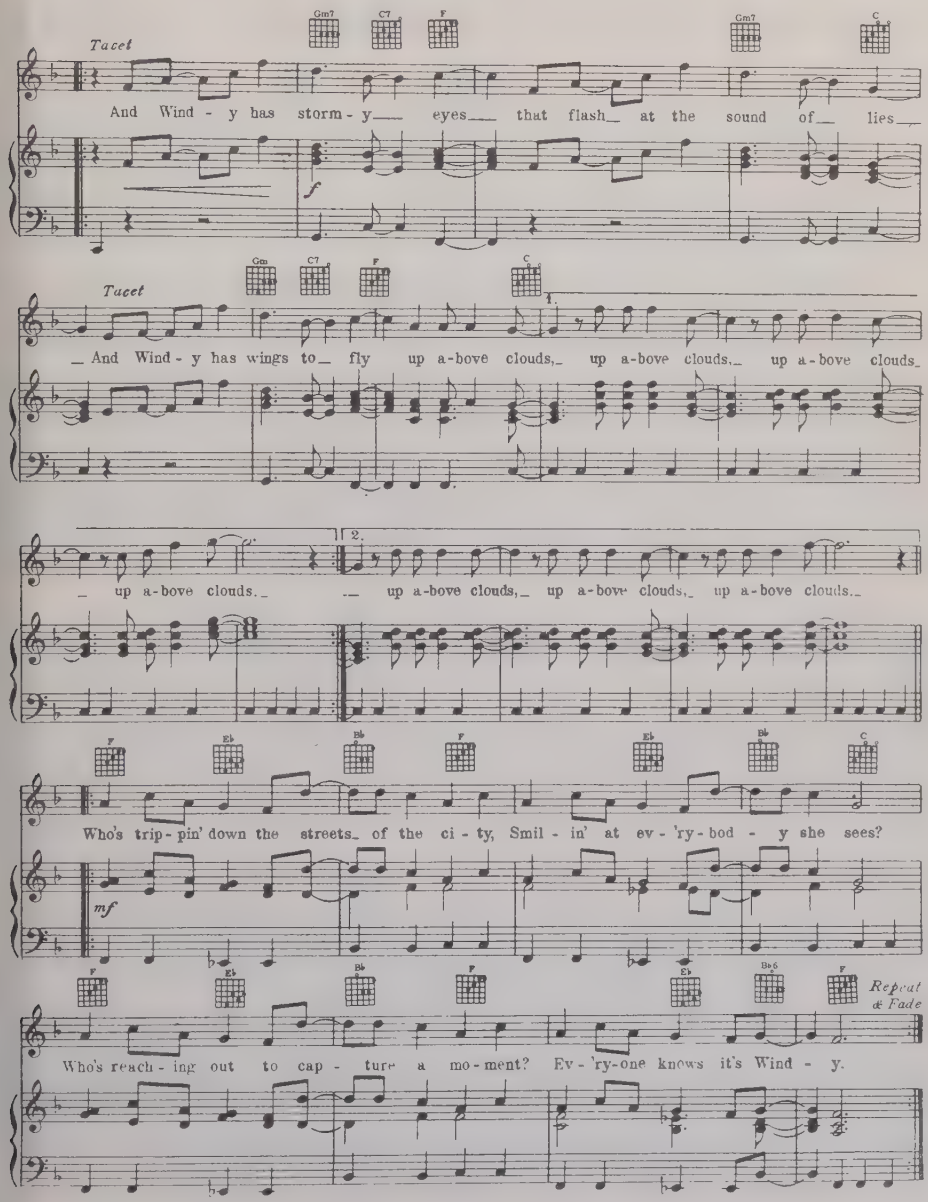
And Windy has wings to fly up above clouds,
Up above clouds, up above clouds up above clouds.
And Windy has stormy eyes
That flash at the sound of lies
And Windy has wings to fly up above clouds
Up above clouds, up above clouds, up above clouds.
Who's trippin' down the streets of the city,
Smilin' at ev'rybody she sees?
Who's reaching out to capture a moment?
Ev'ryone knows it's Windy.

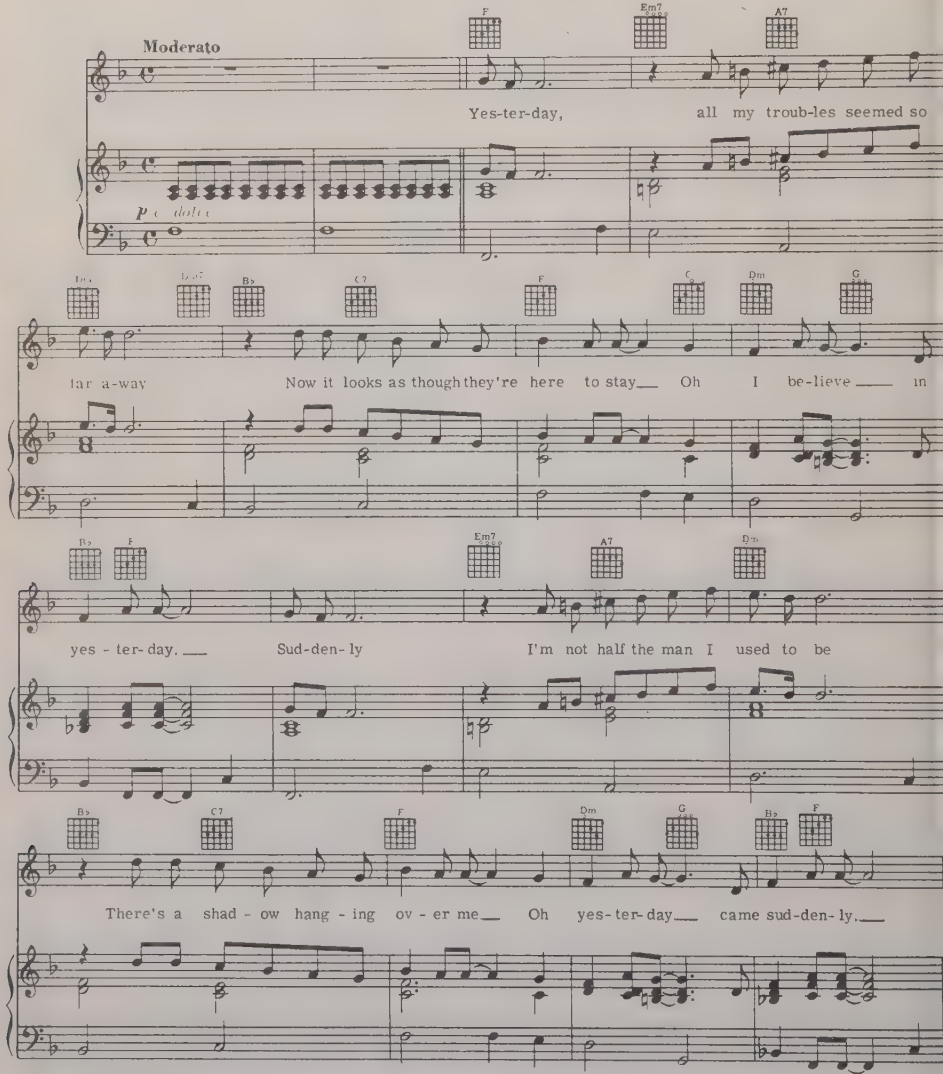

Tacet
Gm7 C7 F Gm7 C
And Windy has stormy eyes that flash at the sound of lies
f
Tacet
Gm C7 F C
And Windy has wings to fly up above clouds, up above clouds, up above clouds
1.
up above clouds.
2.
up above clouds, up above clouds, up above clouds, up above clouds.
F Eb Bb F Eb Bb C
Who's trippin' down the streets of the city, Smilin' at ev'ry-bod - y she sees?
mf
F Eb Bb F Eb Bb6 F
Who's reaching out to capture a moment? Ev'ry-one knows it's Windy.
Repeat & Fade

Yesterday all my troubles seemed so far away
Now it looks as though they're here to stay
Oh I believe in yesterday.
Suddenly I'm not half the man I used to be

There's a shadow hanging over me
Oh yesterday came suddenly.
Why she had to go I don't know, she wouldn't say
I said something wrong now I long for yesterday.

YESTERDAY

Words and Music by
JOHN LENNON and
PAUL McCARTNEY


Moderato
F
Em7
A7
Yes-ter-day, all my troub-les seemed so
far a-way Now it looks as though they're here to stay Oh I be-lieve in
yes - ter-day. Sud-den-ly I'm not half the man I used to be
There's a shad - ow hang - ing ov - er me Oh yes-ter-day came sud-den-ly.

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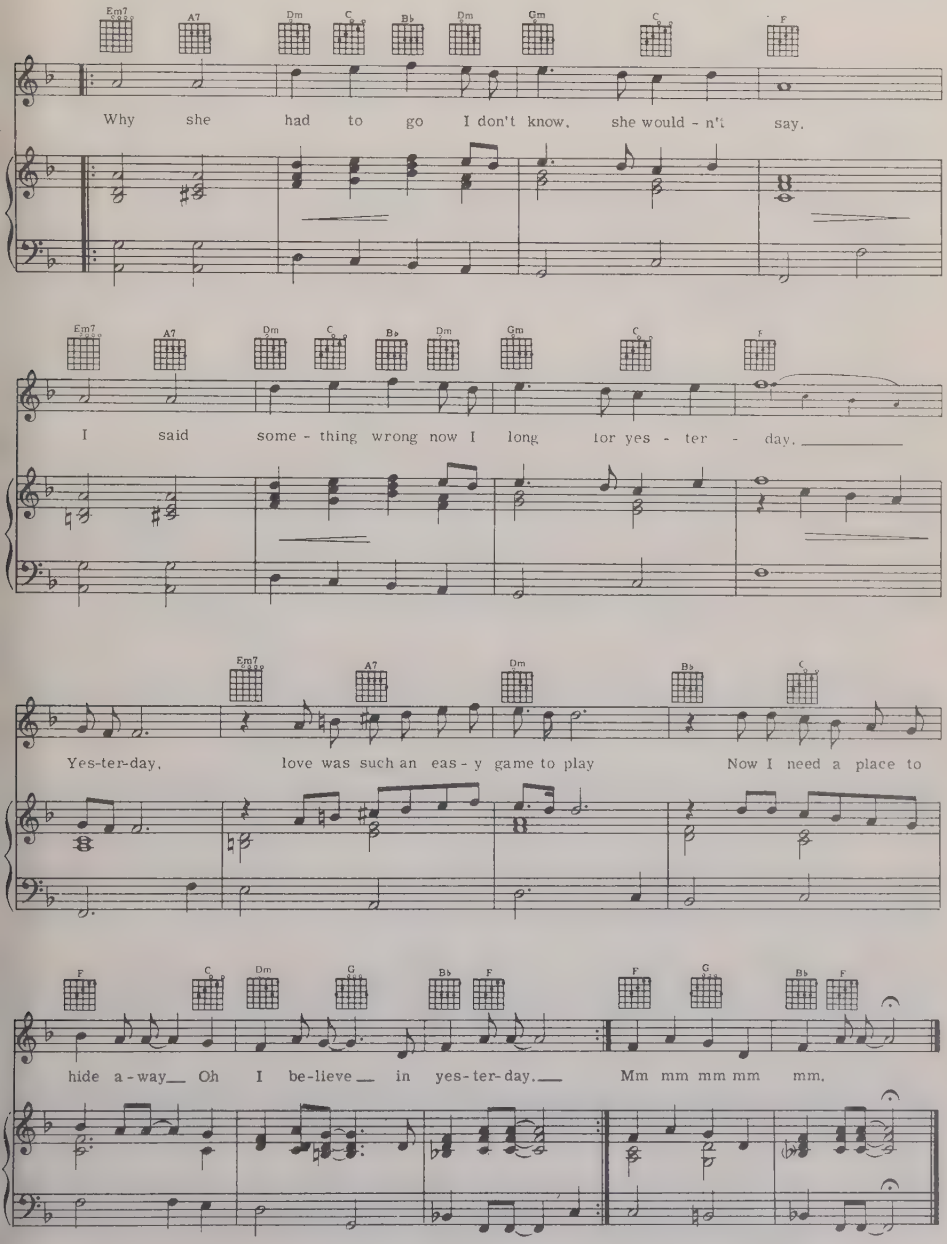
Yesterday, love was such an easy game to play
Now I need a place to hide away
Oh I believe in yesterday.
Why she had to go I don't know, she wouldn't say.

I said something wrong now I long for yesterday.
Yesterday, love was such an easy game to play
Now I need a place to hide away
Oh I believe in yesterday. Mm mm mm mm mm.


Em7 A7 Dm C Bb Dm Gm C F
Why she had to go I don't know, she would - n't say.
Em7 A7 Dm C Bb Dm Gm C F
I said some - thing wrong now I long for yes - ter - day.
Em7 A7 Dm Bb C
Yes-ter-day, love was such an eas - y game to play Now I need a place to
F C Dm G Bb F F G Bb F
hide a - way Oh I be-lieve in yes-ter-day. Mm mm mm mm mm.

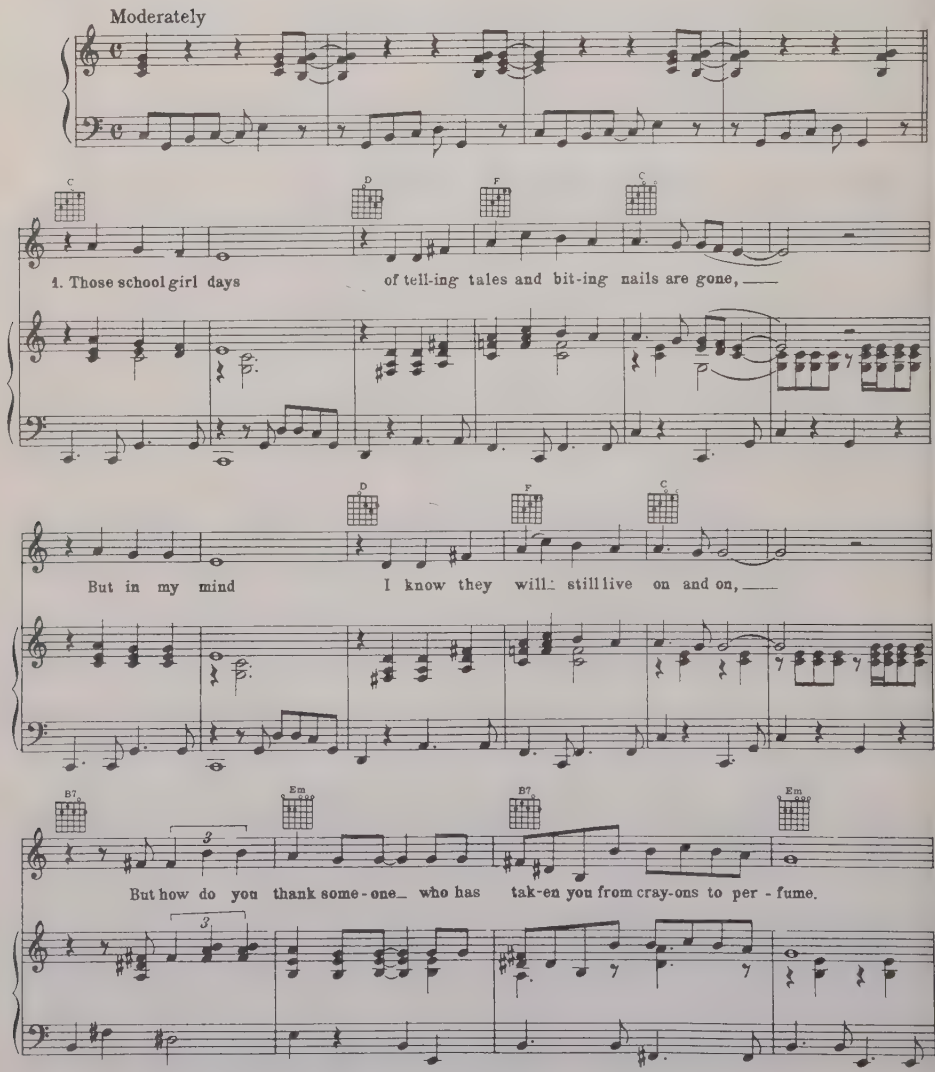
Those school girl days of telling tales
And biting nails are gone,
But in my mind I know
They will still live on and on.
But how do you thank someone
Who has taken you from crayons to perfume.
It isn't easy but I'll try,
If you wanted the sky I'd
Write across the sky in letters
That would soar a thousand feet high

(Main Title from the Columbia Picture's Release, "TO SIR, WITH LOVE")

TO SIR, WITH LOVE

Lyrics by
DON BLACK

Music by
MARC LONDON



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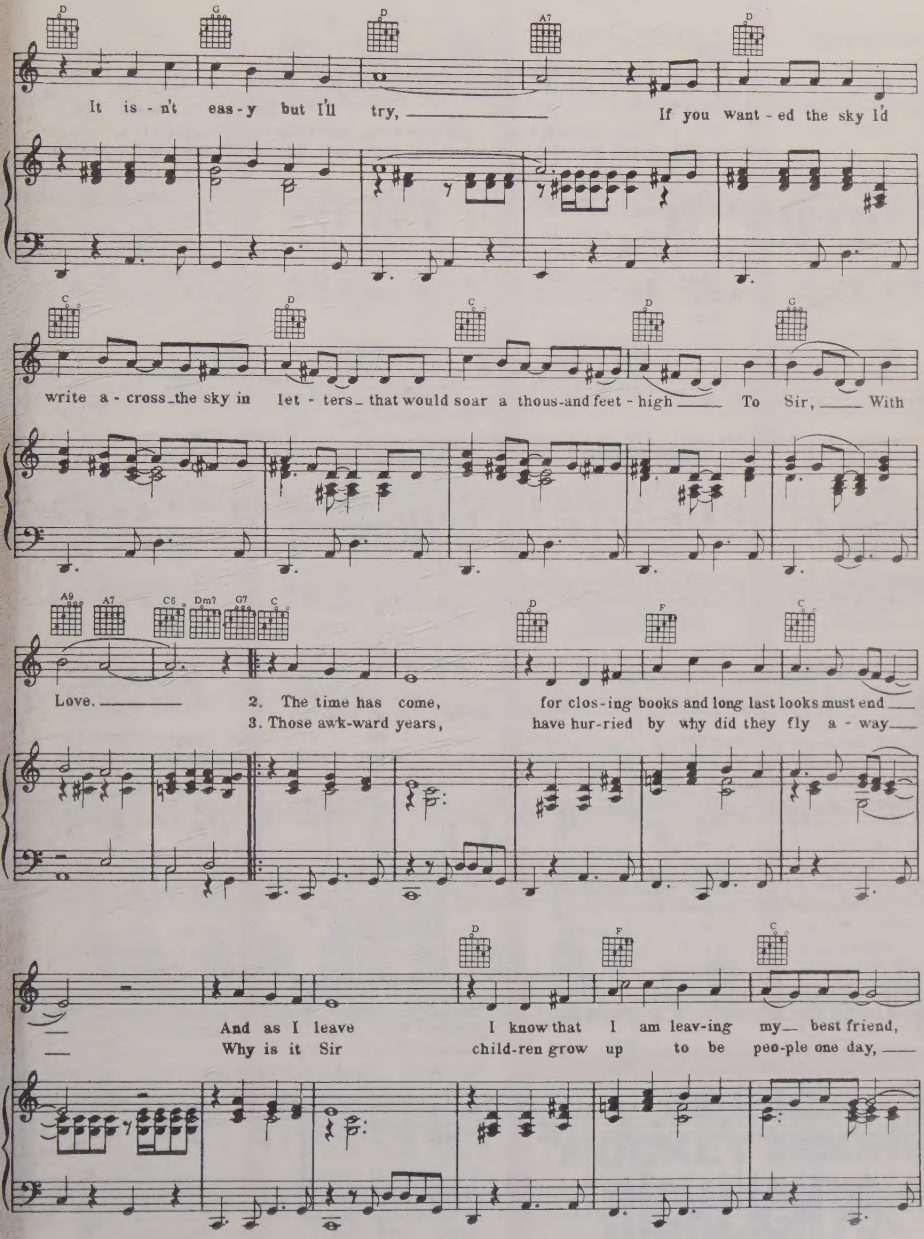
To Sir, With Love.
The time has come, for closing books
And long last looks must end
And as I leave I know that
I am leaving my best friend,

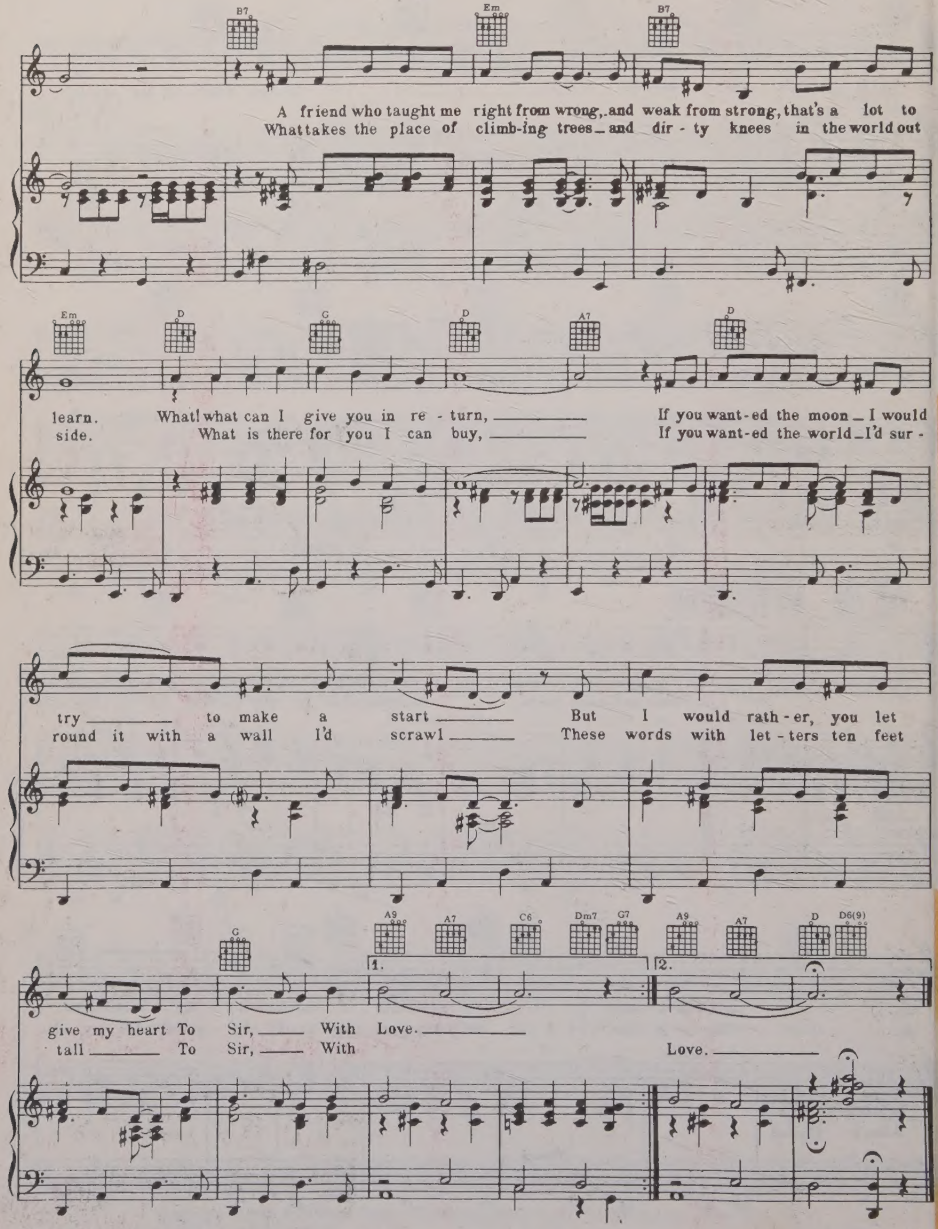
A friend who taught me right from wrong,
And weak from strong, that's a lot to learn.
What! what can I give you in return,
If you wanted the moon I would
Try to make a start but I would


D G D A7 D
It is - n't eas - y but I'll try, If you want - ed the sky I'd
C D C D G
write a - cross the sky in let - ters that would soar a thous-and feet - high To Sir, With
A9 A7 C6 Dm7 G7 C D F C
Love. 2. The time has come, for clos - ing books and long last looks must end
3. Those awk-ward years, have hur-ried by why did they fly a - way
D F C
And as I leave I know that I am leav-ing my best friend,
Why is it Sir child-ren grow up to be peo-ple one day,

CARNEGIE PUBLIC LIBRARY

Rather, you let me give my heart
To Sir, With Love.
Those awkward years, have hurried by
Why did they fly away
Why is is Sir children grow up
To be people one day,

What takes the place of climbing trees
And dirty knees in the world outside.
What is there for you I can buy,
If you wanted the world I'd surround
It with a wall I'd scrawl these words
With letters ten feet tall To Sir, With Love.



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1st HUNDRED

The Alley Cat Song, Born Free, Call Me Irresponsible, Chim Chim Cher-ee, Do You Care?, Fortuosity, I Left My Heart In San Francisco, It Was A Very Good Year, L-O-V-E, Sixteen Tons, Sunny, Tijuana Taxi.

PB 40B 1.45

2nd HUNDRED

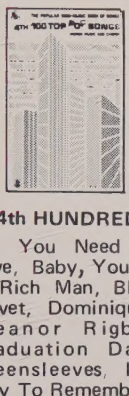
Around The World, Casino Royale, Elusive Butterfly, The First Night Of The Full Moon, Goldfinger, How You Gonna Keep 'Em Down On The Farm, The James Bond Theme, Lullaby Of Birdland, Opus One, Our Day Will Come, Sleepy Time Gal, There Are Such Things.

PB 40C 1.45

3rd HUNDRED

Acapulco 1922, Afrikaan Beat, And I Love Her, Because Of You, Bibbidi-Bobbidi-Boo, Brasilia, Can't Buy Me Love, Danke Schoen, Eight Days A Week, Engine Engine Number Nine, Five Hundred Miles, A Walk In The Black Forest.

PB 40D 1.45



4th HUNDRED

All You Need Is Love, Baby, You're A Rich Man, Blue Velvet, Dominique, Eleanor Rigby, Graduation Day, Greensleeves, It's Easy To Remember, Love With The Proper Stranger, Misty Blue, Night Train, The Night We Called It A Day, One God.

PB 40E 1.45

5th HUNDRED

A Banda, All My Loving, Big Spender, California Dreamin', Child Of Clay, Good Thing, A Groovy Kind Of Love, I Don't Care If The Sun Don't Shine, It Must Be Him, Kicks, Laughing On the Outside, Little Ole Winedrinker Me.

PB 40F 1.45

6th HUNDRED

Annie Doesn't Live Here Any More, And Roses And Roses, Baby Elephant Walk, Bless 'Em All, The End Of The World, Go Away Little Girl, Goody Goody, I Wanna Be Around, The Look Of Love, Lovely Rita, Lucy In The Sky With Diamonds, Out And About.

PB 40G 1.45

7th HUNDRED

Baby You Got It, Best Of Both Worlds, By The Time I Get To Phoenix, Dancing Bear, Daydream Believer, Free Again, Magical Mystery Tour, Skip A Rope, Summer Rain, What Am I Doing Hangin' 'Round?, Woman Woman, Your Mother Should Know.

PB 40H 1.45

8th HUNDRED

The Bare Necessities, Cab Driver, Theme From The ''Cornish Rhapsody'', Crea Mi Amor, Dear Delilah, Gentle On My Mind, Guantanamera, Guess Who's Coming To Dinner, In The Still Of The Night, Morgen, Wives And Lovers, Zabadak!

PB 40I 1.45

9th HUNDRED

America, America, The Beautiful, The Caissons Go Rolling Along, Hail Columbia!, John Brown's Body, Mademoiselle From Armentieres Marching Through Georgia, The Marines Hymn Maryland My Maryland, The Star-Spangled Banner, Strike Up The Band, Yankee Doodle.

PB 40J 1.45

MUSIC POCKET BOOKS HIGHLIGHTS

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